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THE NEW YORKER

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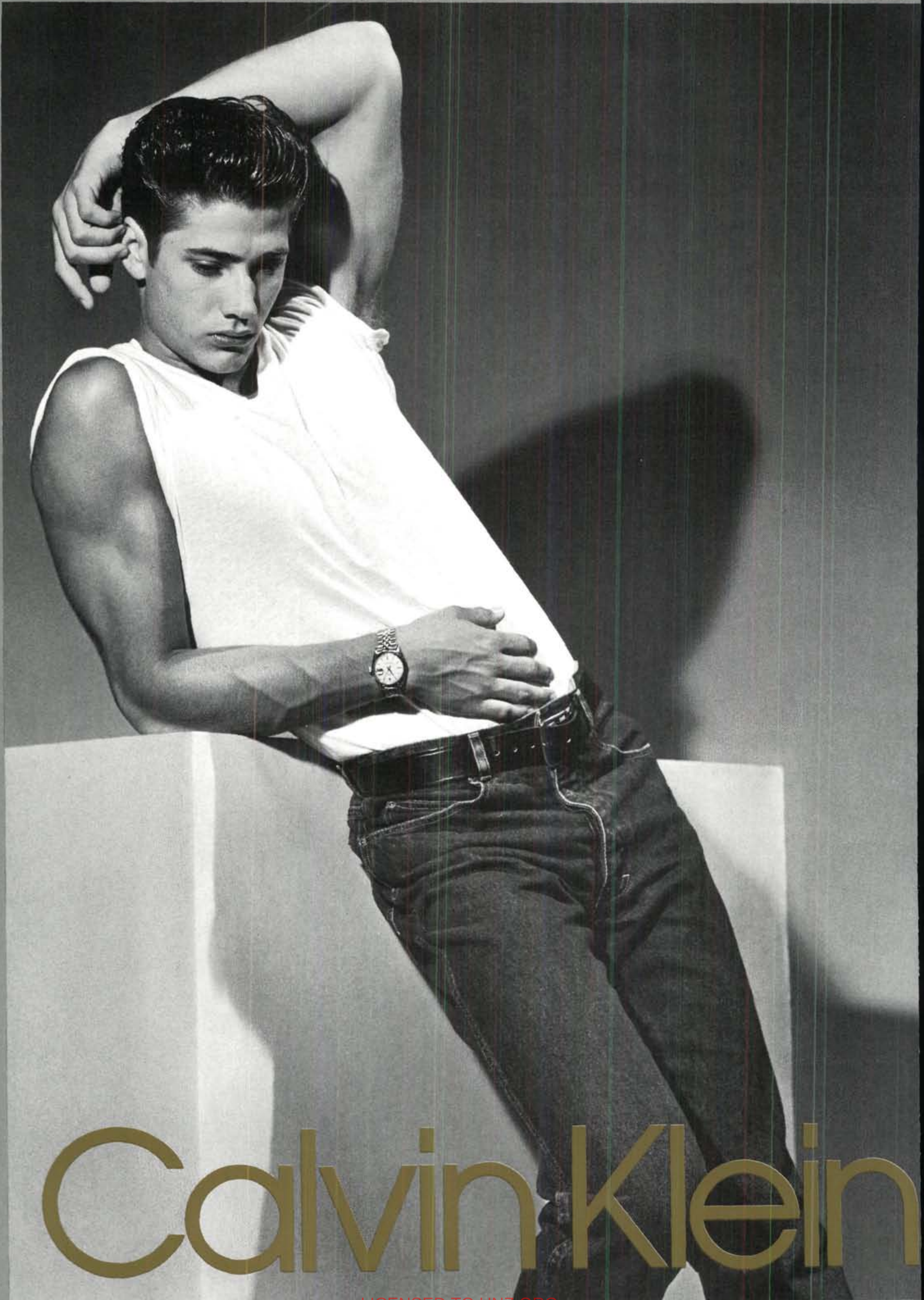
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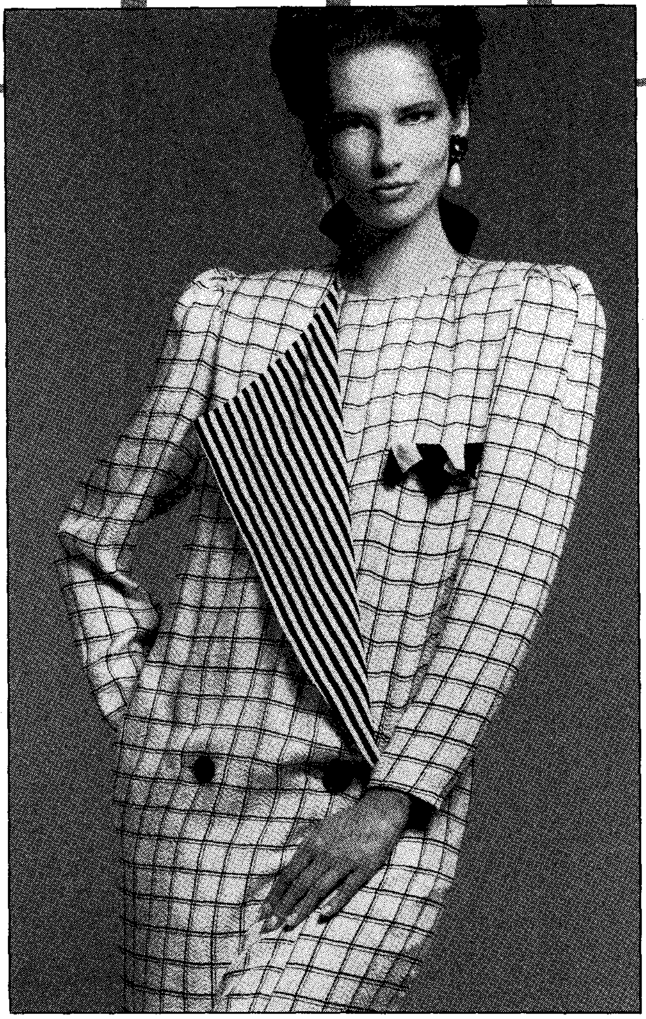

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted by AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Daniel H. Jenkins plays Huck, Ron Richardson plays Jim, and Clint Allen plays Tom. Heidi Landesman has provided an unusually evocative setting—somehow, she has managed to put the Mississippi River on a stage. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A comedy that verges on autohagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play, with a fine performance by Kathy Bates, as the mother of the family under examination. (9/2/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Custom of the Country—This high comedy by Jane Stanton Hitchcock, based on a novel that Edith Wharton wrote in 1913, is performed with wit and style, under Daniel Gerroll's expert direction: Valerie Mahaffey is a beautiful heiress, on the rise in New York society, and David Rasche, John C. Vennema, and Trey Wilson, among others, are the men in her life—the rungs of her ladder—and all of them are exactly right. The elegant setting is by Kate Edmunds, and the elegant costumes by David Murin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting two plays in alternating weekly repertory. SAVAGE IN LIMBO: The scene is a bar in the Bronx, and many of the rackety customers are in personal trouble of one sort or another. John Patrick Shanley's play is often funny, though seldom quite believable. The production, under Mark Linn-Baker's direction, is splendid; with Mary McDonnell, Deborah Hedwall, and Randle Mell, among others. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 2-4, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 12-13. . . . FILTHY RICH, a play by George F. Walker: Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5-6, and Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 8-11. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 247-5361. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—The scene is a locker room in a tennis club in Connecticut, where four men undress and dress and undress while they talk over their more or less miserable lives. This is a comedy. The author is David Wiltse, and the four men are played by Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charles Repole. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—An 1868 drama by Augustin Daly, A FLASH OF LIGHTNING, is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 13. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Goodbye Freddy—A comedy by Elizabeth Diggs, presented by Manhattan Punch Line. (Intar, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)

The Iceman Cometh—O'Neill's intolerably long play about a large number of derelicts pursuing, in a saloon somewhere in downtown Manhattan in the year 1912, a number of unrealizable pipe dreams. O'Neill's small point is that they were right to do so. Starring Jason Robards, Donald Moffat, and Barnard Hughes and directed by José Quintero. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5-6, at 3:30 and 8: Lehár's THE MERRY WIDOW. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Oct 12-13, at 3:30 and 8: Gilbert and Sullivan's THE GONDOLIERS. (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180.)

A Map of the World—A play written and directed by David Hare, with Željko Ivanek and Elizabeth McGovern. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Marriage of Figaro—The Beaumarchai comedy, translated and adapted by Richard Nelson, and starring Anthony Heald, Dana

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Ivey, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, and Christopher Reeve. The director is Andrei Serban. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 10. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his successful comedy of twenty years ago, which was about a couple of male bachelors, into an unsuccessful comedy about a couple of female bachelors. The cast is headed by Sally Struthers and Rita Moreno. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paradise!—A musical with a score by Robert Forrest and a book and lyrics by George C. Wolfe. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 6.)

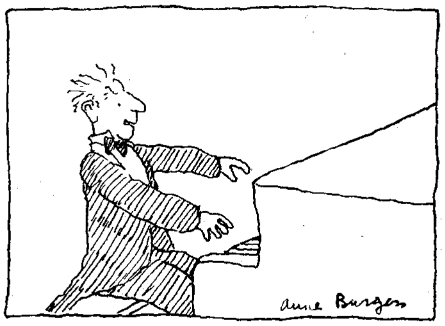
Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Short Change—Four undergraduates—3m., 1f.—who move into an apartment near their college are the characters in Geoffrey Gordon's sit-comedy. The performance lacks urgency, in spite of a number of entertaining lines and engaging, if sometimes inaudible, actors. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Singin' in the Rain—What could be more bizarre than an effortful re-creation onstage of what a movie once did with consummate ease and grace? Twyla Tharp has directed and choreographed this sad, enormous oddity. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Solo Voyages—Robbie McCauley stars in this one-woman show, for which Joseph Chaikin has adapted and directed three monologues from three short plays by Adrienne Kennedy. (Interart Center, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7 and 9.)



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Song and Dance—The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Van Johnson and Walter Charles. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,584 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Mandy Patinkin is Seurat and Mary-ann Plunkett is Seurat's model and mistress (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3 Closes Sunday, Oct. 13.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre Banlieue of Belgium—Presenting "LE LIVRE: le desert" (in French), a production based on the writings of Edmond Jabès, conceived and directed by A. Mebirouk (Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave. at 10th St. 254-1109. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 3-6, at 8.)

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire o Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400 Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 3—Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7: "The Grand Canon," "Impromptu," "Adieu," and "Les Noces" (company première). . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10-11, at 8 "Intermezzo No. 2," "Medium: Rare" (première), "Les Noces," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8: "A Footstep o Air," "Impromptu," "At Midnight," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Tango Argentino—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 10. (Mark Hellinger Theatre 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesday, Oct. 8 at 8 (preview); Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 6:4 (opening); Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10-11 at 8; and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 8.)

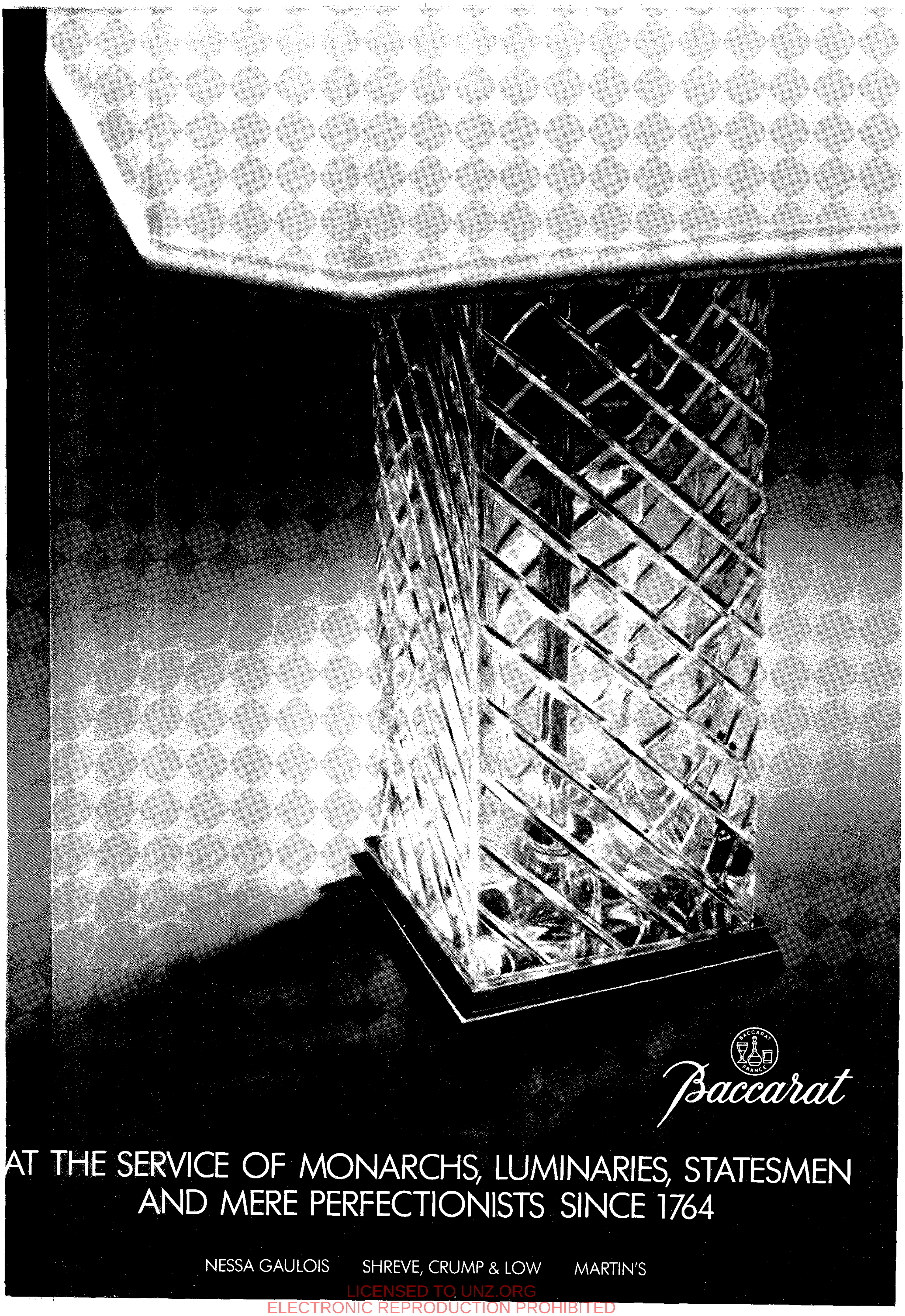
Houston Ballet—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 20—Wednesday, Oct. 9, a 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10-11, at 8 and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246 8989.)

"Triadic Ballet"—Gerhard Bohner's reconstruction of the Oskar Schlemmer ballet, performed by dancers from Berlin's Academy o Arts. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., a 19th St. 242-0800. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at and 7:30.)

Rebecca Kelly Dance Company—"Dream Driven" (première), "New Earth," and "Sunrokkers." (Symphony Space, Broadway a 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 6, a 3.)

La La La Human Steps—Presenting "Human Sex," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatr Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinèes Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Oct. 13.)

Robert Small and the Small Dance Compan—"Huggings and Hangings," a new full length work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday throug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Sunday, Oct. 10-13, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

DanceBrazil—Programs of Bahían dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderful non-self-indulgent singer whose interpretations of Porter, Sondheim, Gershwin, or whomever are done with verve and conviction, reigns in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio will be here; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, will belong to Michael Weiss's trio, which will feature baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS;** Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10, the 29th Street Sax Quartet will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will lead a quartet. Monday night is jam-session night, with Mark Morganelli. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **NANCY WILSON** sings here through Sunday, Oct. 6; Monday, Oct. 7, will be claimed by pianist **FRED HERSCH** and a combo; and on Tuesday, Oct. 8, English jazz and pop singer **CLEO LAINE** will arrive. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-venue pop, rock, folk, and jazz club with, thank heavens, tables and chairs. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3-4, drummer **BILLY COBHAM'S** band; Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5-6, pianist and composer **CHICK COREA** and his group; Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 7-9, **STEPS AHEAD,** with **MICHAEL BRECKER, PETER ERSKINE, MIKE MAINIERI, VICTOR BAILEY,** and **CHUCK LOEB;** Friday, Oct. 11, La Bamba & the Hubcaps; and Saturday, Oct. 12, TV comedian (UHF not NBC) Uncle Floyd, who once defined a rock video as "a strange movie about a song." Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass teams. **RAY BRYANT** and his longtime colleague **JIMMY ROWSER** work until Saturday, Oct. 5; on Monday, Oct. 7, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS** will arrive with a bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room where you can hear **STEVE ROSS** singing at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is back, singing and soloing Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Chinese Tea Room, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is ensconced here, out of the way of the Carnegie Hall scaffolding outside. His delicate, elegant solos, performed for hushed, attentive audiences, are, at times, encased in very short sets. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Out near the grim, urban cobblestone prairie of far West Fourteenth Street is this country-music, bluegrass, string-band, and Irish-music back room. Saturday, Oct. 5, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA** will lead his bluegrass band, **SKYLINE,** and on Saturday, Oct. 12, Big Night Out, a Baltimore swing outfit, will drop by. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs music room. Pianist **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is here through Sunday, Oct. 6, and on Tuesday, Oct. 8, guitarist **JOE PASS,** who wows jazz and rock guitarists and a lot of the nonplaying laity alike, will move in. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL'S** trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 2, Roscoe's Rent Party Gang and the Flying Colors; Friday, Oct. 4, **ROSALIE SORRELS,** who sometimes does union or train songs; Saturday, Oct. 5, Melanie; Wednesday, Oct. 9, Peter Holsapple; and Saturday, Oct. 12, **MARIA MULDAUR,** the mannered, sliding-voiced, melismatic singer and veteran of the Kweskin Jug Band, from nearly twenty years ago. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

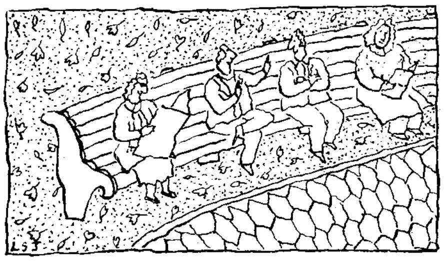
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler Wednesdays through Saturdays; Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano; on Mondays, pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. Tuesdays through Saturdays, **JOHN EATON** is the traditional-jazz pianist. Sundays are claimed by Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but at all times a powerhouse of a pianist, has command of the keyboard. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas: when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN,** acoustic, electric, eclectic; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, the New Riders of the Purple Sage and Greywater; Sunday, Oct. 6, Kingfish and Max Creek; Monday, Oct. 7, Delbert McClinton and Omar & the Howlers; Tuesday, Oct. 8, **IKE TURNER** & the Ikettes; and Thursday, Oct. 10, Melanie. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**KAYE BALLARD** and **ARTHUR SIEGEL** participate in a salute to lyricist E. Y. (Yip) Harburg Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, singer **LARRY KERT** will be onstage instead.
On Monday nights from nine-thirty to mic
night, Woody Allen is likely to show up t
play celebrity clarinet with a New Orlean
style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.



Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (86
8832)—A longtime music hangout on the u
per West Side. The musicians: Wednesda
and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, Plunky & the On
ness of Juju; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-
studio R. & B.-ists **DENNY MOROUSE, RICHARD TE**
WILL LEE, HIRAM BULLOCK, and **STEVE FERRON**
Sunday, Oct. 6, the Mark Soskin band; Mo
day, Oct. 7, **JUMP STREET;** and Tuesday, Oc
8, Rhythmmotion. Music from about te
Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The most
rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, Oct. 2, Lo
& Rockets; Thursday, Oct. 3, Midnight C
and Gene Loves Jezebel; Friday, Oct. 4, Ma
Williams; Sunday, Oct. 6, the **MIGH**
DIAMONDS; Monday, Oct. 7, the David Kel
band; Friday, Oct. 11, What Is This? and t
Neats; and Saturday, Oct. 12, Saga and S
Talk. Shows begin after nine Monda
through Thursdays, and after eleven Frida
and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houst
St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen
mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-ja
groups, samba bands, reggae bands, and a
percussion ensembles—and it tends to
swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its bu
weekends, the club feels like the rush hour
Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, A
row; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, **PÉ-DE-B**
Tuesday, Oct. 8, **SUN RA & HIS ARKESTR**
Wednesday, Oct. 9, Jamaica's **CARLENE DAV**
and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 10-1
Batucaje. Music from ten. Dining. Clos
Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker
(242-1785)—What does it mean if your ba
is part of the avant-garde, but your audien
insist on clapping along during your sets?
probably means that you are **DAVID MURR**
and your **OCTET** has just played "Flowers
Albert," a rhythmically insistent, cheer
tribute to Albert Ayler. Murray and his ba
are savvy—instead of being sombre a
lugubrious, they act as if they're having f
and the audiences, devotees of free jazz or
seem to eat it up. Very lively ensemble pla
ing, featuring trombonist **CRAIG HARRIS,** tru
peter **HUGH REGAN,** cornettist **OLU DARA,** sa
phonist **JOHN PURCELL,** and pianist **STEVE COLS**
through Sunday, Oct. 6. On Tuesday, Oct.
South African pianist and composer **ABDULL**
IBRAHIM'S wonderful band **EKAYA,** which is ma
up of **CARLOS WARD, RICKY FORD, CHARLES DA**
DICK GRIFFIN, CECIL MC BEE, and **BEN RILEY,** will ta
over. Mondays are **GIL EVANS** nights; when
experienced (trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF,** tenor sa
ophonist **GEORGE ADAMS,** and **HOWARD JOHNSON**
baritone sax and tuba, among others), sm
ing, and unjaded **BIG BAND,** with its unmist
able Evansian blur of instruments, pla
Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heavy r
beat, it sounds like bebop march mus
Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—Bay
music and zydeco from Louisiana: Loup G
rou on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, a
Fernest & the Thunders on Monday a
Tuesday, Oct. 7-8. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—
the big downstairs room, there's salsa on t
bandstand and electricity in the air af
nine on Mondays: on Oct. 7, **WILLIE COLON** a
LOUIE RAMIREZ & RAY DE LA PAZ will be prese
along with tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEM**
the guest jazz soloist. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out
the Terrace, pianist **FRED HERSCH** works w
bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** through Sunday, Oct.
and on Tuesday, Oct. 8, pianist **KENNY BARR**
and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** will take ov
Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present
Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11
St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most fam
basement in the world, now fifty years o
has been described by Max Gordon, the w
proprietor and resident father figure, as
good joint that people like to come to—tha
God." Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and multi-
strumentalist **IRA SULLIVAN**—he's equally m
ing on trumpet, flugelhorn, saxophone, a
flute—co-pilot their quintet through Sund
Oct. 6. On Tuesday, Oct. 8, pianist **TOM**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

FLANAGAN will descend the stairs with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Singer Etta Jones receives support from saxophonist Houston Person's band through Sunday, Oct. 6, and Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 9-13, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON,** who usually manages to find some of the best young soloists around, will guide his latest quintet. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** provide piano-bass duets Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sunday's music amounts to lively give-and-take sessions between guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** who play beautiful and swinging chamber jazz. The Monday musicians are bassist Brian Torff and pianist Jim Roberts. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

DIRE STRAITS—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, at 8. . . . ¶ Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8.

"MAX ROACH—A CREATIVE MULTI-MEDIA EVENT"—La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 2-6, at 7:30.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Benny Carter, Al Cohn, and others, in a tribute to Zoot Sims. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

LAURA BRANIGAN—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8.

JIMMY RILEY & THE WAILERS and **AUGUSTUS PABLO**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8.

KARL BERGER AND GEORGE SCHUTZ—In a program part classical and part jazz. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

TEARS FOR FEARS—With the Adventures. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday through Monday, Oct. 4-7, at 8.)

WEIRD AL YANKOVIC—With Benny Bell and Dr. Demento. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

ALL NITE SOUL—A twelve-hour jazz marathon, with Daphne Hellman, Joe Newman, Dick Hyman, Major Holley, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, Oct. 6, beginning at 5.)

ROY BROWN—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 7-8, at 8.

JAMES TAYLOR—Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 9-11, at 8.

COMPOSERS IN RED SNEAKERS—Symphony Space. Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8.

RICHARD CLAYDERMAN—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.

JIM ROBERTS—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.

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SPYRO GYRA—With Stanley Jordan. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

DOO-WOPP, VOL. XV—With Johnny Maestro & the Brooklyn Bridge, Jive Five, the Impalas, and others. (Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday, Oct. 4: John Shaw quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5: Bill Barron quartet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Shows at 9 and 10:30.)

JAZZ CULTURAL THEATRE—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Barry Harris trio. (Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

MAGDALENA ABAKANOWICZ—Life-size sculptures of regimented, headless men, done in fibre strands and resin, by a Polish artist. Eighty such figures crowded into one room, seated as if at prayer, provide a haunting spectacle. Through Saturday, Oct 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

NICOL ALLAN—Sumi-and-sepia-ink drawings, plus collages. Through Oct. 26. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

WILLARD BOEPPLE—Abstract steel and bronze sculptures, some with brown and green patinas. Through Oct. 25. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

HENRY BOTKIN (1896-1983)—Oils, watercolors, and collages dating from the twenties to the forties. Through Nov. 2. (Childs, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

NIKI DE SAINT PHALLE—Large sculptures, cast in polyester and painted with acrylic, of figures from tarot cards; for instance, the Devil, Death, and Temperance. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WALTER DEXEL (1890-1973)—Paintings, collages, and drawings by a German Constructivist. Through Oct. 26. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

ASGER JORN (1914-73)—Paintings by a Danish Cobra artist. Through Nov. 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JUSTEN LADDA—Works in mixed mediums by an artist who has a quirky perspective on things—*Dürer's famous praying hands*, for example, are reproduced in a six-and-a-half-foot, three-dimensional sculpture made up of soap-and-detergent boxes, which are artfully pieced together and painted so that one suddenly sees them the way Mr. Ladda does, as hands being washed rather than at prayer. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ALUN LEACH-JONES / GILAD OPHIR—Abstract geometric paintings and drawings. / Experimental photographs of light and trees. Through Oct. 26. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

DAVID PARK (1911-60)—Beach scenes and still-lifes predominate in a show of oils, gouaches, and drawings by this influential West Coast artist, noted for his Fauvist colors and his simplification of the human figure. Through Oct. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Aquatints, linoleum cuts, and etchings. Through Oct. 30. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT QUIJADA—Collage-constructions. Through Oct. 26. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

LUCY SALLICK—Paintings of Reid State Park in Maine. Through Oct. 26. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROBIN WINTERS—A group of a hundred and five figure drawings is titled "Metropolitan Acquaintances," and a group of ninety-nine such drawings laid on the Hoffeld gallery floor and covered with a sheet of Plexiglas is titled "Death Draws." Through Oct. 26 (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

VLADIMIR ZAKRZEWSKI—Squares, circles, and arches appear in series in these abstract paintings and drawings. Through Saturday Oct. 5. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E 81st St.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings and works on paper by artists who gathered at Mabel Dodge's salon in New York between 1913 and 1917—Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, Ma Weber, and others. Through Nov. 2. (Mathes 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

FREDERICK J. BROWN—Robin Hood, Geronimo and John Henry with his thirty-five-pound hammer, all painted in strident colors, along with a scary character representing Carna Knowledge. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—Silvery, angel-like stee figures, plus related ink drawings. Throug Oct. 22. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

ROY DE FOREST—Eight new fanciful painting filled with the artist's usual set of folkis characters. Also, drawings and a construction. Through Oct. 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57t St.)

VALENTINA DUBASKY—Oil paintings resemblin primitive cave drawings. Through Oct. 26 (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

OMAR GALLIANI—Large allegorical painting and drawings (Prometheus, for instance done in dark tones by an Italian artis Through Oct. 25. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI (1901-66)—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings, eighty-three works i all. Through Nov. 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th S Open Mondays.)

AL HELD / DAVID HOCKNEY—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 26. / Seven paintings fro the early sixties. Through Oct. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT IRWIN—Models, blueprints, and photo graphs documenting his environmental pro ects, plus two gallery installations. Throug Saturday, Oct. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

KITTY KLAIDMAN—Lush grasses and plants a being tossed around by the winds of a approaching sandstorm in these painting (acrylic and oil pastel) of southeastern Spai Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Pearl, 38 E 57th St.)

PAT LASCH—Wall sculptures based on the the of the heart. Through Nov. 2. (Markel, 50 W 57th St.)

WYNDHAM LEWIS (1882-1957)—Paintings an drawings (prizefights, lovers, dancers, ab stractions) by a Vorticist who was a pione

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of modern art in England. Through Oct. 26. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Elsie Manville—Still-lifes. Through Oct. 26. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—A retrospective of paintings. Through Oct. 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Nina Posnansky—Still-lifes, figures, and cityscapes in acrylics and in watercolors. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Gallery 84, at 30 W. 57th St.)

Scott Richter—Large wall sculptures, more or less based on the human figure, made of pigmented beeswax caked on armatures of wood, foam, and wire. Through Oct. 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Rodney Ripps—Richly textured abstract paintings. Through Oct. 19. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: A refreshing collection of drawings by twentieth-century Americans, most of an earlier generation, with sterling examples by Hopper, Marin, and Bellows. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Gallery regulars, including Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Julien Binford, and new members are represented in a show marking a new management, under John Whitney Payson, and a sprucing up of the old quarters. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **zarre,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by young East Village artists. Through Friday, Oct. 11.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Janice Biala—Landscapes and interiors. Through Nov. 2. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Helene Brandt—Abstract welded-steel sculptures and figurative charcoal-and-pencil drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Roger Brown—Paintings of stylized landscapes populated by stylized people under stylized clouds; also, a small Parthenon of galvanized aluminum, in which upended garbage cans serve as the fluted columns. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Bruno Ceccobelli—Huge paintings, heavily freighted with religious symbolism, mostly done on wood and sometimes framed in rough-hewn timbers. The colors are profoundly earthy, and even the brushstrokes are ponderous. Through Oct. 15. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

rederick Childs—Paintings of solitary figures cooped up in cheerless quarters. One of them is peeking through a keyhole. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

ames Coignard—Paintings and etchings on handmade paper by a French artist. Through Oct. 16. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.)

Jiri Georg Dokoupil—New figurative paintings and pastel drawings. Through Oct. 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

obert Donley—Primitive paintings of New York and Brooklyn scenes, sometimes studded with vignettes of past heroes of the Yankees and Mets. Through Tuesday, Oct. 8. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

oan Fisher—Colorful squiggles and organic forms, built up with modelling wax, stand out from the surface, and sometimes from the edges, of these paintings. Through Sunday, Oct. 6. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St. Open Sundays, 2 to 6.)

ujii Chuichi—Sculptures in which massive, rough logs of Japanese cypress and Japanese cedar have been bent, like umbrella handles. Through Oct. 26. (Carpenter+Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

obert Gober—A series of wall sculptures, all based on washbasins—plain old sinks—that far transcend ordinary plumbing in size and decorative quality. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

tevan Jennis—An all-American installation, consisting of three tableaux (an old-fashioned schoolroom is one, and a power station in the California desert another). Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Herbert Katzman—Expressionist paintings and drawings in a retrospective that includes works from as far back as 1949. Through Nov. 3. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Donald Lipski—Sculptural works with a surreal bent—a book with paraffin poured between the pages, a glass-handled pickaxe, and a large shovel wrapped in plaster among them. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Vincent Longo / Elizabeth Harms—Abstract pattern paintings. Through Oct. 26. / Pastel abstractions. Starts Thursday, Oct. 3. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Martha Margulis / Norma Flanagan—Abstractions from landscapes. / Monotypes. Through Oct. 13. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Ron Martin—A series of thickly painted black canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Lizbeth Mitty—Landscapes of the New York metropolitan area. Through Wednesday, Oct. 9. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Tom Otterness—Bronzes. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Alexander, in a new location, at 59 Wooster St.)

Rosalind Shaffer—A painted construction of a woman taking a shower typifies these works. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Keith Sonnier—Seven large abstract polychrome-metal sculptures. Through Oct. 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Carol J. Steen / Stefan Triffa—The simplified forms of rolling pins, sickles, and other objects hand-painted on paper. / Paintings, sculptures, and drawings evoking Rumanian folklore. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Andy Warhol and Jean-Michel Basquiat—Large collaborative paintings in which, say, Warhol puts in a well-known logo (GE's or Arm & Hammer's) and the younger artist takes off from there. Through Oct. 19. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St., is showing a group of Warhol's paintings and prints entitled "Reigning Queens" (Queen Elizabeth II is one of them). Through Saturday, Oct. 12.

John T. Young / Aris Koutroulis—This sculptor breaks up granite boulders and puts them back together with highly visible steel bolts. / Acrylic paint of various colors oozes through horizontal tapes stretched like Venetian blinds across these large canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In one of the back galleries, cartoons by Greg Constantine show Leonardo da Vinci traipsing around Los Angeles, along with other artists, past and present, and some of their better-known subjects.

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: The thirtieth show of works on paper by emerging artists includes a striking series in tempera, by Xing Fei, based on dreams of her homeland in China, and a metaphoric painting of a collapsing bridge by David Wynne. Through Oct. 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **feldman,** 31 Mercer St.: Works by six painters and one photographer. Through Oct. 26. . . . **ingber,** now located at 415 West Broadway: Works on paper by more than seventy artists, all of whom came along in the nineteen-fifties. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **nosei,** 100 Prince St.: A line is the prerequisite for paintings in this show by seven contemporary artists, among them Twombly, Basquiat, and Schifano. Through Oct. 17. . . . **112 greene street gallery:** Diverse works by twenty artists who are associated with the Arthur Roger Gallery in New Orleans. Through Oct. 19.

OTHER GALLERIES

Stephen Buckley / John Duff—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases. / Clay and bronze sculptures. Through Nov. 10. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St. Opens Thursdays through Sundays at noon.)

Georgia Marsh—Gouache and watercolor landscapes of the Hudson River and upstate New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Bill Rice—Paintings of street scenes and street people on the lower East Side. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Fox, 56 Bleecker St., at Crosby St.)

Stefan Roloff—Painted surreal sculptures created from found objects. Also on view, an animated video of a painting by the artist. Through Nov. 2. (Art Palace, 611 Broadway.)

Art Michael Staats and Mark Wilson—Two artists best known for their night-club decorations are showing works on a smaller scale—more or less representational paintings and sculptures by the former and abstract canvases by the latter. Through Oct. 13. (Bond, 30 Bond St., between Lafayette St. and the Bowery. Open Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Francesc Torres—Political images drawn on canvas and paper with liquid aluminum that hardens to create a three-dimensional effect. Through Oct. 27. (P.P.O.W, 216 E. 10th St. Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at noon.)

Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs by twelve artists which were selected from the slide file at Artists Space by art critic Kay Larson. Through Oct. 19. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—Photographs of suburban America at dusk. Through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

Robert Capa (1913-54) / **Henri Cartier-Bresson**—A retrospective that includes forty Spanish Civil War prints. / Sixty portraits spanning fifty years, Colette, Truman Capote, and Saul Steinberg among them. Through Nov. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Lois Conner—Platinum prints of China, especially the limestone formations in Guilin and Yangshuo. Through Oct. 18. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Len Jenshel—Photographs taken on travels in the American West, Thailand, and Italy. Through Oct. 26. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Allan McCollum and Laurie Simmons—Prints showing magnified dolls' heads and reflecting his ideas about photographic reproduction conveyed through her ideas about subject matter. Through Oct. 27. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6:30.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Photographs and photogravures. Through Nov. 15. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Sheeler (1883-1965)—Ten vintage gelatin-silver prints. Through Nov. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Boyd Webb—Cibachrome prints of theatrical-looking sets that the artist built to photo-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

graph. Through Oct. 19. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **grey art gallery,** New York University, 33 Washington Pl.: More than two hundred war photographs, 1846 to the present, in an exhibit organized by the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Through Nov. 16. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Black-and-white prints by four young Americans. For dates and times, see below under "Museums." . . . **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: Fashion photographs from the forties and fifties by Genevieve Naylor, Wilhelm Maywald, Richard Avedon, and Carl Perutz. Through Oct. 26. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **witkin,** 415 West Broadway: Photographs by seventy-five artists which the gallery's founder, the late Lee D. Witkin, considered his favorites. Through Oct. 26. (Opens Saturdays at noon.) . . . ¶ The Photo Center Gallery, at New York University, 721 Broadway, is also honoring Lee Witkin with a memorial show.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A display of vases by the Amasis Painter, an Athens potter of the sixth century B.C. who refined both black figures on a sienna-red ground and red figures on a black ground. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Landscapes of the American wilderness and portraits of the Indians who lived there done by Swiss artist Karl Bodmer during an expedition in the early eighteen-thirties. Through Sunday, Oct. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of more than forty photographs by Zeke Berman, Antonio Mendoza, Judith Ross, and Michael Spano. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Paintings and works on paper, primarily from the sixties and seventies, by abstractionist Alfred Jensen. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations by nine emerging American artists. Both shows through Nov. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set, never exhibited before, to an Apple IIc personal computer. . . . ¶ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective will include paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. Starts Thursday, Oct. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of abstractions painted on cigar-box lids by Richard Diebenkorn in the late seventies. . . . ¶ A selection of contemporary American prints acquired by the museum this year. Both shows through Dec. 2. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of modern Finnish glass. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings and watercolors from the Thaw collection, representing such artists as Rembrandt, Mantegna, van Gogh, Degas, and Klee. Also from that collection, a small selection of bronzes, silversmith works, and oil paintings. . . . ¶ An exhibit of English illuminated manuscripts from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Both shows through Nov. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit of sixty paintings by American naïve artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, among them Ammi Phillips, Erastus Salisbury Field, and Edward Hicks. From the collection given to the National Gallery of Art by Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch. Through Dec. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge afte 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 t 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. a 104th St.—An exhibition of architectura photographs of New York dated 1895 t 1960 and taken by the Wurts Brothers firm which specialized in commercial and residential photography. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays throug Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A retrospective of Conceptualist Allen Ruppersberg' works, including his 1974 piece with the complete text of Oscar Wilde's "The Picture o Dorian Gray" written across twenty six-foo panels. Through Nov. 10. (Open Wednesdays noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noo to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.— selection of more than fifty twentieth-centur works from four private collections bring together paintings and sculptures by Ha Woodruff, Lois Mailou Jones, Henry Tanne Palmer Hayden, and others. Through Sunday, Oct. 6. (Open Wednesdays throug Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 t 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, an combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925 4671—Lynn Swanson (performance), Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; Lucy Sexton and Ann Iobst (performance), Thursday, Oct. 10, a 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Nelson Zayas (performance), Friday throug Sunday, Oct. 4-6, at 9; Pat Oleszko (perfo mance), Friday through Sunday, Oct. 11-1 at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolita Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fishe Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; f Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropol tan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-394 for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and f Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodma House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other bo office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 2, at "Jenůfa" (in English), with Roberta Ale ander, Mignon Dunn, Timothy Jenkins, an William Lewis; conducted by Vaclav Ne mann. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Fa staff," with Adriana Maliponte, Gail Du inbaum, Giuseppe Taddei, and Fiorenza Co sotto; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. at 8: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caball Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNe Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. at 1:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyne Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, Kathleen Batt and Aage Haugland; James Levine. . . . ¶ Sa urday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Jenůfa" (in Englis with Roberta Alexander, Marisa Galvan Timothy Jenkins, and William Lewis; Vacla Neumann. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Luciano Pav rotti, and Cornell MacNeil; Carlo Felice Ci lario. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Falstaff with Carol Neblett, Gail Dubinbaum, Gi seppe Taddei, and Dalmacio Gonzalez; Jam Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7:3 "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jone Brenda Boozer, Kathleen Battle, and Art Korn; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1 at 8: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caball Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNe Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, 8: "Falstaff," with Carol Neblett, Gail Du inbaum, Giuseppe Taddei, and Fiorenza Co sotto; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2: "Jenůfa" (in English), with Roberta Alexander, Marisa Galvany, Timothy Jenkins, and William Lewis; Vaclav Neumann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Evelyn Lear, Tatiana Troyanos, Kathleen Battle, and Aage Haugland; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 3, at 7; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2; and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 7: The company's première of the 1953 Broadway musical "Kismet," with Maryanne Telese, Susanne Marsee, Cris Groenendaal, and George Hearn; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 1: "Kismet," with Michele McBride, Joyce Castle, Mark Thomsen, and Theodore Baerg; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8: "The Mikado," with Leigh Munro, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and Richard McKee; David Abell. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Margaret Cusack, Victoria Vergara, John Absalom, and Stanley Wexler; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2: "I Puritani," with Jenny Drivala, John Aler, Robert McFarland, and Harry Dworchak; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Dobish, Richard Leech, Frederick Burchinal, and Jeffrey Wells; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Jewish Opera at the Y—Amy Kaiser conducting the premières of two one-act operas by Elie Siegmeister, "The Lady of the Lake" and "Angel Levine," both based on stories by Bernard Malamud. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2:30.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Presenting the New York première of Seymour Barab's one-act opera "Father of the Child." Mr. Barab will be present. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Oct. 7, at 4. For information about free tickets, call 477-6212.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8; Friday, Oct. 4, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8: Zubin Mehta conducting a William Schuman–Schubert program, with Hermann Prey, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10, at 8; Friday, Oct. 11, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 7:30: Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting a Wagner-Sinopoli-Brahms program, with Hei-Kyung Hong, soprano.

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—At Carnegie Hall, Bernard Haitink conducting—Wednesday, Oct. 2: A Bizet-Debussy-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 3: A Moussorgsky-Shostakovich-Schumann program. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 4: A Haydn-Mahler program. (Evenings at 8.)

hiladelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a concert version of Verdi's "Rigoletto," with Cecilia Casdia, soprano; Alexandrina Milcheva, contralto; Michael Myers, tenor; Renato Bruson, baritone; Stephen Dupont, bass; and the Men of the Westminster Choir. The opening performance of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

oston Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening performances of the season here—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10, at 8: A Shostakovich-Brahms program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8: A Richard Strauss–Beethoven program.

Manhattan Symphony—George Manahan conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

rism—Robert Black conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 8, with Cameron Grant, piano. . . . ¶ Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8, with Christine Schadeberg, soprano, and Jan Opalach, bass-baritone.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—The first two in a series of four concerts—Saturday, Oct. 5: Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra in a performance of three cantatas and a motet, all by Bach. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12: The Concert Royal, with Sandra Miller, flauto traverso, in a Bach–Handel–Domenico Scarlatti program. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-9546.)

"Fidelio"—Robert Bass conducting the Collegiate Chorale and Orchestra in a concert version of the Beethoven opera. With Johanna Meier, soprano, and James McCracken, tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 3.)

RECITALS

Terry Murray—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

Tribute to Blanche Moyse—Arlene Augér, soprano, the New England Bach Festival Chamber Orchestra, and other artists associated with Mme. Moyse will perform a program of music by Bach and his contemporaries. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

Tribute to George Perle—Gunther Schuller conducting an ensemble, with Walter Trampler, viola; Michael Boriskin, piano; André Emelianoff, cello; Seymour Lipkin, piano; and the Dorian Wind Quintet, in a program honoring the composer's seventieth birthday. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

Lockenhaus Festival—The first in a series of four concerts by musicians from Gidon Kremer's four-year-old Austrian-based festival. With Mr. Kremer, violin; Kim Kashkashian, viola; Cecile Licad, piano; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Badinage—A vocal and instrumental baroque chamber ensemble. With Myron Lutzke, baroque cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Michael Limoli—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 5:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Si-Yo Music Society—The first in a series of three chamber-music concerts, this one performed by Ma Si-Hon, violin; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; and Tung Kwong-Kwong, piano. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call 488-1715.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3.)

Jan DeGaetani—Mezzo-soprano, with assisting vocal artists and an instrumental ensemble. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Lesley Heller and Mary Louise Vetrano—Violin and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 6. Admission by contribution.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Adolfo Hiroko—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

Bowery Ensemble—With composer-pianist Yvar Mikhashoff. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 8. Mr. Mikhashoff will give a pre-concert talk at 7:45. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in the first of three all-Schubert programs, this one devoted to "Die Schöne Müllerin." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—The first in a series of three Brahms-Haydn programs, each with a guest violist, this one with Scott Nickrenz. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Rafael Puyana—Harpsichord, in the first in a series of three Bach-Scarlatti concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A Sessions-Copland program, with the Atlantic String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8. A pre-concert discussion among

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Beveridge Webster, David Diamond, and others will be held at 7 in the Café Carnegie.)

North/South Consonance—Salvatore Macchia, contrabass, with assisting artists. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three programs, each to be performed twice. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, at 8.)

Trio Chanteclaire and Lyra–A Viol Consort—A joint concert of Renaissance and baroque music. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Western Wind—A program called "Charlie Morrow: Epic Songs of War and Peace." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 678-6998.)

Elmar Oliveira—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Samuel Marder—Violin, in a benefit concert. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the third annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. Performances of American premières by the **PINA BAUSCH TANZTHEATER WUPPERTAL** will run through Tuesday, Oct. 22. Wednesday, Oct. 2, and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2: "Arien." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2: "Kontakthof." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 8-11, at 8: "Gebirge." (30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Sunday, Dec. 8.)

"Luisa Fernanda"—Performances of a Spanish zarzuela composed by Federico Moreno Torroba. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8; Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 22.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5-6, at 1:35. . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Tuesday, Oct. 8. . . . **NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Wednesday, Oct. 9.

Professional Basketball—Nets vs. Knicks, in an exhibition game. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-8888. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 7:30.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (564-4400): Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Oct. 10, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers (exhibition game), Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:05. . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers (exhibition game), Saturday, Oct. 5, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Hartford Whalers (exhibition game), Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Oct. 12, at 7:35.

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Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 21. The Lawrence Realization, the Fall Highweight Handicap, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 5; the Jamaica Handicap, Sunday, Oct. 6; the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 11; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. The Young America, Thursday, Oct. 10, and the Ballantine's Scotch Classic, Saturday, Oct. 12.

Tennis—Meadowlands Tennis Challenge: John McEnroe, Ivan Lendl, Jimmy Conners, and Andres Gomez. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 460-4370. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 8-9, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Nov. 3.

Yachting—The nineteenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Pier A, Battery Park, south under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge; around the West Bank Light; and back to a committee boat anchored off Battery Park. The starting gun goes off at nine-fifty, Saturday, Oct. 5. A spectator boat will embark from Pier 15, East River at Fulton Street, at nine. For tickets, call 669-9416.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Lee Smith reading from a new novel. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Russell Baker and Tom Wicker reading from their own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

New York Armory Antiques Show—A hundred and ten dealers from the United States, London, and Paris displaying furniture, porcelain, silver, jewelry, paintings, and the like. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, Oct. 2, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5, noon to 9; and Sunday, Oct. 6, noon to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, at 10:15 and 2; Chinese and Japanese decorative works of art . . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2: French and other Continental furniture, together with rugs, clocks, and decorations . . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 2: Silver. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 2; Friday, Oct. 11, at 10:15 and 2; and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2: European porcelain; English silver; jewelry; and French furniture, decorations, and paintings. From the estate of Anita O'Keeffe Young. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 5.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 5 elections will be Thursday, Oct. 10, and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 9.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Oct. 19 in the home park of the American League Champion.

Professional Basketball—The Knicks open their regular season at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 26 vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ The Nets open their regular season at the Byrne Meadowlands Arena on Oct. 25 vs. Boston.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 29-Nov. 3.)

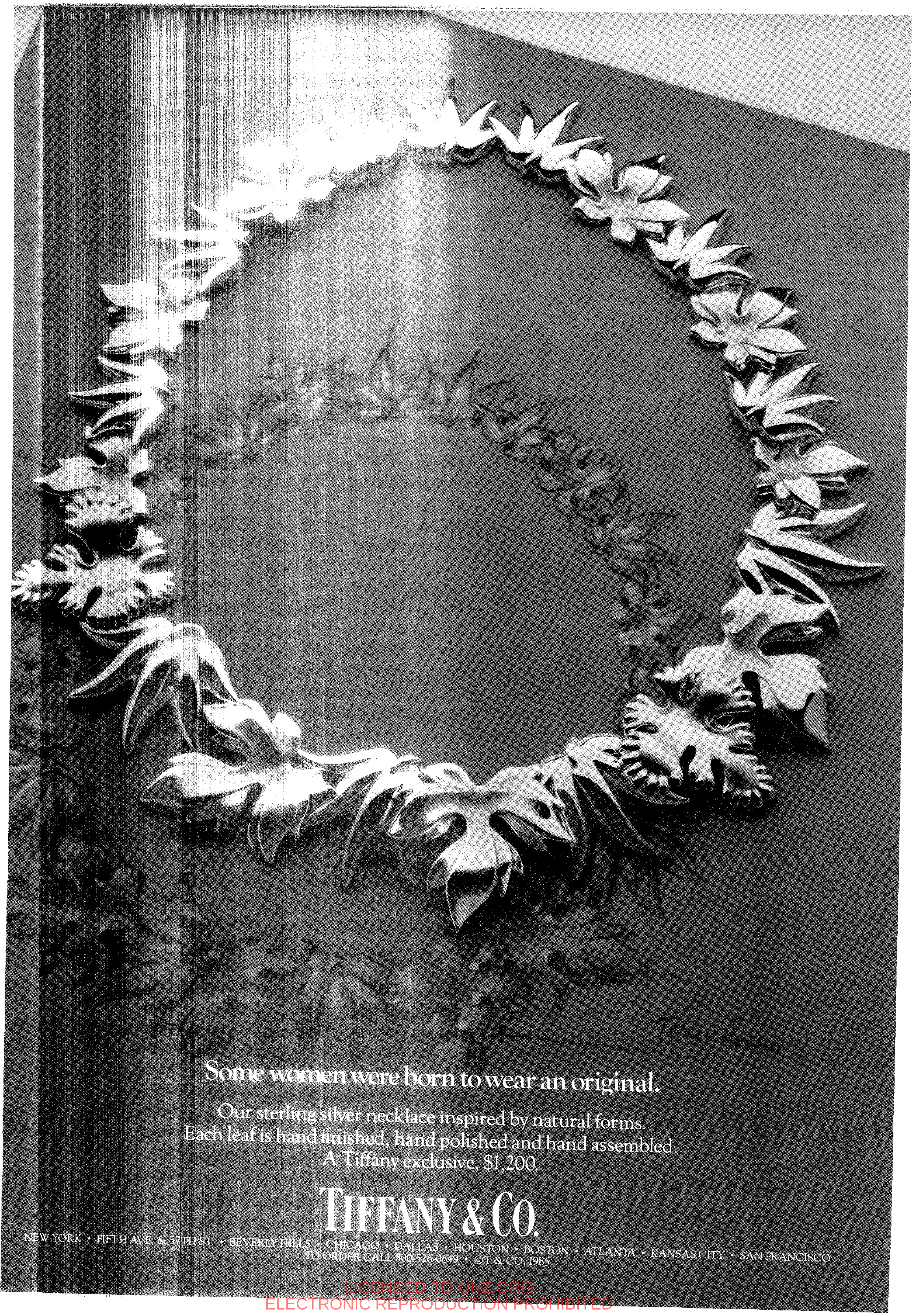
Racing—At Aqueduct: Oct. 23-Dec. 31. The Breeders' Cup series, Nov. 2.

Running—The New York City Marathon, Oct. 27.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through May 3. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Munich Philharmonic, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ NHK Symphony Orchestra of Japan, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Opera-in-Concert: Verdi's "Giovanna D'Arco," Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Vienna Symphony, Nov. 3. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): Orchestra of St. Luke's Oct. 13. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 17 and 27. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony Oct. 18. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Carlo Bergonzi, tenor, Oct 20. . . . ¶ Munich Philharmonic, Oct. 22. . . ¶ Andrei Gavrilov, piano, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ New York Pops, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Kiri Te Kanawa soprano, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Vienna Ensemble, Nov. 1 . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Nov. 2. . . ¶ Juilliard String Quartet, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Paderewsk 125th-Birthday Anniversary Concert, Nov 6. . . . ¶ Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Nov 7-8. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Hama Fujiwara, violin, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ New York Pr Arte Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 19. . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center Oct. 20-22 and Nov. 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Ensembl for Early Music, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Academy c Ancient Music, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Symphony Or chestra of the Curtis Institute of Music, Nov 9. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street (427-4410): Hermann Prey, baritone, Oct. 1 and 23. . . . ¶ Jaime Laredo, violin, Oct 19. . . . ¶ Robert Cohen, cello, Oct. 2 . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Oct. 26-2 . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Oct. 29-3 . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Nov. 2. . . ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Nov. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Ravi Shankar, sitar, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Rafael Puyan harpsichord, Oct. 17 and 24. . . . ¶ Lockenhaus Festival, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Emerson Strin Quartet, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Narciso Yepes, classical guitarist, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke' Nov. 7. . . . ¶ New Irish Chamber Orchestra Nov. 8. . . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): Bolsh Opera Stars, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Philharmonia Virtuosi, Oct. 29.

Dance—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Oct 22-Nov. 10.

Other Dates—Columbus Day will be celebrate on Monday, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Daylight-savin time ends Sunday, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Electio Day is Tuesday, Nov. 5.



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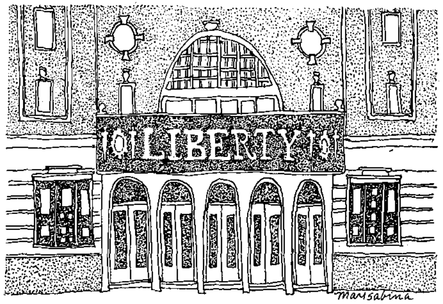
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

"Queen Kelly" (1929; directed by Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"After Hours" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Oct. 3: "Silverado" (†).

From Oct. 4: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Plenty" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Compromising Positions" (†).

Theatre 2: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.

Theatre 3: "Back to the Future" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Oct. 3: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

From Oct. 4: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Oct. 3: "Creator" (Ivan Passer), with Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway.

From Oct. 4: "Cocoon" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"After Hours" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Oct. 3: "Cocoon" (†).

From Oct. 4: "The Doctor and the Devils" (Freddie Francis), with Timothy Dalton.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through Oct. 10: "Joshua Then and Now" (Ted Kotcheff), with James Woods.

From Oct. 11: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "The Emerald Forest" (†). From Oct. 11: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman. From Oct. 11: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "L'Addition" (Denis Amar; in French), with Richard Berry. From Oct. 4: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (Paul Schrader; in Japanese), with Ken Ogata.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "James Joyce's Women" (Michel Pearce), with Fionnula Flanagan. From Oct. 4: "Dream Child" (Gavin Millar), with Coral Browne.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.

Theatre 2: "Sweet Dreams" (Karel Reisz), with Jessica Lange and Ed Harris.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Plenty" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).

Theatre 2: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Compromising Positions" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "The Stuff" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Creature." From Oct. 4: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Oct. 3: "Silverado" (†).

From Oct. 4: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Streetwalkin' " (Joan Freeman); and "Sudden Death" (Sig Shore). From Oct. 4: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "The Tokyo Trial" (1983; directed by Masaki Kobayashi), a four-and-a-half-hour documentary.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary. From Oct. 4: "James Joyce's Women" (Michel Pearce), with Fionnula Flanagan.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos. From Oct. 4: "The Emerald Forest" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†). From Oct. 11: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Wetherby" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Insignificance" (Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Busey and Tony Curtis. From Oct. 11: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 10: "Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart" (Wayne Wang). From Oct. 11: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins."

Theatre 4: Through Oct. 3: "The Stuff" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty. From Oct. 4: "My Other Husband" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Miou-Miou, Roger Hanin, and Eddy Mitchell.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 3: "The Emerald Forest" (†). From Oct. 4: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Cocoon" (†). From Oct. 4: "Jagged Edge."

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 3: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†). From Oct. 4: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Ghostbusters" (†). No performances on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through Oct. 3: "War and Love" (Moshe Mizrachi).

From Oct. 4: (tentative): "L'Addition" (Dennis Amar; in French), with Richard Berry.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Oct. 3: To be announced.

From Oct. 4: "Colonel Redl" (István Szabó in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Dance with a Stranger" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Compromising Positions" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart" (Wayne Wang). Fron Oct. 12: "A Year of the Quiet Sun' (Krzysztof Zanussi; in English and Polish)

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 3: "Détective' (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), wit Nathalie Baye, Claude Brasseur, Johnn Hallyday, and Jean-Pierre Léaud. Fron Oct. 4: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Ster in China" (1981).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877 4040)

Theatre 1: "Crossover Dreams" (Leon Icha so), with Ruben Blades.

Theatre 2: "Sheer Madness" (Margareth von Trotta; in German), with Hann Schygulla and Angela Winkler.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724 6745)

Theatre 1: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; i French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierr Richard.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "My Other Hus band" (Georges Lautner; in French), wit Miou-Miou, Roger Hanin, and Eddy Mitchell. From Oct. 4: "Came a Hot Friday (Ian Mune).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877 3600)

Theatre 1: "Marie" (Roger Donaldson), wit Sissy Spacek.

Theatre 2: "Compromising Positions" (†).

Theatre 3: "After Hours" (†).

Theatre 4: "Back to the Future" (†).

Theatre 5: "Plenty" (†).

Theatre 6: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glen Close and Mandy Patinkin.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Through Oct. 10: "Kiss of the Spide Woman" (†).

From Oct. 11: To be announced.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito with Chuck Norris.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "The Stuff (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty From Oct. 11: "Silver Bullet" (Danie Attias), with Gary Busey.

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 3: "Creator" (Iva Passer), with Peter O'Toole and Mari Hemingway. Oct. 4-10: "Silverado" († From Oct. 11: "Sweet Dreams" (Kar Reisz), with Jessica Lange and Ed Harris.

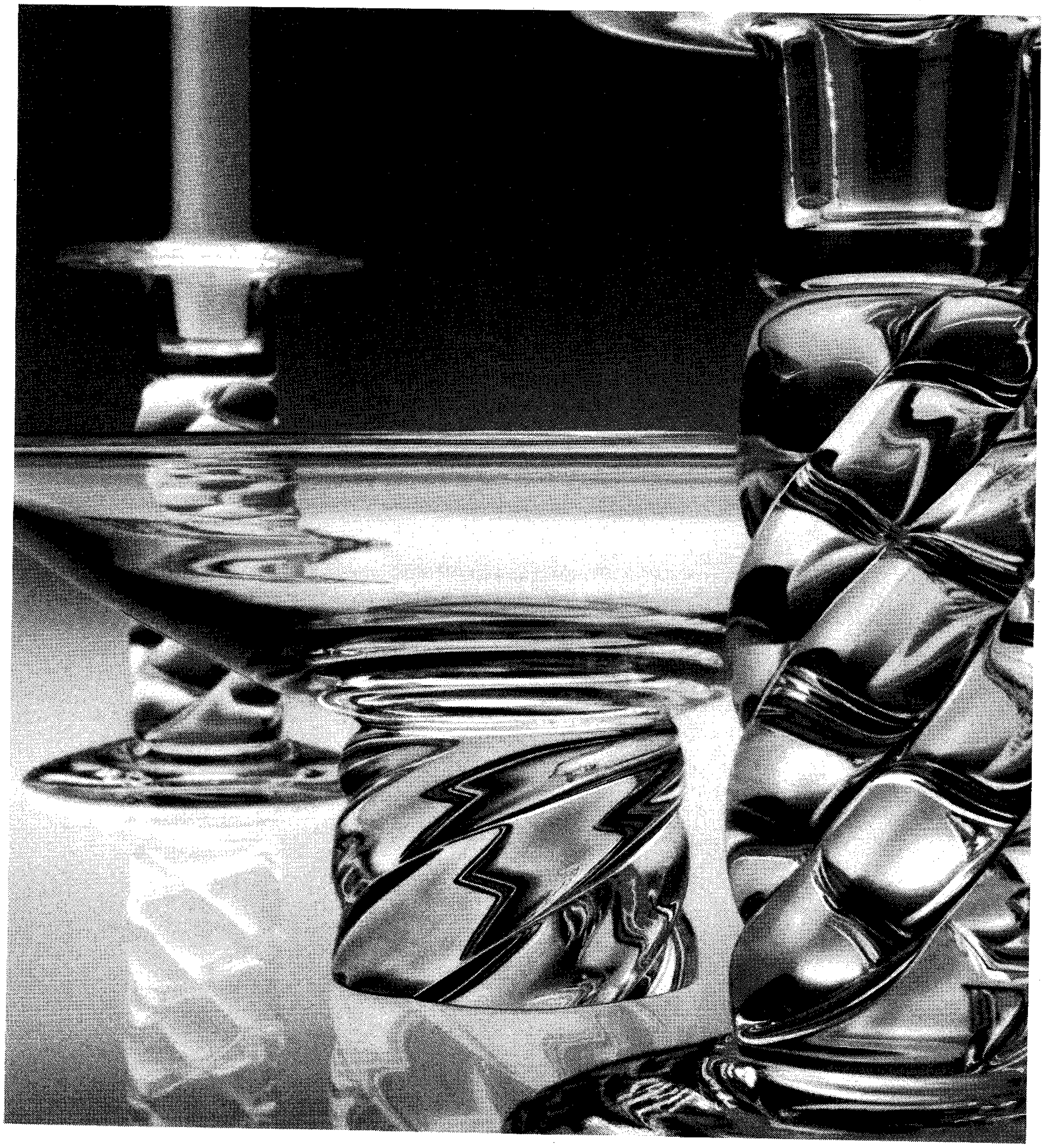
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 3: "Pee-Wee's Bi Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-We Herman. From Oct. 4: "Savage Island."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through Oct 10: "After Hours (†). From Oct. 11: "Remo Williams: Th Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), wit Fred Ward and Joel Grey.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Gremlins" († From Oct. 4: "Commando" (directed b



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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 3: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 4: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 5: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.
Theatre 6: "Teen Wolf" (Rod Daniel), with Michael J. Fox.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Year of the Dragon" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Silverado" (†). From Oct. 4: "Sudden Death" (Sig Shore).
Theatre 3: "The Emerald Forest" (†).
Theatre 4: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Oct. 3: "The Stuff" (Larry Cohen), with Michael Moriarty.
From Oct. 4: To be announced.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Creator" (Ivan Passer), with Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway. From Oct. 4: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 10: "The Return of the Living Dead" (Dan O'Bannon), with Clu Gulager.
From Oct. 11: "After Hours" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Oct. 3: "Summer Rental" (Carl Reiner), with John Candy and Richard Crenna.
From Oct. 4: "Silverado" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 3: "Creature." Oct. 4-10: "Savage Island." From Oct. 11: "Sweet Dreams" (Karel Reisz), with Jessica Lange and Ed Harris.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Streetwalkin' " (Joan Freeman). From Oct. 4: "Plenty" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Invasion U.S.A." From Oct. 11: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 3: "Sudden Death" (Sig Shore). From Oct. 4: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; *on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.*)
"Kerouac, The Movie" (1985; directed by John Antonelli).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 2: "Gate of Hell" (1954; Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo; and "Fires on the Plain" (1959; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese), with Eiji Funakoshi.
Oct. 3: "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo; and "Street of Shame" (1956; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo.
Oct. 4-5: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
From Oct. 6: "Himatsuri" (Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 2: "Careful, He Might Hear You" (1984; Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
Oct. 3: "The Samurai Trilogy" (1954-56; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Oct. 4-5: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.
Oct. 6: "King Lear" (1971 †).
Oct. 7: "The Golden Coach" (1953; Jean Renoir; in French), with Anna Magnani; and "Days and Nights in the Forest" (†).
Oct. 8: "And Quiet Flows the Don" (†).
Oct. 9: "Le Million" (†); and "À Nous la Liberté" (1931; René Clair; in French).
Oct. 10: "My Name Is Ivan" (†); and "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian).
Oct. 11-12: "L'Âge d'Or" (†) and "Peeping Tom" (†).

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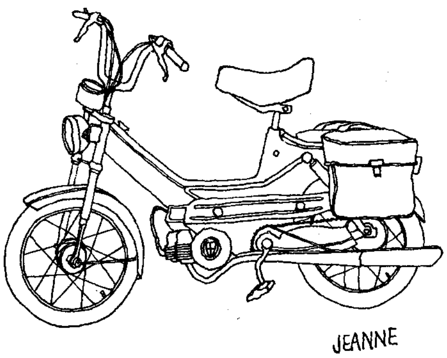
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 3: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Oct. 4-5: "Lord of the Flies" (1963; Peter Brook), with a cast of children; and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
Oct. 6: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.
Oct. 7-8: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; and "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
Oct. 9-10: "Erotic Film Festival;" and "Immoral Tales" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in French).
Oct. 11-12: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Morons from Outer Space" (1985; Mike Hodges).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Oct. 2: "Nostalghia" (1984; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (1981; Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Oct. 3-5: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Oct. 6-7: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (1985; George Miller and George Ogilvie; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Oct. 8-9: "The 4th Man" (1982; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch), with Jeroen Krabbé; and "Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch).
Oct. 10-12: "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with Divine; "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine.



Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 3: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti; in French), with Sylvia Kristel.
Oct. 4-5: "Mrs. Soffel" (1984; Gillian Armstrong), with Diane Keaton, Mel Gibson, and Matthew Modine; and "Mass Appeal" (1984; Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ibanek, and Charles Durning.
Oct. 6: "Once Upon a Time in America" (1984; Sergio Leone), with Robert De Nir and James Woods.
Oct. 7-8: "Stranger Than Paradise" (1984 Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie and Richard Edson; and "The Brother from Anothe Planet" (1984; John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Oct. 9-10: "The Heavenly Kid" (1985; Car Medoway), with Lewis Smith; and "Secre Admirer" (1985; David Greenwalt), wit C. Thomas Howell.
Oct. 11-12: "Explorers" (1985; Joe Dante) and "Dune" (1984; David Lynch), wit Kyle MacLachlan.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 2: "The Caine Mutiny" (1954; Edwar Dmytryk), with Humphrey Bogart, Jos Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray and Robert Francis; and "Sabrina" (1954 Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Au drey Hepburn, and William Holden.
Oct. 3-5: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre' (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfons Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Th African Queen" (1951; John Huston), wit Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.
Oct. 6-8: "Woman of the Year" (†) an "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" (†).
Oct. 9-12: "Love Crazy" (†); and "The Thi Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrn Loy and William Powell.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Oct. 2: "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks with Brooks and Charles Grodin; an "Used Cars" (1980; Robert Zemeckis with Kurt Russell, Jack Warden, and Gerrit Graham.
Oct. 3: "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennife Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morle and Peter Lorre; and "Casino Royale (1967), with Peter Sellers and Ursul Andress.
Oct. 4-5: "Fritz the Cat" (1972) an "Wizards" (1977), both animated cartoon directed by Ralph Bakshi.
Oct. 6: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English an Italian), both films directed by Federic Fellini.
Oct. 7: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Seller and Shelley Winters; and "Killer's Kiss (†).
Oct. 8: "Daughters of Darkness" (†); an "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), wit Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susa Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.
Oct. 9: "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), wit Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWild Van Heflin, and Jack Palance; and "Hig Noon" (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Gar Cooper, Thomas Mitchell, Grace Kell Lloyd Bridges, and Katy Jurado.
Oct. 10: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" († and "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (193 Jean Renoir; in French).
Oct. 11-12: "Chinatown" (1974; Roma Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Fay Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Th Long Good Friday" (1982; John Macker zie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (25 7400)
Oct. 2: "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Donen with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Ka Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "S brina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Hun phrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and Wi liam Holden.
Oct. 3: "The Lodger" (1944; John Brahm

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with Laird Cregar and Merle Oberon; and "Hangover Square" (*1945; John Brahm*), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.

Oct. 4-5: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

Oct. 6: "The Threepenny Opera" (†); and "The Blue Angel" (*1929*; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

Oct. 7: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French); and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.

Oct. 8: "The Talk of the Town" (†) and "The More the Merrier" (†).

Oct. 9: "The Little Foxes" (†) and "Dodsworth" (†).

Oct. 10: "Case of the Stuttering Bishop" (1937; William Clemens), with Donald Woods; and "The Case of the Velvet Claws" (1936; William Clemens), with Warren William.

Oct. 11-12: "After the Thin Man" (1936) and "The Thin Man" (1934), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna *Loy and William Powell.*

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Oct. 3 at 2:30: "Older Brother, Younger Sister" (1953; directed by Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Machiko Kyo. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6: "Flowing" (1956; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Apart from You" (1933; Mikio Naruse; a Japanese silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "The Whole Family Works" (1939; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 12:30: A program of Porky Pig cartoons. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 2: "Three Sisters with Maiden Hearts" (1935; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 5: "Herringbone Clouds" (1958; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 12:30: A program of Porky Pig cartoons. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2: "Hit and Run" (1966; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 5: "Sounds from the Mountain" (1954; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 2:30: "A Wanderer's Notebook" (1962; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6: "Little Man, Do Your Best!" (1931; Mikio Naruse; a Japanese silent film, with English intertitles; and "Every Night Dreams" (1933; Mikio Naruse; a Japanese silent film; with English intertitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2:30: "Mother" (1952; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6: "Older Brother, Younger Sister." . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2:30: "The Other Woman" (1961; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine and Masayuki Mori. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2:30: "Herringbone Clouds." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6: "Repast" (1951; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 12:30: A program of Bugs Bunny cartoons. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 2: "Scattered Clouds" (1967; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 5: "Lightning" (*1952; Mikio* Naruse; *in* Japanese, with English subtitles).

Theatre 2: Oct. 3 at 3 and 6:30: Three parts of "How Yukong Moved the Mountains" (1972-75); Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan; with English voice-over), a documentary on the People's Republic of China—"Professor Tchien," "Traditional Handicrafts," and "The Oilfields." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 3: A program of films by James Williamson, 1901-06. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6:30 and Oct. 5 at 2:30: A program of films by George Albert Smith. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 5:30: A program of films by James Williamson. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2:30: A program of films by Cecil Hepworth. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 5:30 and Oct. 7 at 3: A program of films by Robert W. Paul. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6:30: A program of films by Cecil Hepworth. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 3 and 6:30: "Architectural Millinery" (*1952;* Sidney Peterson), "Manhole Covers" (1954; Ruth Cade), "City of Contrasts" (1931; Irving Browning), and "The City" (1939; Ralph Steiner and Willard Van Dyke). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 3 and 6:30: Two parts of "How Yukong Moved the Mountains"—"Rehearsal at the Peking Opera" and "Impressions of a City." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 3: A program of films by G. H. Cricks, H. M. Sharp, J. H. Martin, and Joseph Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6:30 and Oct. 12 at 2:30: A program of films by Percy Stow and H. V. Lawley. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 5:30: A program of films by G. H. Cricks, H. M. Sharp, J. H. Martin, and Joseph Rosenthal.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"The Allure of the Concentric" (1985), a multichannel video installation by Rita Myers. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

New York Film Festival—A series of international films at Alice Tully Hall—Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Colonel Redl" (István Szabó; Hungary/West Germany/Austria). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6:15: "Himatsuri" (Mitsuo Yanagimachi; Japan). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Colonel Redl." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6:15: "Bliss" (Ray Lawrence; Australia). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9:30: "Himatsuri." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at noon: "No Man's Land" (Alain Tanner; Switzerland/France). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 3: "Renoir, the Boss" (1966; Jacques Rivette; France) and "Jean Cocteau—Self-Portrait of a Man Unknown" (Edgardo Cozarinsky; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6: "Bliss." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9: "7 Up/28 Up" (Michael Apted; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2: "City of Pirates" (Raul Ruiz; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 4:30: "Nothing *Sacred" (1937; William Wellman; Unitec* States). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 7: "No Man's Land." . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:30: "Chain Letters" (Mark Rappaport; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6:15: "Private Conversations" (Christian Blackwood; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:30 and Oct. 8 at 6:15: "Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; Switzerland/France). . . . ¶ Oct 8 at 9:30: "City of Pirates." . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6:15: "Chain Letters." . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:30: "A Year of the Quiet Sun" (Krzyszto Zanussi; Poland/United States/West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6:15: "Le Temps Détruit" (Pierre Beuchot; France) and "Harvest of Despair" (Slavko Nowytski; Canada). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9:30: "The Satin Slipper" (Manoel de Oliveira; France/ Portugal) . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6:15: "A Year of the Quie Sun." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 9:30 and Oct. 12 at 1 "Boy Meets Girl" (Léos Carax; France) . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 3:30: "The Satin Slipper." . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6: "Renoir, the Boss" anc "Jean Cocteau—Self-Portrait of a Man Unknown." . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 9: "Private Conversations." (For information about tickets, cal 362-1911.)

Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. (787 1477)—"My Best Girl" (1927; Sam Taylor) a silent film, with Mary Pickford and Budd Rogers. (Oct. 7 at 2 and 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his *work here is livelier and more companionable* than it has been in recent years; the camera scoots around, making jokes—or, at least, near-jokes. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: *elegant, crisp, and flashy, with perky zooms* and cute little dissolves. Scorsese uses his skills (and even his personality) like a hired hand, making a vacuous, polished piece of consumer goods—all surface. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. The cast includes John Heard, who gives the movie its only rooted moments, and Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Cinematography by Michael Ballhaus; script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (New Gramercy, Sutton, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Oct. 11.)

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic *sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike,* and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. *(Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 11-12.)*

And Quiet Flows the Don (1957)—A kaleidoscopic view of life in prerevolutionary Russia, featuring such hot-tempered characters as a man who lashes his rival with a whip *and a brokenhearted girl who attempts to cut* her throat with a scythe. Episodic melodrama, high on flaring nostrils. The director, Sergei Gerasimov, adapted Mikhail Sholokhov's novel. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

Cocoon—A science-fantasy sitcom, in which the old people from a retirement community *go off to the planet Antares, a Shangri-La in* space. If audiences enjoy the movie, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard, shows for them. But Howard keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and fron *scenes that can't get by as anything. The plo* is less than ingenious, and things get prett cloying. With Wilford Brimley, Don Amech Hume Cronyn, Jack Gilford, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jessica Tandy, Hert Ware, Steve Guttenberg, Barret Oliver, an Brian Dennehy. (7/15/85) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema, and 23rd St West Triplex; through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Eastsid Cinema; starting Oct. 4.)

Compromising Positions—Directed by Fran Perry, the movie provides a batch of actresses with a chance to show some comi verve. Susan Sarandon is the heroine, whos unquenchable curiosity saves her from th doldrums of affluence in the suburbs with lawyer husband; when her smiley-eyed, lecherous dentist (Joe Mantegna) is murdered i his snazzy office, she can't resist poking int the case, because it reveals so much abou what has been going on around her which sh has been unaware of. Judith Ivey is in to form as a frisky cynic who seems to hav been wised up from birth. And Deborah Rus is startlingly poignant as a tarty, uneducate blonde, with scars on her tummy and frightened eyes. With Edward Herrmann, Ra Julia, and Anne De Salvo. (9/9/85) (Loew 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower Eas Loews Paramount, and Loews 84th Stree Sixplex.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directe by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of hi "Rules of the Game" but very much th same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lang technically guilty of murder but not morally. With Jules Berry. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 10.)

Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett), and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. The director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. The picture is all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Paris.)

Daughters of Darkness (1971)—Delphine Seyrig as an aged vampire who has discovered that blood-sucking is a beauty secret to keep you young. Her fellow-vampire is the first vampire we have seen in a miniskirt. Directed by Harry Kümel. Agreeable junk. (Thalia; Oct. 8.)

Days and Nights in the Forest (1969)—On the surface, this Satyajit Ray film is a lyrical romantic comedy about four educated young men from Calcutta, driving together for a few days in the country, and the women they meet. The subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism; the young men are self-parodies—clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British. A major film by one of the great film artists, starring Soumitra Chatterji and the incomparably graceful Sharmila Tagore. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 7.)

Desperately Seeking Susan—Set in the punk world, it's a mistaken-identity fantasy about doe-eyed Roberta (Rosanna Arquette), a suburban housewife in New Jersey, who becomes fixated on a drifter named Susan (played by the rock star Madonna). This attempt at screwball charm was directed by Susan Seidelman, who wipes out her actors. All their responsiveness is cut off—there's nothing going on in them. Nobody comes through except Madonna, who comes through as Madonna (she moves regally, an indolent, trampy goddess), and the cinematographer Edward Lachman, whose lighting gives the East Village shops and streets a funky prettiness. The cast includes Robert Joy, Aidan Quinn, Mark Blum, Laurie Metcalf, and the comedian Steven Wright. (4/22/85) (23rd St. West Triplex; through Oct. 3.)

Dodsworth (1936)—While other writers were turning out novels ridiculing American materialism and glorifying the expatriate existence, Sinclair Lewis conceived a businessman hero and showed him to be a true dreamer, while his culture-mad wife was a foolish horror. Walter Huston stars in the movie version, which was produced by Sam Goldwyn with great care and taste; William Wyler is the director. With Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor, Maria Ouspenskaya, Paul Lukas, and David Niven. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 9.)

he Emerald Forest—John Boorman sets his story in Brazil, where the son of an American engineer (played by Powers Boothe) is abducted by an Amazon-rain-forest tribe. For ten years, the father searches for the boy in whatever time he can take off from his job of building a giant dam. When, at last, he locates his seventeen-year-old son (played by the director's son, Charley Boorman), he realizes that the boy's consciousness surpasses his own and that the boy's life is superior to anything civilization has to offer. And soon the father realizes that the dam is destroying the boy's tribe. The faults that have plagued Boorman's films—his lack of interest in character, his rather lordly failure to dramatize the issues that excite him the most, his wacko ear for dialogue—really pile up this time, and he doesn't seem able to get any kind of seductive flow going. With Rui Polonah, Meg Foster, Dira Paes, and Eduardo Conde. (8/12/85) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Oct. 4.)

Ghostbusters (1984)—A scare comedy, with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more super-

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natural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Ziegfeld. No performances on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10.)

Gremlins (1984)—The director, Joe Dante, has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The movie never comes together, but Dante is a genuine eccentric talent with a flair for malice. With Frances Lee McCain, Polly Holliday, Phoebe Cates, and Hoyt Axton. The critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 3.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner (1967)—A debate about intermarriage between blacks and whites, attractively written by William Rose, directed by Stanley Kramer, and with a superb cast including Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Sidney Poitier. (Regency; Oct. 6-8.)

Killer's Kiss (1955)—Stanley Kubrick's second feature (after "Fear and Desire," in 1953) is a poorly written New York-set thriller that culminates in a fight in a mannequin factory. It has vivid feeling for the tawdry milieu but not much else; it's conceived in flashy sequences rather than as a believable story, and the guiding sensibility still seems light-years away from Kubrick's third feature, "The Killing." With Frank Silvera. (Thalia; Oct. 7.)

King Lear (1971)—Kozintsev, who directed the Soviet "Hamlet," uses Boris Pasternak's translation. Lear is played by Yuri Jarvet, with a look of fragility unexpected in Lears, who are generally like oaks. This is an Old Testament figure capable of both enormous delusion and enormous insight. The film is handsomely imagined, both pictorially and intellectually. Not to be missed. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 6.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Oct. 10.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 9.)

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Love Crazy (1941)—A screwball-comedy spin-off of "The Thin Man" series; William Powell tries to prevent his wife, Myrna Loy, from divorcing him by feigning insanity. The picture isn't memorable, though it gets laughs out of such subjects as mothers-in-law, life in a goofy rest home, and William Powell in drag. Myrna Loy retains her cool, amiably aloof manner, and Powell alternates between bouts of skittishness and his usual urbanity. With Florence Bates, Gail Patrick, Jack Carson, and Sidney Blackmer. Directed by Jack Conway. (Regency; Oct. 9-12.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate, dreamlike inevitability. René Lefèvre plays the poor young painter who has a winning lottery ticket—only he hasn't quite got it: it was in the pocket of a coat he sold to a secondhand shop. The entire film is the hero's chase after the ticket, with his creditors, his girl (Annabella), his friends, and the police chasing after him. This movie is lyrical, choreographic, giddy—it's the best French musical of its period. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

The More the Merrier (1943)—The film is set in Washington, D.C., during the Second World War; the housing shortage results in the government-worker heroine (Jean Arthur) and the inventor-hero (Joel McCrea) becoming part of an innocent ménage à trois with Charles Coburn, an elderly businessman who enjoys playing Cupid. Directed by George Stevens, this hit comedy is lively and well paced, but the fun is too often forced, and Jean Arthur overdoes her adorably prim act. McCrea, though, is easy and casually sophisticated, and, as usual, serves his co-stars, gets his laughs, and never hogs attention. With Bruce Bennett and Richard Gaines. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 8.)

My Name Is Ivan (1963)—This Russian movie about a twelve-year-old boy who acts as a spy against the Germans is shocking, sad, and frequently quite beautiful. It could have been perfect if only those responsible for the script had not tried quite so hard to convince us of the obvious—that war is undesirable. Kolya Burlaiev gives a remarkable performance in the title role, and Andrei Tarkovsky is credited with the effective direction. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10.)

Peeping Tom (1960)—Michael Powell did this thriller about a psychotic who kills women and photographs their last agonies. It was a controversial film at the time—and some considered it repellent. It has also been an influential film, and its reputation has grown with the years. With Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 11-12.)

Plenty—With Meryl Streep, directed by Fred Schepisi. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Loews 84th Street Six-plex. . . . ¶ RKO Century National Twin; starting Oct. 4.)

Prizzi's Honor—This John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of th members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, anc rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it al in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Cinema 3.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at i and get a little charged up at the same time The proceedings are directed by George P Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychoti material a veneer of professionalism, but th looniness is always there. The film's star an progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the wa he's photographed he's huge—our nationa palooka. This humanoid Christ figure wit brown leather skin and symmetrical scar goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch o our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier (6/17/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

Silverado—The director, Lawrence Kasdan uses accomplished actors: the four heroe journeying west to Silverado in the eighteen eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Scot Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glove and they're variously involved with Lind Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Denneh John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But the atmosphere is arch and uninvolving, and thes actors don't seem sure what their character are meant to be. The film is like a homage t the expensive Western; it's so opulent it ha a nouveau-riche aura about it. (7/29/85 (Bay Cinema, 86th St. East, and Embass through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49t Street; starting Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Olympia Qua Oct. 4-10.)

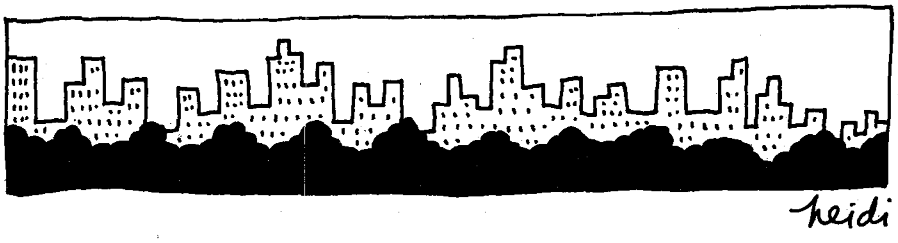
The Talk of the Town (1942)—Leopold Dil (Cary Grant), a vaguely radical factor worker falsely accused of arson and manslaughter by the management, breaks ja and is hidden in the home of a vacationin judge (Ronald Colman) by the judge's soft hearted, fuzzy-headed landlady (Jean Arthur), who is convinced of Dilg's innocenc The ideas are garbled and silly, but the people are so pleasant that the picture manag to be quite amiable and high-spirite anyway. George Stevens directed; with Glenda Farrell, Edgar Buchanan, Rex Ingram Emma Dunn, and Charles Dingle. (Theat 80 St. Marks; Oct. 8.)

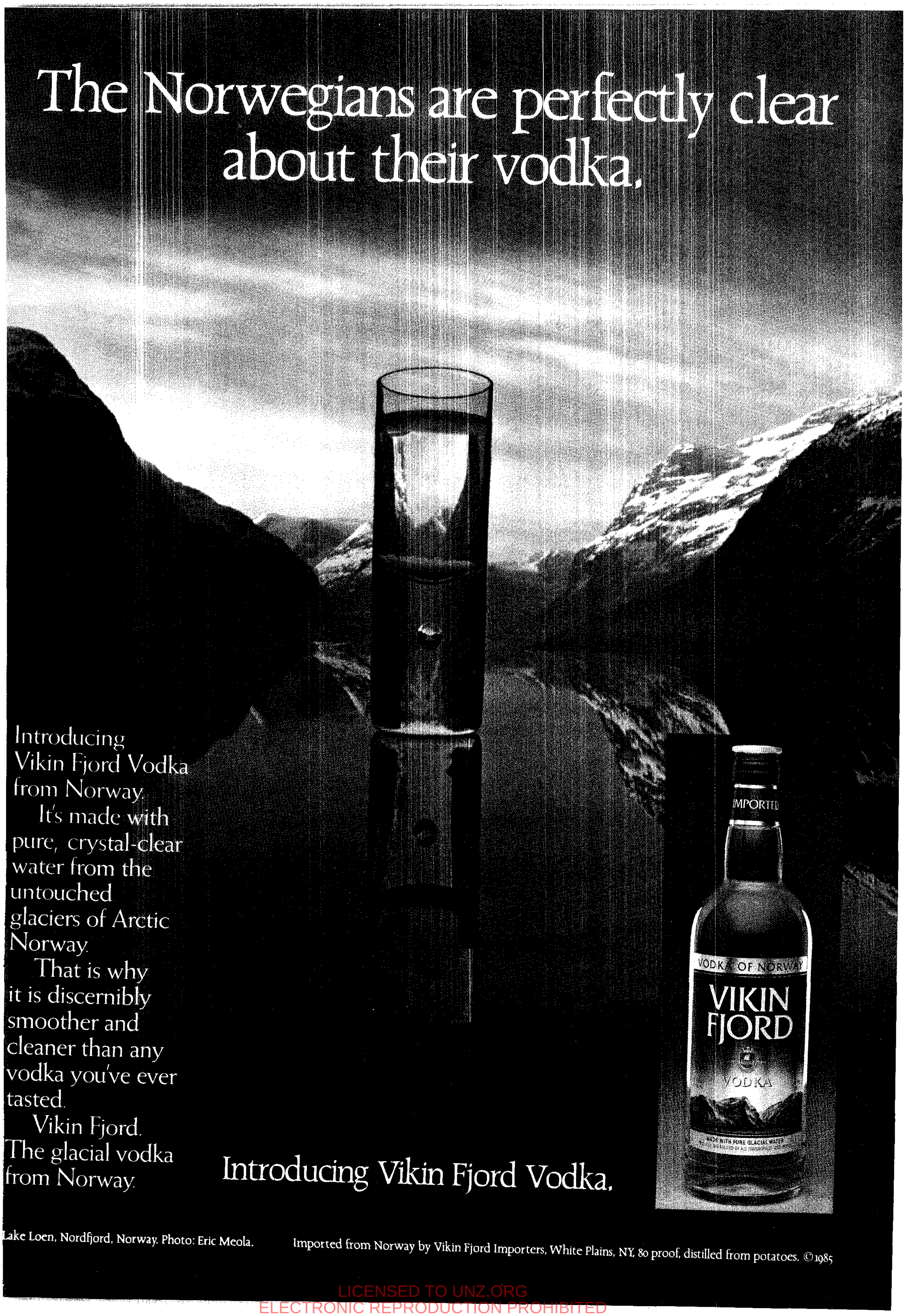
The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabs made this somewhat phlegmatic version o the Bertolt Brecht–Kurt Weill opera. Wit Lotte Lenya. In German. (Theatre 80 S Marks; Oct. 6.)

Wetherby—With Vanessa Redgrave, directe by David Hare. (Reviewed in this issue (Quad Cinema.)

Woman of the Year (1942)—The first of th films co-starring Katharine Hepburn an Spencer Tracy. The chemistry is great, bu the plot and the tone are wobbly. He's sportswriter, and she's a celebrated politic journalist who doesn't know how to be woman. The comedy goes sour whenever th movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperatio George Stevens directed. With Fay Bainte Reginald Owen, and William Bendi (Regency; Oct. 6-8.)

Year of the Dragon—Stan White (Micke Rourke), a New York police captain, is assigned to put a damper on the murderou youth gangs who are disrupting life in Chinatown. But Stan—a synthesis of Rambo an Dirty Harry—can't live with compromise; h starts to create chaos in the community s that (in some unexplained way) he can tea out the roots of crime. The movie is a form o hysterical, rabble-rousing pulp, yet it isn't involving; it doesn't have the propulsion of goo pulp storytelling. The only performance tha has any intensity is the quiet one given b John Lone as the sneaky, new young Chines Godfather—he's so fine-drawn and elega he just about turns the movie upside dow With Ariane, Ray Barry, Caroline Kav Dennis Dun, and Leonard Termo. Directe by Michael Cimino. (9/9/85) (Embassy 1.)

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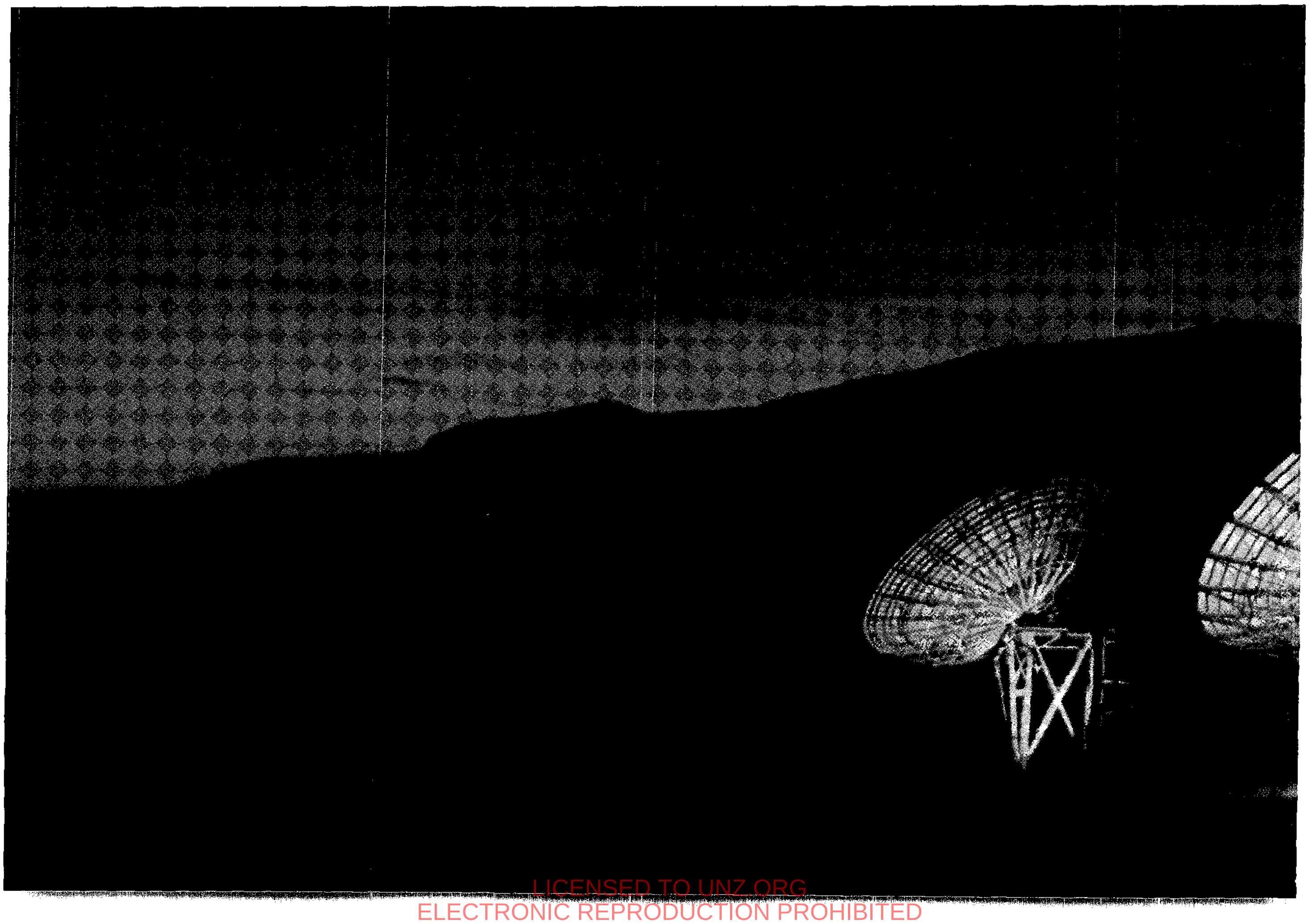

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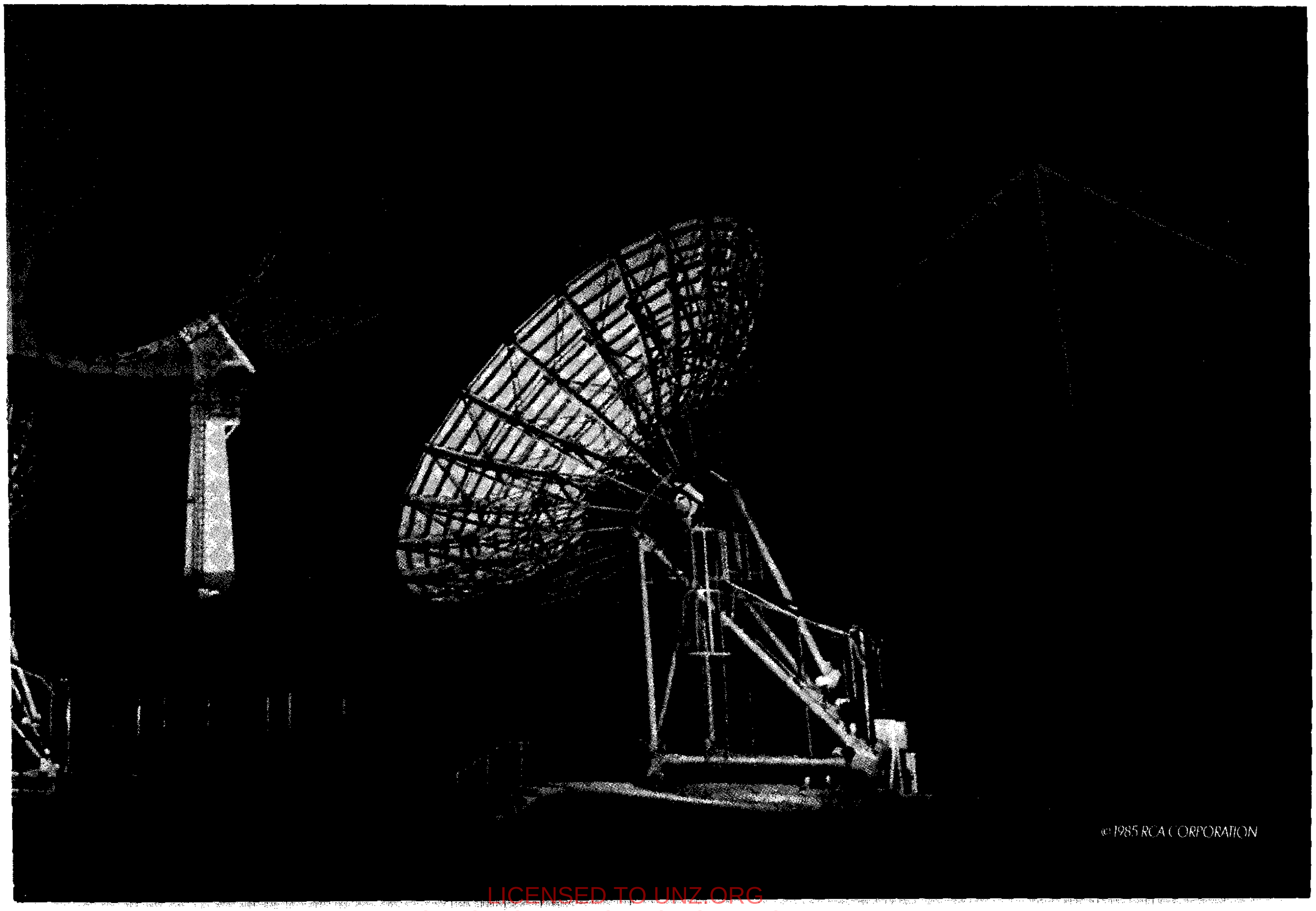

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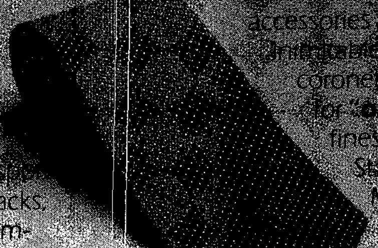


Countess Mara®

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

otes and Comment

ONE of our young reporters writes from Atlantic City:

Though this town was born nd raised on Natural Beauty, it has urned its back on the sea in recent ears. The beach may be affectionately emembered, but it can't compete with accarat. A boy of a certain age will e his old bike in the garage and catch r the first time the sharp whiff of ostalgia, and yet he will never conder giving up his Trans Am (for ith cars come girls). Similarly, some w visitors to Atlantic City still stroll e boardwalk, and look once or twice the waves, and then hurry back to e machines. And they are the excepons, the John Muirs in this singleinded crowd. Most of the players ouldn't stir if someone told them a hool of whales was doing the Jane onda workout a hundred yards offore. What in all creation could atch the next card for interest? So it as nice, last Thursday, as Hurricane loria approached, to see the ocean t everyone's attention, for once. For e first time in the (lucky) seven years ice they first opened, the casinos osed. Security guards pulled the last, otesting plungers from the slots ortly before midnight, as maintence men boarded up the plate-glass nts of the dream palaces. Only the hts, the thousands and thousands of lbs and tubes, stayed lit, reflecting lly off the soaked wood of the ardwalk. You could stand in front the gaudiest of the casinos—the nd Atlantis, now sandbagged and ed—and imagine it under water: a v tourist draw for the lost city. I am zy about metaphor, the easier the ter, but this was almost too much. was as if God had called up some Madison Avenue shop and ordered d visuals for Matthew 7:26-27 And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it"). It was overdone—far from subliminal.

Deciding to evacuate the gamblers was pretty easy—the last thing you need during a natural disaster is ten thousand people without rubber boots whose idea of good odds earns the casinos millions of dollars a day. The authorities worried themselves—and everyone else—considerably more over the problem of whether to force residents to leave their homes for higher ground. The debate had sharpened at about five on Thursday afternoon, when the radio reported that the storm had taken a more northerly tack, and that the National Hurricane Center was warning people in low-lying areas to flee in order to "save their lives." Strong language that, especially from someone paid by the government; it added gravity to the announcers' jobs, and timbre to their voices. (Just as silent films were perfect for Charlie Chaplin, and television seems the right size for Johnny Carson, only radio, in its unlocated darkness, can really handle the job of describing a hurricane hours before the wind begins to blow.) Spurred by the government warning, many towns along the coast began to order evacuations; those few that didn't, the announcers implied, were about to. But here in Atlantic City, which is built on a spit of land that is nearly an island at normal high tide, the government didn't blink. Shortly after 11 P.M., Mayor James Usry met with the local press corps and said that anyone who wanted to evacuate could go to the race track several miles inland. Did he think people *should* go? Why, that would depend on the individual situation, the Mayor said. If they felt they wanted to, they certainly could. Then he said he'd meet the press at six the next morning—and that was that. He was confident in the face of adversity, relaxed, jovial. He could have been President Reagan, except that he turned out to be right: the hurricane swooped by, the usual spots flooded, everyone survived, and by sundown the casinos had started to reopen. But that Thursday night nobody seemed satisfied. The radio stations hinted that people really would do better to move, even though "no *official* evacuation order has come *as yet*." One radio station installed its announcer in the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration office at the airport in nearby Pomona, where five or six government weather-service specialists were watching Gloria's approach. More and more frantic grew his reports, especially once the long, spiral arms of the storm could be seen—bright green on the radarscope—crossing Chesapeake Bay and the Delmarva Peninsula. And the more ominous the warnings the more severely paralyzed by indecision the people in the city seemed to become. Some bolted, a long line of cars crossing

the White Horse Pike. Those who stayed—at least, the ones I talked to—seemed almost to be hoping someone would order them out. It made me think of a conversation I have had perhaps seventy thousand times.

Me: Where would you like to eat?

She: Oh, anywhere.

Me (thinking desperately): Hmm, well, umm, Japanese?

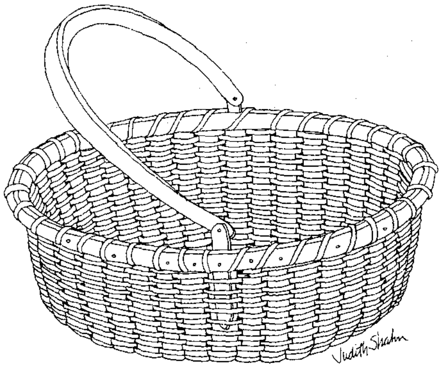
She: If that's what you'd like.

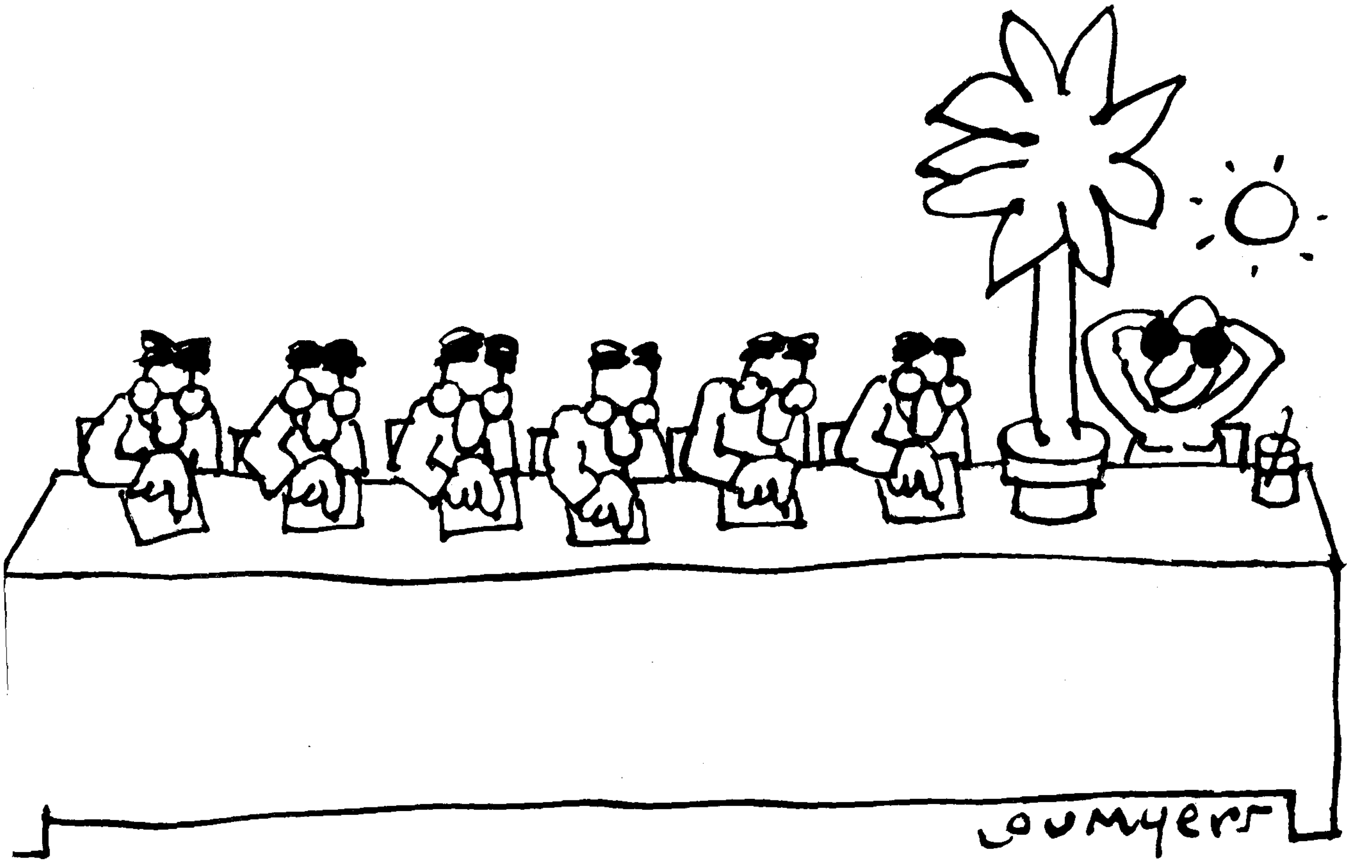
Once in a while, people—even freedom-loving Americans—secretly want to be told what to do. A hurricane is an area of extreme low pressure which forces people to make life-and-death decisions. If you put your discussion off too long, the tide will wash across the White Horse Pike and you won't get out. But nobody really wants to leave, perhaps because it means admitting that your home may be destroyed. And anyway you'd miss the show. At five in the morning, before first light, the water was already surging up to the edge of the boardwalk where it meets Park Place. The surf shone black in the lights of the casinos. A policeman came along and said he didn't care if I was a reporter—he didn't care if I was the governor—they were not allowing people on the beach any longer. And I was not altogether sorry.

•

DEEPLY embedded somewhere in our thoughts or wishes—no doubt in some corner of the brain that is immune to factual evidence—is the belief that public institutions and programs exist to serve public needs. In this perhaps naïve view, the links of the chain of public action begin with the identification of a need of society, by, say, a civic-minded group; next, measures to meet the need are debated and decided upon; and, finally, some institutional arrangement is made, and people set to work. It's hard to help noticing, though, that in actuality things proceed, as often as not, in quite a different sequence. In this other sequence, the chain begins with the institutional arrangement, and only then is a need sought out—a need that will justify the continued functioning of the institution. In other words, instead of starting with a problem and looking for the answer one starts with an answer and looks for the problem. There follows the emergence of the MX missile or the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway. In actuality, it seems to us, the two sequences define two systems that are at work in the United States today. One is the constitutional and legal one that we are all taught about from grade school on, whereby the will of the people is brought to bear on the issues of public life. The other is the dense and tangled web of interests that, like some hardy and fast-growing form of vegetation, overruns the legal system, subtly but powerfully diverting it from its purposes. No founding fathers ever sat down to devise this second system, and no one has codified it, but everyone is familiar with its operations. Against the public will it pits money; against citizen activism it pits public relations and lobbying; against the independent judgment of elected representatives it pits political and financial pressure. Campaign contributions by private interests are, of course, its very lifeblood. The successes of this system are at times so pervasive as to become routine, and therefore unnoticed. Yet every now and then the other system—the formal, political one—stirs awake and, to general astonishment, wins a victory. Then in the vast jungle of quietly thriving private interests a tree suddenly crashes to the ground, and a clearing opens, and light and air pour in.

Such a clearing was created, it seems to us, by the recent demise of Westway—precipitated by a vote in the House denying further funds for the project and by a Court of Appeals decision upholding the decision of Federal District Court Judge Thomas P. Griesa to deny permission to build the landfill portion of the highway project, because the Army Corps of Engineers had issued a landfill permit in violation of the Federal Clean Water Act. From the start, Westway had the air of an answer in search of a problem. One billion seven hundred million dollars was available from the federal highway fund, and there was no doubt that if that money, and an anticipated two to four billion dollars additional, could be obtained and spent numerous private interests would be
served: jobs would be created; new
land would be created, on whicl
developers could build new buildings
and other economic activity of man
varieties would be generated. (It's per
haps not surprising, then, that man
interest groups in the city, from union
to real-estate associations, joined i
support of the project, as did th
mayor, the governor, and the state
two senators. In addition, the city
three largest newspapers gave it thei
support.) What was very much i
doubt was whether, in a city in whic
even ordinary maintenance of the pul
lic-transport system seems to be beyon
the means of the authorities, and i
which more than forty per cent of tl
children live below the poverty lin
any *public* need could be found whic
could conceivably justify a highw
costing at least fifteen thousand dolla
an inch. Some supporters made mu
of a huge park that would be built
landfill in the river. Others adopt
arguments of a more abstract ca
One was a sort of defense of gigantis
for its own sake. As a city and
country, it was suggested, we we
mired in petty restraints, and had l
the ability to do great things—or,
any rate, big things. The *Natio*
Review, for example, carried this li
of argument to an extreme. In an e
torial entitled "Westway and S
Wars," the *Review* found that We
way possessed "symbolic importanc
In the past, the *Review* noted, Ame
cans had been capable of "carrying
vast projects," such as "the atom-bo
project; the vast interstate-highw
system begun under Eisenhower;
manned moon landing set in motion
Kennedy." Then came Vietnam,
"erosion of the collective will
curred." But now if Westway could
built it might "signal a revival of
national will." And that was
pecially important these days, beca
a second vast project requiring nati
al will was in the offing—the Pr
dent's Star Wars program. Whet
or not other supporters of West
were pleased by the comparisons w
the Vietnam War and Star Wars,
Review's support for vast projects
se probably had a certain logic to it
one vast and senseless undertaking
be carried out (the *Review* admi
that the Vietnam War was "misc
ceived"), then it's probably true
the chances for others are impro
because such a success may mean
the system that operates on b
momentum is growing stronger. H
ever, as the many supporters of W





• •

ay learned, the other system—the ne devised more than two hundred ears ago, by which the public is em- owered to pass judgment on the mer- s of public programs, big and small— ay suddenly rear up, and then even e vastest of projects may be laid low.

• •

ullivan Redux

THERE'S been so much talk lately about South Africa and disin- stment in American companies oper- ing there that we decided it was time check in again with the Reverend on H. Sullivan, the Philadelphia rgyman who in 1977 drew up a set principles according to which many those companies have subsequently en guided or judged, or both. The llivan Principles have been revised d strengthened by their originator ır times since then—most recently t November, when the Reverend (as arly everyone seems to call him), o had theretofore pretty much con- ntrated on relatively small-scale so- l and economic issues, instructed h of his corporate signatories to roceed immediately" to take the fol- ving actions, among others: "sup- t changes in influx control laws to vide for the right of Black migrant workers to normal family life . . . support the unrestricted rights of Black businesses to locate in the Urban areas of the nation . . . influence other companies in South Africa to follow the standards of equal rights principles . . . support the ending of all apartheid laws."

When we called on Sullivan at his church, the Zion Baptist Church (whose congregation, of more than six thousand, is one of the largest in the United States), the Reverend (who, at six feet five, is one of the largest clergymen in the United States) had returned not long before from a meeting he'd convened in England of the chief executive officers of eighteen multinationals. (Among those multinationals was General Motors; in 1976, Sullivan became its first black director ever.) "Our meeting, at Leeds Castle, thirty-five miles outside London, was confidential, and I gave my word I wouldn't talk about it," Sullivan told us. "I can say, though, that we had executives from the United States, the United Kingdom, Sweden, and South Africa itself, and that our session was productive. We were grappling with the problem of what it is that companies operating down there can do to work always more aggressively toward reform. I attempted for the first time to make an international thrust on equal-rights principles. I said I wanted American companies and others doing business there to move into the political arena and push for a free, nonracial society. Several American company executives told me, guardedly, that they'd coöperate to the extent that they could. For them to move into the political arena at all and to say they would challenge the South African government would be a giant step, especially if the rest of the world should follow suit.

"Mind you, my signatories can't do a lot by themselves. They have only sixty-six thousand employees in South Africa altogether, and only half of these are black. I've been saying from the start that the Sullivan Principles are not the solution to apartheid. You need direct action by foreign governments. I had hoped for passage of anti-apartheid legislation in this country. For me, the President's executive order is a step, a turn in a new direction. I'm waiting to see how the Administration follows through. I'm still hoping to see nonviolent change, peaceful change, in South Africa, but then I'm a clergyman—a man of faith. Whenever you have significant fundamental changes in society, you have got to expect vast demonstrations for human rights. It happened in France, with the Bastille. You can't expect freedom to come about silently. There will be more deaths in South Africa, but it should still be possible to avoid an Armageddon, which would involve the whole of Africa and probably most of Europe and much of the rest of the industrial world—and would make the risk of atomic confrontation very real indeed. What little we've done so far to avoid all that I like to compare to the erosion of a hill. You take down a few pebbles, and more rocks begin to fall. I think that every American company with any connection to South Africa has by now been affected in some way. Maybe we will fail in the end, but I'm still hoping for a nonviolent solution to the South African problem as I see, bit by bit, chunks of that hill coming down.

"I have a hundred and seventy-three signatories now, including forty that fell into line this past spring—Pan American, Martin Marietta, Black & Decker, and J. P. Morgan among them. But there still are some hundred and twenty-five American companies that haven't signed up, and I think investors should divest from them and, if they're consumer companies, boycott their products. My conviction is that economic pressure is valuable in moving the South African government toward change. I don't hold to the view that expansion of American investment will somehow help the masses over there. My main objective is to help bring about the abolition of apartheid, but, of course, I can't do that by myself."

The Reverend did make the symbolic gesture, just before Good Friday this year, of joining the demonstrators outside the South African Embassy in Washington, and, like other protesters, was duly handcuffed, removed in a paddy wagon, booked, and released. He hasn't been to South Africa himself since 1980, when—perhaps by chance—all his luggage got lost. "I'm beginning to think I'm not going to get it back," he told us. "As for my returning there, I don't know if they'd let me in or not. They're aware that I'm becoming increasingly strident. I'm still trying to see how far I can get by using my signatory companies as a lever for change, and now I'm pressing for efforts by companies in Britain, France, and Germany, which have a far greater economic stake in South Africa than most of the American ones do. I was happy to learn that the Trades Union Congress in England has urged union pension funds to withdraw their investments from companies that won't make full disclosure of what they're up to in South Africa."

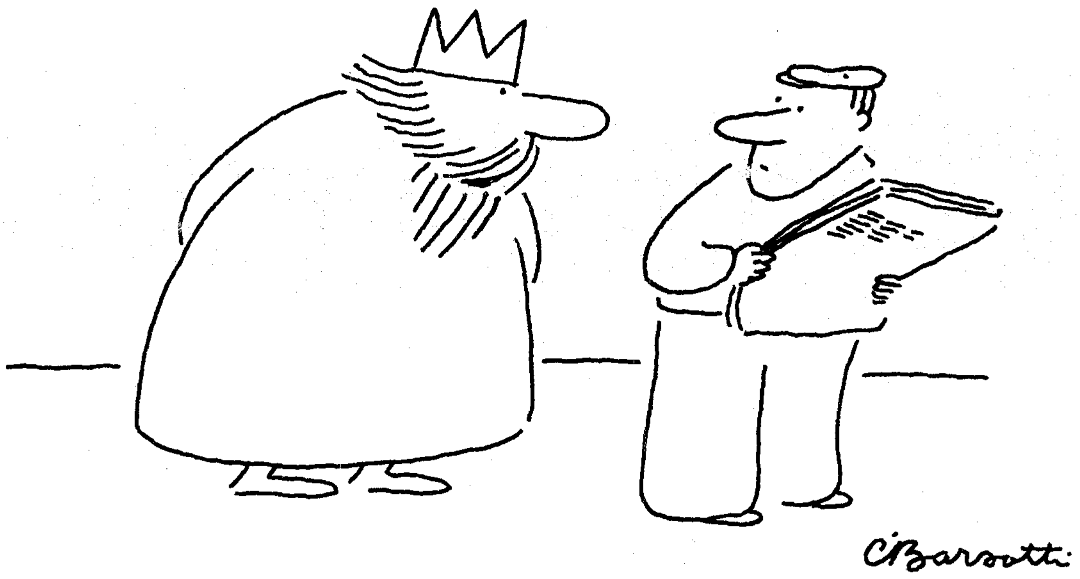
The growing urgency of the situation in South Africa has compelled the Reverend to issue an ultimatum. "On May 2nd, I put Corporate America on notice," he told us. "If apartheid is not abolished in actuality, all foreign corporations should leave the country. This should be followed by a total ban on all imports and exports. If, however, everyone redoubles his efforts now—governments, churches, unions, and companies—a new country can emerge. I think it's even possible that within five years blacks will hold high positions in the central South African government. Oh, you'll still have much unrest, with many people killed, and large destruction of property, and dissent in the black community, and resistance from right-wing whites, and conflict among white South African liberals. Whatever happens, South Africa's in for a great deal of disorder and upheaval. You can't expect a three-hundred-year condition to change overnight. One of the biggest things to be contended with, I'm afraid, is the whites' fear of the blacks. We're going to have to develop confidence in everybody that what must be done can be done. If not, there'll be increasing polarization, and armed resistance, and the start of a race wa that, as I've said, could engulf all o Africa and much of the rest of th Western world. I think that th majority of the white community o South Africa would rather see nonviolent change than armed struggle And, believe you me, those are th only alternatives."

Fresh

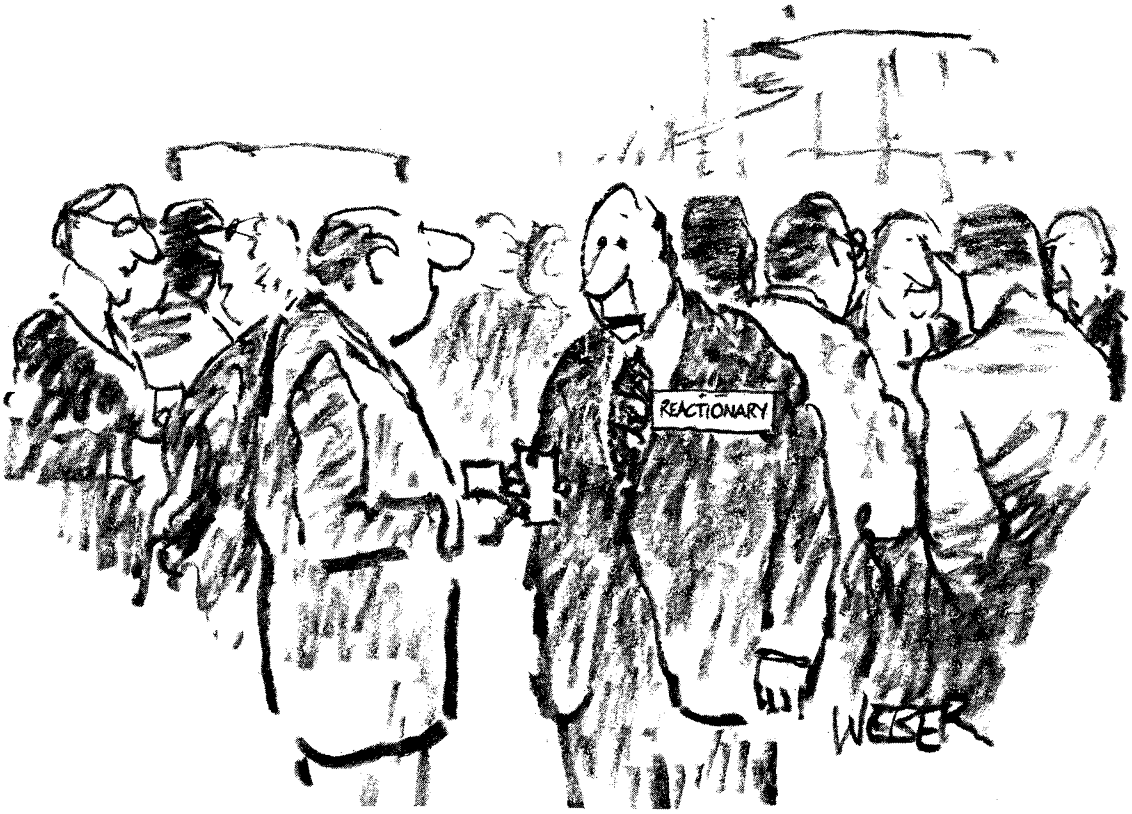
CAN our city be happy withou Westway? It can.

Joseph Jones, Jr., Mr. Spoons moved here not long ago from Cincin nati. Though he plays on the street, h is America's finest spoons man. He ac companies tape recordings of "Th Lady in Red," "Twelfth Street Rag," and "Beer Barrel Polka" on a pair spoons from a Salvation Army sou kitchen, the handles wrapped in ta so he won't cut himself. Fifty-o years old, with clear blue eyes a slicked-back hair, Mr. Spoons tall with a soft Ohio accent. Even thoug he does what he does better th anyone else, and he's been doing it f thirty years, he has not made mu money at it (he works du ing the day in a toup shop); as a result, his n tural modesty has not be poisoned.

"I started out when was still a kid, supporti my mother selling corsag in the neighborhood bars Mr. Spoons told us. " old man said to me one d 'If you could do somethi no one else could do, you sell more flowers.' I start out playing the bon They're wooden ribs, ro wood or ebony, and they one of the oldest instr ments. I think the Bi mentions them. *Shakespe* mentions them. I switch to spoons, and after a wh



"How are the Royals doing?"



"Someone once labelled me a reactionary, and it stuck."

I said to myself, 'You can hit them together, sure, but can't you do a little more?' See, most spoons players just bounce them off their knees. But I wanted more. I picked it up a little at a time, developing blisters as I went." Mr. Spoons runs his spoons up and down his arms and legs; he tickles them with a fingernail to make them hum; he plays them off his scalp and his ankles, and off his cheeks, which he puffs out or sucks in when he wants to vary the pitch. His cutlery lives. "I'd go into a bar, and I'd put a quarter in the jukebox, and I'd play, and then I'd sell twenty-five or thirty corsages," he says. "When I got older, I kept going. My friends kept fooling with me. 'Joe, you're all right,' they'd say. 'But this guy in Kentucky, he's fantastic.' Well, one Friday morning I was just about disgusted with this Kentucky guy, so I walked twenty-seven miles to the bar where he was supposed to play. And I asked the bartender, 'When does this spoons guy come in?' And he said, 'At 8 P.M. You can set your watch by him.' And, sure enough, at eight sharp this guy walked in. He had this fancy spoon case strapped to his belt, even. And he started playing the jukebox. He was playing my favorite songs—Alabama Jubilee,' 'Down Yonder,' all last tunes. And, of course, he was just hitting his knee. I went over to him and I said, 'You're fantastic, man. How'd you like to be on TV? How'd you like to be on "Midwestern Hay-ide"?' ('Midwestern Hayride' was the big show back then.) And he said sure. So I said, 'Show me how to play those hings, will you?' And he started to, nd I said, 'Wouldn't it go easier this way here?' And then I started my act. And then he called me a rotten son of bitch and he tore off the fancy case nd threw it across the bar and just walked out. And ever since then I aven't worried about anyone being ny better."

Last year, Mr. Spoons paid a thouand dollars for a trip, with his girlfriend, to Iowa for the world spoons championship, where, again, almost everyone was just hitting off his or her knee. "I got up on the stage there—nobody knew me—and I started doing just like them, off my knee. And then I said, 'Is it O.K. if I stand up?' And they said sure. So I did a few of my things, and then I jumped off the stage—they were all shrinking back—and I started playing off *them*, hitting them with the spoons. And when I was done nine of them had dropped out of the contest without even playing."

Mr. Spoons paused, then said, "It doesn't bother the spoons at all to eat with them. Although, for the last twenty-five years, I couldn't afford to buy that much to eat. Don't get me wrong. I've been happy. But I do like to get paid every *once* in a while."

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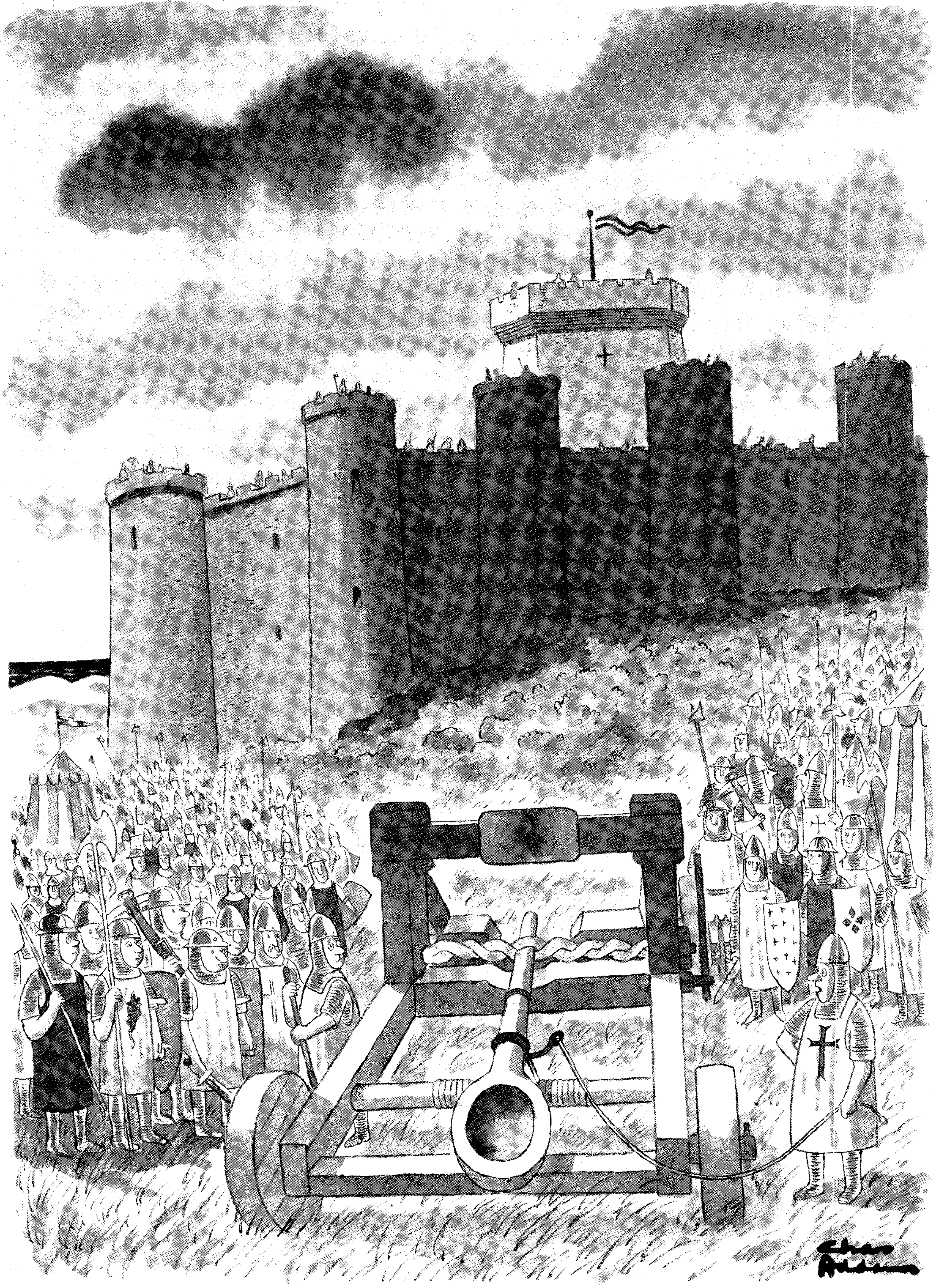
MARJORIE MORGAN, who is a modern dancer, and Mona, who is a Pakistani Muslim, and Melanie, who lives in Missoula, Montana, and the alliterative-in-her-own-right Leslie Eustis, who is a Carleton College student from Carbondale, Colorado, are all in town this fall as part of the Academic Year in New York City program, a sort of domestic junior-year-abroad scheme. They and half a dozen other students in the program take a course at a local college, work on an individual project, and, as part of a seminar on New York, shoot a roll of film each week—to force them to look at the city. We joined Melanie and Marjorie and Mona and Leslie one day last month as they set off to photograph the Feast of San Gennaro street fair. This was an authentic ethnic festival many years ago, and now it is tired and commercial. Or, at least, that is how it had seemed to us when last we went, but then we were looking at it through eyes glazed over by long exposure to this city. The great danger in New York is not armed robbery, or even graffiti; it is that one will grow used to Manhattan and miss the beautiful and the gaudy. In a block or two of Mulberry Street, the four young women found a man with a large tattoo on a larger biceps, a vender who wanted to give them some free squid, a man in a white tux getting a shoeshine, and about a hundred other things. "It's incredible to look down Sixth Avenue at the World Trade Center and try to calculate just how much is going on in between where you are and where it is," said Leslie. "There might be a million people."


Chas Addams

"You mean no one remembered to bring a rock?"

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE

PHEMIE's father phoned her at work. This was not long after she got her divorce and had started working in the real-estate office. Both of her boys were in school. It was a hot day in September.

Her father was so polite, even in the family. He took time to ask Phemie how she was. Country manners, Phemie thought. Even if somebody phones to tell you your house is burning down, they ask first how you are.

"I'm fine," Phemie said. "How are you?"

"Not so good, I guess," said her father in his familiar, self-respecting tone of apology. "I think your mother's gone."

Phemie knew that "gone" meant "dead." But for a second or so she saw her mother in her black straw hat setting off down the lane. The word "gone" seemed full of nothing but a leep relief, and even an excitement—he excitement you feel when a door loses and your house sinks back to normal and you let yourself loose into all the free space around you. That was in her father's voice, too—behind he apology, a queer little sound, almost a giggle. But Phemie's mother hadn't been a burden—she hadn't been ick a day—and, far from feeling relieved at this death, her father was to ake it hard. He never got used to ving alone, so he said, and before ong he went into the Home for the aged quite willingly.

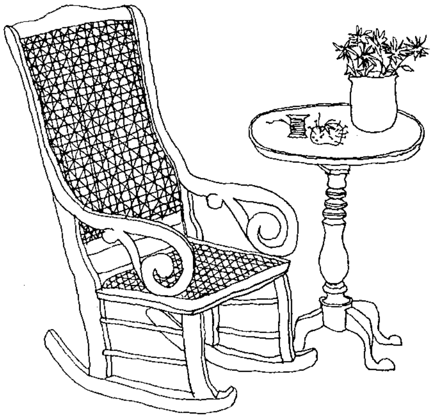
He told Phemie how he found her mother on the couch in the kitchen when he came in at noon. She had icked a few tomatoes and set them on he windowsill to ripen, and then she must have felt weak and lain down. ow his voice went wobbly, meandering, in amazement. Phemie saw in her ind the couch and the old quilt that rotected it, right under the phone.

"So I thought I better call you, hemie," her father said, and waited r Phemie to say what he should do ow.

Phemie's mother prayed on her nees at midday, at night, and first ing in the morning. Every day pened up to her to have God's will ne in it. Every night she totted up hat she'd done and said and thought, see how it squared with Him. People might think that kind of life was eary, but Phemie believed they were ssing the point. For one thing, such ife can never be boring. And nothing can happen to you that you can't make use of. Even if you're racked by troubles, and sick and poor and ugly, you've got your soul to carry through life, like a treasure on a platter. Going upstairs to pray, after the noon meal, Phemie's mother would be full of energy and expectation, seriously smiling.

She had been saved at a camp meeting when she was fourteen. That was the same summer that her own mother—Phemie's grandmother—died. For a few years she went to meetings with a lot of other people who'd been saved—some had been saved over and over again, enthusiastic old sinners. She could tell stories about what went on at those meetings—the singing and hollering and wildness. She told about one old man getting up and shouting, "Come down, O Lord! Come down among us now! Come down through the roof and I'll pay for the shingles!"

She was back to being just an Anglican, a serious one, by the time she got married. She was twenty-five then, and her husband, who would become Phemie's father, was thirty-eight. A tall, good-looking couple, good dancers, good cardplayers, sociable. But serious people—that's how Phemie would try to describe them. Serious the way hardly anybody is anymore. Her father was not religious in the way her mother was. He was an Anglican, an Orangeman, a Conservative, because that's what he had been brought up to be. He was the son who got left on the farm with his parents and took care of them till they died. He met Phemie's mother, he waited for her, they married. He thought himself lucky then to have a family to work for. (Phemie has two younger brothers, and she had a little sister, who died before she was a year old.) Phemie suspects that her father never slept with a woman before her mother, and never with her until he married her. And he had to wait, because Phemie's mother wouldn't get married until she had paid back to her own father every cent he had spent on her since her mother died. When her father remarried and moved to the United States, Phemie's mother wouldn't go. She stayed on in the town of Ramsay, Ontario, boarding with a childless couple who had been her parents' next-door neighbors, and then she went to Ottawa Normal School. She kept track of everything—board, books, clothes—so that she could pay it back. When she married she had no nest egg, as teachers usually did—no hope chest, sheets, or dishes. Phemie's father used to say, with a sombre, joking face, "I always hoped to get a woman with money in the bank. But you take the money in the bank you have to take the face that goes with it, and sometimes that's no bargain!"


Barbara Fine

When her father was very old Phemie figured out that he didn't mind people doing new sorts of things—for instance, her getting divorced—as much as he minded their having new sorts of reasons for doing them. "The Lord never intended," he used to say. Sitting around with the other old men in the Home, in the long, dim porch behind the spirea bushes, he talked about how the Lord never intended for people to tear around the country on motorbikes and snowmobiles. And how the Lord never intended for nurses' uniforms to be pants. The nurses didn't mind that at all. They called him Handsome, and told Phemie he was a sweetheart, a real old religious gentleman. They marvelled at his thick black hair, which he kept till he died. They washed and combed it beautifully. Sometimes, even with all their care, he was a little unhappy. He wanted to go home. He worried about the cows, the fences, about who was getting up to light the fire. A few flashes of meanness, very few. Once, he gave Phemie a surly look and said, "I'm surprised you haven't worn all the skin off your knees by now."

Phemie laughed. She said, "What doing? Scrubbing floors?"

"Praying!" said her father viciously. He didn't know who she was.

PHEMIE doesn't remember her mother's hair being anything but white. Her mother went white in her twenties, and never saved any of her young hair, which had been brown. Phemie used to try to get her to tell what color brown.

"Dark."

"Like Brent, or like Dolly?" Those were two workhorses they had—a team.

"I don't know. It wasn't horsehair."

"Was it like chocolate?"

"Something like."

"Weren't you sad when it went white?"

"No. I was glad."

"Why?"

"I was glad that I wouldn't have hair anymore that was the same color as my father's."

Hatred is always a sin, Phemie's mother told her. Remember that. One drop of hatred in your soul will spread and stain everything like a drop of black ink in white milk.

All these things Phemie remembers, and things she knows, or has been told, about people she never even saw. She was named Euphemia, after her mother's mother. A terrible name, such as nobody has nowadays. At home they called her Phemie, but when she started to work she called herself Fame. Her husband, Ron Casey, called her Fame. Years later, after her divorce, a man in the bar of the Shamrock Hotel said to her, "Fame, I've been meaning to ask you, just what is it you are famous for?"

"I don't know," she told him. "I don't know, unless it's for wasting my time talking to jerks like you." After that she thought of changing altogether, to something like Joan, but unless she moved away how could she do that?

In the summer of 1947, when Phemie was twelve, she helped her mother paper the downstairs bedroom, the spare room. Her mother's sister Beryl was coming to visit them. These two sisters hadn't seen each other for years. Beryl had gone with their father and his new wife to live in Minneapolis, then in Seattle, and she and Phemie's mother had met just once or twice since they had grown up. Now Beryl lived in California.

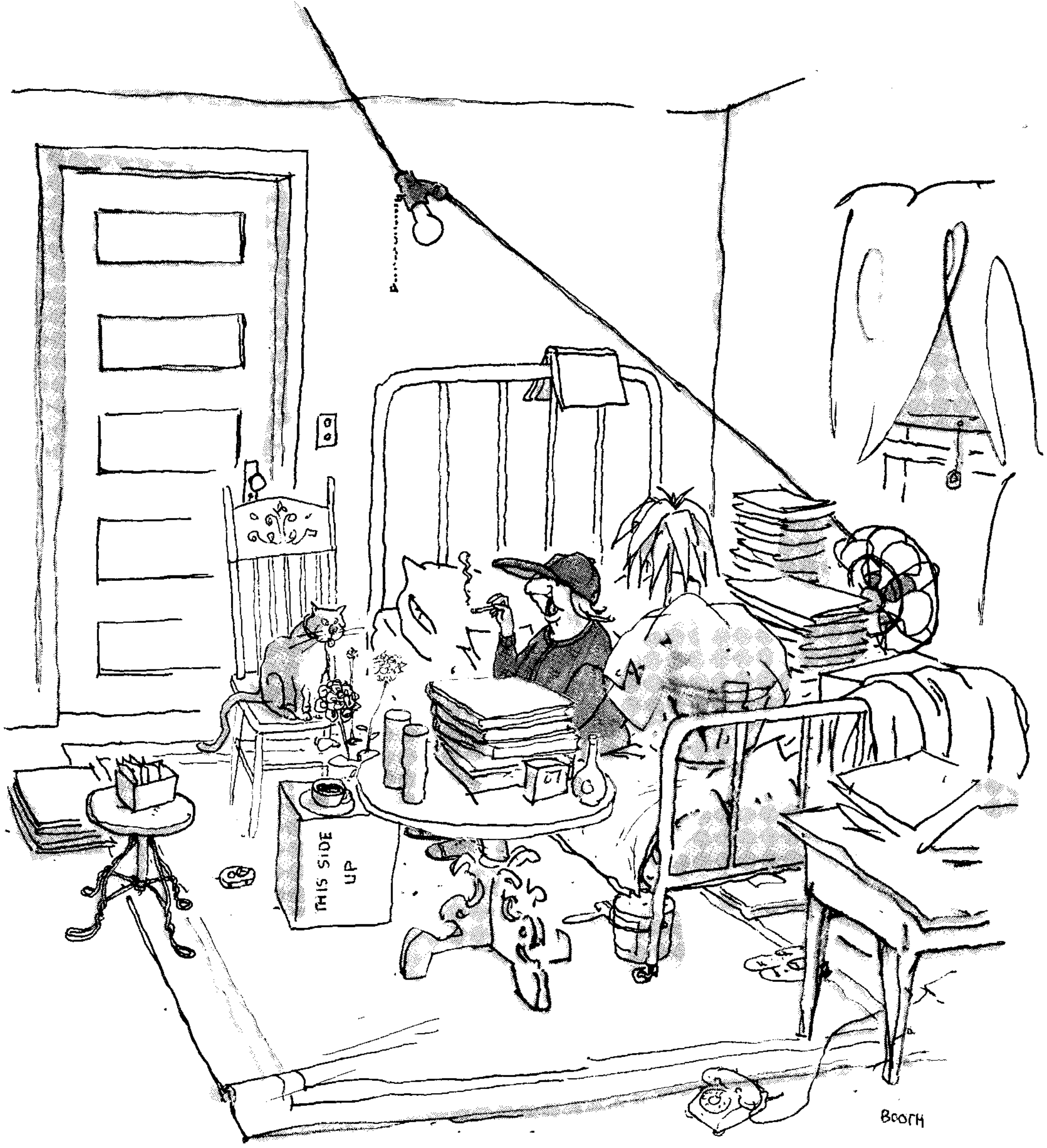
ENTERING
NEW YORK
NEW YORK
MUSIC JOHN KANDER
LYRICS FRED EBB

The wallpaper had a design of cornflowers on a white ground. They had got it at a reduced price, because it was the end of a lot, but there was barely enough to match the pattern where the seams joined behind the door, and they had to do some tricky fitting with scraps and strips. This was in the days before pre-pasted wallpaper. They had a trestle table set up in the front room, and they mixed the paste and swept it onto the back of the paper with wide brushes, watching for lumps. They worked with the windows up and the doors open. The country they could see through the mesh of screens and the wavery old window glass was all hot and flowering—milkweed and wild carrot in the pastures, mustard rampaging in the clover, fields creamy with the buckwheat people grew then. Phemie's mother sang a song she said her own mother used to sing when she and Beryl were little girls:

I once had a sweetheart, but now I
  have none.
She's gone and she's left me to weep
  and to moan.
She's gone and she's left me, but
  contented I'll be,
For I'll get another one, better than
  she.

Phemie was excited because Bery was coming, all the way from California. Also, because she had gone int town in late June to take the high school entrance examinations and wa hoping to hear soon that she ha passed with honors. Everybody wh had finished Grade Eight in th country schools had to go into tow to write those examinations. Phem loved it—the rustling sheets of fool cap, the important silence, the bi stone high-school building with a the old initials carved in the desl darkened with varnish, and the fir burst of summer outside, the gree and yellow light, the decorative, tow like chestnut trees, and honeysuckle. was this same town where she h lived now more than half her life, b she wondered at it. And at herse drawing maps with ease and solvi problems, knowing the answers. S thought she was so clever. But s wasn't clever enough to understa the simplest thing. She didn't unde stand that examinations made no d ference in her case, and that s wouldn't be going to high scho How could she? This was before the were school buses, and she would ha had to board in town. Her parents didn't have the money. They operated on very little cash, as many farmers did then. The payments from the cheese factory were about all that came in regularly. And her parents didn't think of Phemie's life going in that direction. They thought that she would stay at home and help her mother, maybe hire out to help women in the neighborhood who were sick or having a baby. Until such time as she got married. That was what they were waiting to tell her when she got the results of the examinations.

You would think Phemie's mother might have a different idea, since she had been a schoolteacher herself. But she said God didn't care. God isn't interested in what kind of job or what kind of education anybody has, she old Phemie. He doesn't care two hoots about that. This was the first time Phemie understood how God could become a real opponent, not just some kind of nuisance or large ecoration.



"Some of these things are just going to have to go on hold until Monday."

PHEMIE's mother's name as a child was Mari-tta. That continued to be er name, of course, but ntil Beryl came Phemie ever heard her called by it. Her ather always called her Mother. hemie had a childish notion—she new it was childish—that Mother iited her mother better than it did ther mothers. Mother, not Mama. When she was away from her mother, hemie could not think what her other's face was like, and this frightned her. Sitting in school, just over a ll from home, she would try to picre her mother's face. Sometimes she ought that if she couldn't do it, that ight mean her mother was dead. But e had a sense of her mother all the ne, and would be reminded of her by e most unlikely things. Ridiculous ings—an upright piano or a tall white loaf of bread.

Marietta, in Phemie's mind, was separate, not swallowed up in her mother's grownup body. Marietta was still running around loose in the town of Ramsay, on the Ottawa River. In that town the streets were full of horses and puddles and darkened by men who came in from the bush on weekends. Loggers. There were eleven hotels on the main street, where the loggers stayed and drank. The house Marietta lived in was halfway up a steep street climbing from the river. It was a double house, with two bay windows in front, and a wooden trellis that separated the two front porches. In the other half of the house lived the Sutcliffes, the people Marietta boarded with after her mother died and her father left town. Mr. Sutcliffe was an Englishman, a telegraph operator. His wife was German. She always made coffee instead of tea. She made strudel. The dough for the strudel hung down over the edges of the table like a fine cloth. It sometimes looked to Marietta like a skin.

Mrs. Sutcliffe was the one who talked Marietta's mother out of hanging herself. Marietta was home from school that day, because it was Saturday. She woke up late and heard the silence in the house. She was always scared of that—a silent house—and as soon as she opened the door after school she would call, "Mama! Mama!" Often her mother wouldn't answer, but she would be there. Marietta would hear with relief the rattle of the stove grate or the steady slap of the iron. That morning, she didn't hear anything. She came downstairs and got herself a slice of bread and butter and molasses, folded over. She opened the cellar door and called. She went into the front room and peered out the window, through the bridal fern. She saw her little sister Beryl and some other neighborhood children rolling down the bit of grassy terrace to the sidewalk, picking themselves up, scrambling to the top, and rolling down again.

"Mama?" called Marietta. She walked through the house to the back yard. It was late spring, the day was cloudy and mild. In the sprouting vegetable gardens the earth was damp, and the leaves on the trees seemed suddenly full-sized, letting down drops of water left over from the rain of the night before.

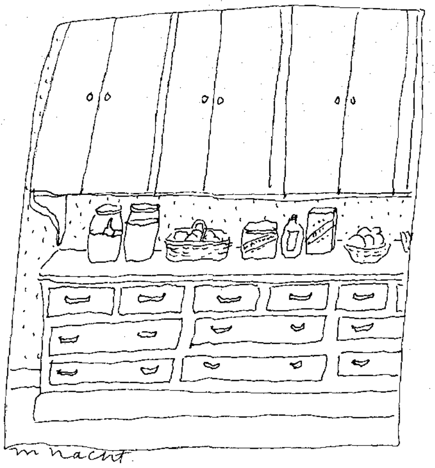
"Mama?" called Marietta under the trees, under the clothesline. At the end of the yard was a small barn, where they kept firewood, and some tools and old furniture. A chair, a straight-backed wooden chair, could be seen through the open doorway. On the chair, Marietta saw her mother's feet, her mother's black laced shoes. Then the long, printed-cotton summer work dress, the apron, the rolled-up sleeves. Her mother's shiny-looking white arms and neck and face.

Her mother stood on the chair and didn't answer. She didn't look at Marietta but smiled and tapped her foot, as if to say, "Here I am, then. What are you going to do about it?" Something looked wrong about her, beyond the fact that she was standing on an old chair with the back rungs missing which she had pulled out to the middle of the barn floor, where it teetered on the bumpy earth, and was smiling in this queer, tight way. There was a shadow on her neck. The shadow was a rope, a noose on the end of a rope that hung down from a beam overhead.

"Mama?" said Marietta in a fainter voice. "Mama. Come down, please." Her voice was faint because she feared that any yell or cry might jolt her mother into movement, cause her to step off the chair and throw her weight on the rope. But even if Marietta wanted to yell she couldn't. Nothing but a pitiful thread of a voice was left to her—just as in a dream when a beast or a machine is bearing down on you.

"Go and get your father."

Marietta obeyed. With terror in her legs, she turned and ran. In her nightgown, in the middle of a Saturday morning, she ran past Beryl and the other children, still tumbling down the slope. She ran along the sidewalk, which was at that time a boardwalk, then on the unpaved street, full of last night's puddles. The street crossed the railway tracks. At the foot of the hill, it intersected the main street of the town. Between the main street and the river were some warehouses and the buildings of small manufacturers. That was where Marietta's father had his carriage works. Wagons, buggies, sleds were made there. In fact, Marietta's father had invented a new sort of sled to carry logs in the bush, and it had been patented. He was just getting started in Ramsay. Later on, in the States, he made money. A man fond of hotel bars, barbershops, harness races, women, but not afraid of work—give him that much credit.



Marietta did not find him at work that day. The office was empty. Sh ran out into the yard, where the me were working. She stumbled in th fresh sawdust. The men laughed an shook their heads at her. No. No here. Not a-here right now. No. Wh don't you try upstreet? Wait. Wait minute. Hadn't you better put som clothes on first?

They didn't mean any harm. The didn't have the sense to see that some thing must be wrong. But Mariett never could stand men laughing There were always places she hated t go past, let alone into, and that wa the reason. Men laughing. Because that, she hated barbershops, hate their smell. (When she started goin to dances later on, with Phemie's f ther, she asked him not to put a dressing on his hair, because the sme reminded her.) A bunch of men stan ing out on the street, outside a hote seemed to Marietta like a clot of po son. You tried not to hear what th were saying, but you could be sure was vile. If they didn't say anythin they laughed; and vileness spread o from them—poison—just the sam It was only after Marietta was sav that she could walk right past the Armed by God, she walked throu their midst and nothing stuck to h nothing scorched her. She was as sa as Daniel.

Now she turned and ran straig back the way she had come. S thought she had made a mistake lea ing her mother. Why had she run f her father? Why did her mother wa

GALATEA ENCORE

As though the mercury's under its tongue, it won't
talk. As though with the mercury in its sphincter,
immobile, by a leaf-coated pond
a statue stands white like a blight of winter.
After such snow, there is nothing indeed: the ins
and outs of centuries, pestered heather.
That's what coming full circle means—
when your countenance starts to resemble weather,
when Pygmalion's vanished. And you are free
to cloud your folds, to bare the navel.
Future at last! That is, bleached debris
of a glacier amid the five-lettered "never."
Hence the routine of a goddess, née
alabaster, that lets roving pupils gorge on
the heart of the color and temperature of the knee.
That's what it looks like inside a virgin.

—Joseph Brodsky

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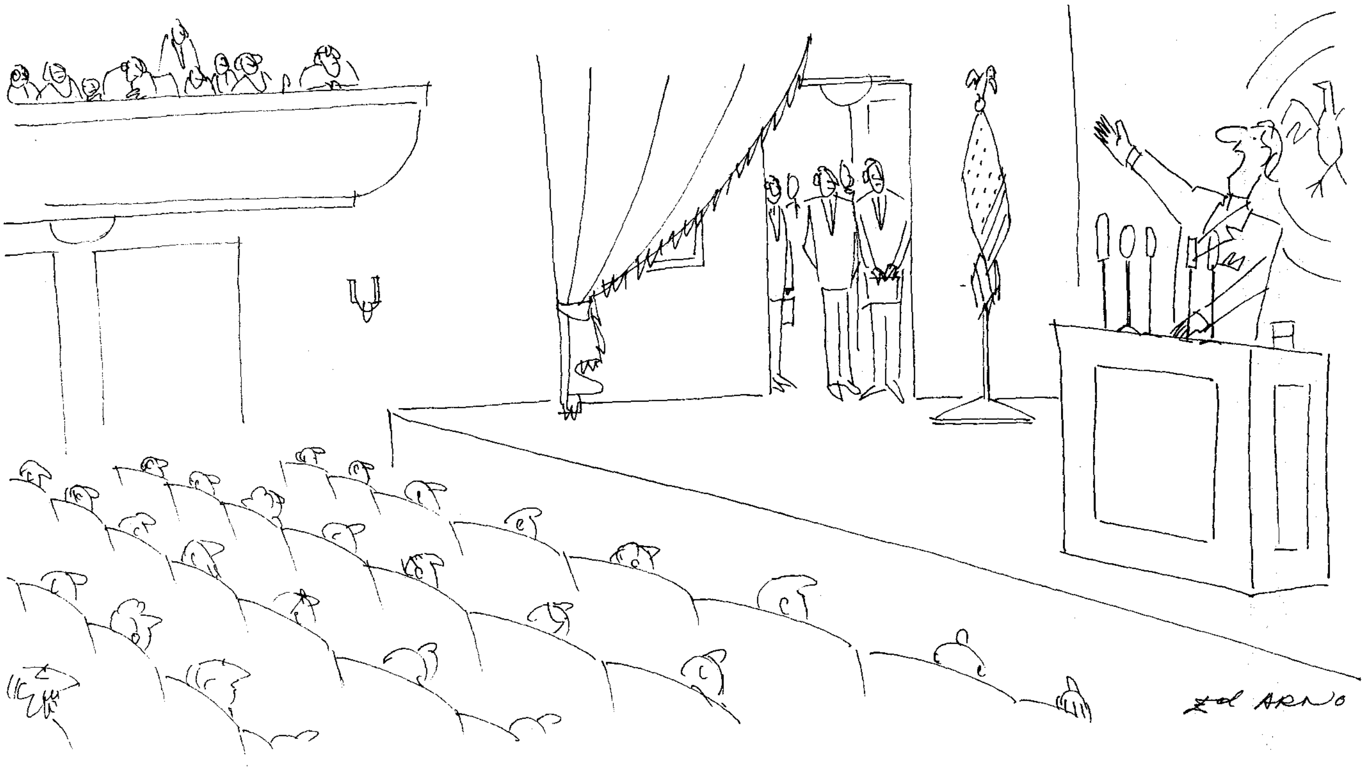


"And if elected I promise to shut up."

• •

him? Quite possibly so that she could greet him with the sight of her warm body swinging on the end of a rope. Marietta should have stayed—she should have stayed and talked her mother out of it. She should have run to Mrs. Sutcliffe, or any other neighbor, not wasted time this way. She hadn't thought who could help, who could even believe what she was talking about. She had the idea that all families except her own lived in peace, that threats and miseries didn't exist in other people's houses, and couldn't be explained there.

A train was coming into town. Marietta had to wait. Passengers looked out at her from the windows. She broke out wailing in the faces of those strangers. When the train passed, she continued up the hill—a spectacle, with her hair uncombed, her feet bare and muddy, in her nightgown, with a wild, wet face. By the time she ran into her own yard, in sight of the barn, she was howling. "Mama! Mama!"

Nobody was there. The chair was standing just where it had been beore. The rope was dangling over the back of it. Marietta was sure that her mother had gone ahead and done it. Her mother was already dead, and had been cut down and taken away. But warm, fat hands settled down on her shoulders, and Mrs. Sutcliffe said, "Marietta. Stop the noise. Marietta. Child. Stop the crying. Come inside. She is well, Marietta. Come inside and you will see."

Mrs. Sutcliffe's foreign voice said "Mari-et-cha," giving the name a rich, important sound. She was as kind as could be. When Marietta lived with the Sutcliffes later, she was treated as the daughter of the household, and it was a household just as peaceful and comfortable as she had imagined other households to be. But she never felt like a daughter there.

In Mrs. Sutcliffe's kitchen Beryl sat on the floor eating a raisin cookie and playing with the black-and-white cat, whose name was Dickie. Marietta's mother sat at the table, with a cup of coffee in front of her.

"She was silly," Mrs. Sutcliffe said. Did she mean Marietta's mother or Marietta herself? She didn't have many English words to describe things.

Marietta's mother laughed, and Marietta blacked out. She fainted, after running all that way uphill, howling, in the warm, damp morning. Next thing she knew, she was taking black, sweet coffee from a spoon held by Mrs. Sutcliffe. Beryl picked Dickie up by the front legs and offered him as a cheering present. Marietta's mother was still sitting at the table.

Her heart was broken—that was what Phemie always heard her mother say. That was the end of it. Those words lifted up the story and sealed it shut. Phemie never asked who broke it. She never asked what was the men's poison talk, what was the meaning of the word "vile." Marietta's mother laughed after not hanging herself. She sat at Mrs. Sutcliffe's kitchen table long ago and laughed. Her heart was broken.

Phemie had a feeling, with her mother's talk and stories, of something swelling out behind. Like a cloud you couldn't see through or get to the end of. There was a cloud, a poison, that had touched her mother's life. And when Phemie grieved for her mother she became part of it. Then she would beat her head against her mother's stomach and breasts, against her tall, firm front, demanding to be forgiven. Her mother would tell her to ask God. But it wasn't God Phemie had to get straight with. It was her mother. It seemed as if her mother knew something about her that was worse, far worse, than ordinary lies and tricks and meanness; it was a really sickening shame. Phemie beat against her mother's front to make her forget that.

Her brothers weren't bothered by any of this. Phemie didn't think so. They seemed to her like cheerful savages, running around free, not having to learn much. And when she had just the two boys herself, no daughters, she felt as if something could stop now—the stories, and griefs, the old puzzles you can't resist or solve.

AUNT BERYL said not to call her "Aunt." "I'm not used to being anybody's aunt, honey. I'm not even anybody's momma. I'm just me. Call me Beryl."

Beryl had started out as a stenographer, and now she had her own typing and bookkeeping business, which employed many girls. She had arrived with a man friend, whose name was Mr. Florence. Her letter had said that she would be getting a ride with a friend, but she hadn't said whether the friend would be staying or going on. She hadn't even said if it was a man or a woman.

Mr. Florence was staying. He was a tall, thin man with a long, tanned face, very light-colored eyes, and a way of twitching the corner of his mouth that might have been a smile. He was the one who got to sleep in the room that Phemie and her mother had papered, because he was the stranger, and a man. Beryl had to sleep with Phemie. At first they thought that Mr. Florence was quite rude, because he wasn't used to their way of talking and they weren't used to his. The first morning, Phemie's father said to Mr. Florence, "Well, I hope you got some kind of a sleep on that old bed in there?" (The spare-room bed was heavenly, with a feather mattress.) This was Mr. Florence's cue to say that he had never slept better. Mr. Florence twitched. He said, "I slept on worse."

His favorite place to be was in his car. His car was a royal-blue Chrysler from the first batch turned out after the war. Inside, the upholstery and floor covering and roof and door padding were all pearl gray. Mr. Florence kept the names of those colors in mind and corrected you if you said just "blue" or "gray."

"Mouse skin is what it looks like to me," said Beryl, rambunctiously. "I tell him it's just mouse skin!"

The car was parked at the side of the house, under the locust trees. Mr. Florence sat inside with the windows rolled up, smoking, in the rich new-car smell.

"I'm afraid we're not doing much to entertain your friend," Phemie's mother said.

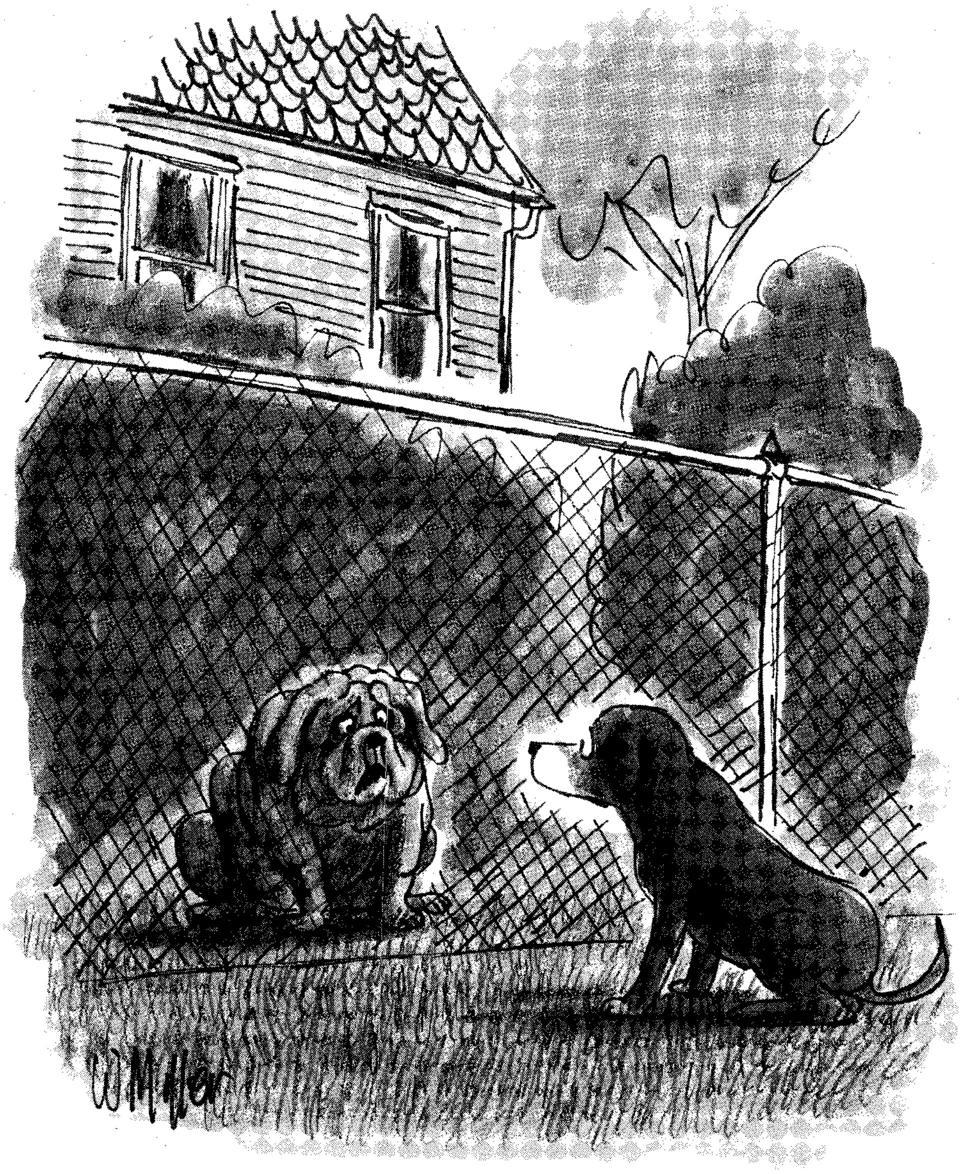
"I wouldn't worry about him," said Beryl. She always spoke about Mr. Florence as if there were a joke about him that only she appreciated. Phemie wondered long afterward if he had a bottle in the glove compartment and took a nip from time to time to keep his spirits up. He kept his hat on.

Beryl herself was being entertained enough for two. Instead of staying in the house and talking to Phemie's mother, as a lady visitor usually did, she demanded to be shown everything there was to see on a farm. She said that Phemie was to take her around and explain things, and see that she didn't fall into any manure piles.

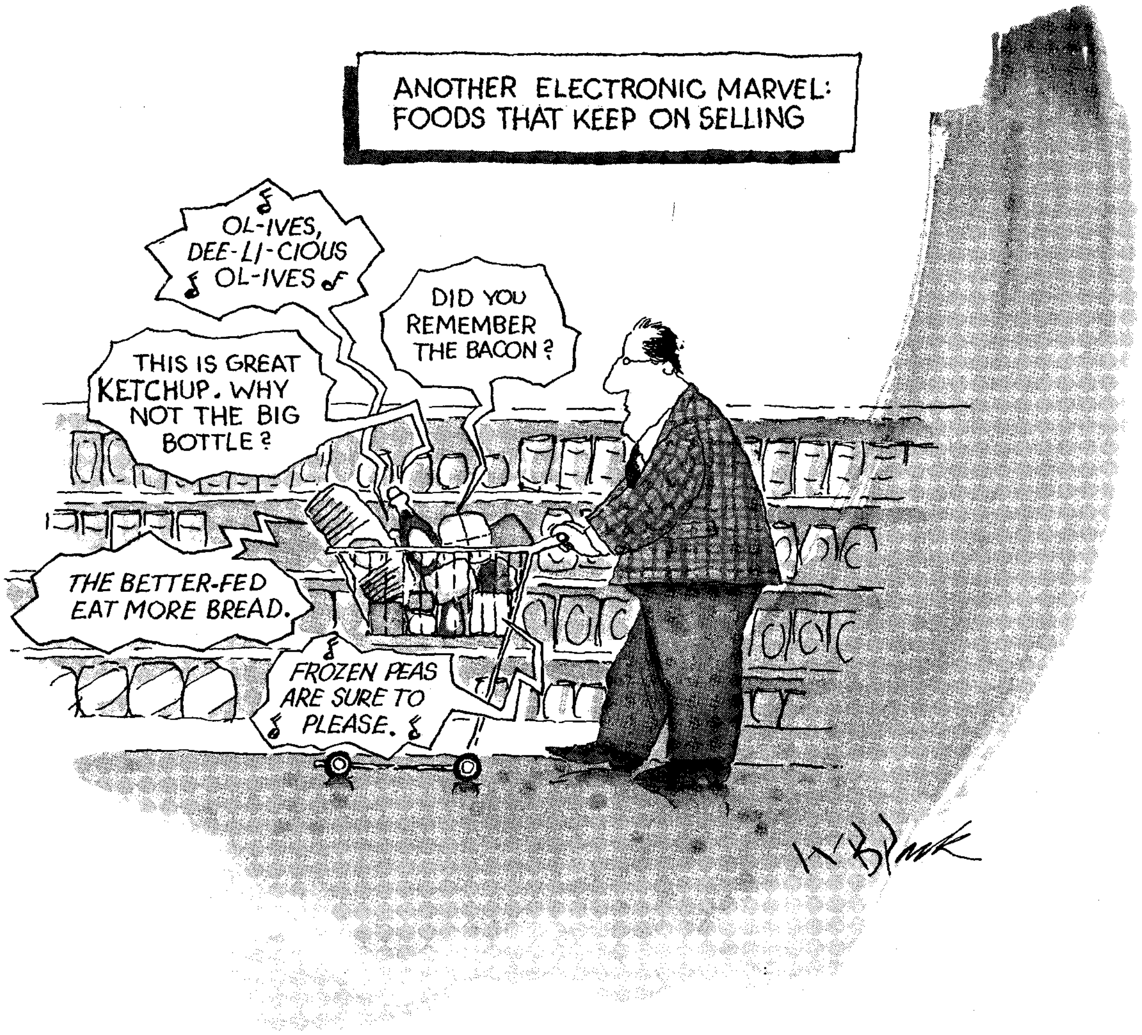
Phemie didn't know what to show. She took Beryl to the icehouse, where chunks of ice the size of dresser drawers, or bigger, lay buried in sawdust. Every few days Phemie's fathe would chop off a piece of ice and carr it to the kitchen, where it melted in a tin-lined box and cooled the milk an butter. Beryl said she had never ha any idea ice came in pieces that big She seemed intent on finding thing strange or horrible or funny. "Wher in the world do you get ice that big?"

Phemie couldn't tell if that was joke. "Off of the lake," she said.

"Off of the lake! Do you have lake up here that have ice on them al summer?"



"My ancestors were honored temple guards somewhere long ago, but here in Rockville Centre I'm just weird."


ANOTHER ELECTRONIC MARVEL: FOODS THAT KEEP ON SELLING
OL-IVES, DEE-LI-CIOUS OL-IVES
DID YOU REMEMBER THE BACON ?
THIS IS GREAT KETCHUP. WHY NOT THE BIG BOTTLE ?
THE BETTER-FED EAT MORE BREAD.
FROZEN PEAS ARE SURE TO PLEASE.

Phemie told how her father cut the ice on the lake every winter and hauled it home and buried it in sawdust, and that kept it from melting.

Beryl said, "That's amazing!"

"Well, it melts a little," Phemie said. She was deeply disappointed in Beryl.

"That's quite amazing."

Beryl went along when Phemie went to get the cows. A scarecrow in white slacks (this was what Phemie's father said afterward), with a white sun hat tied under her chin by a flaunting red ribbon. Her fingernails and toenails—she wore sandals—were painted to match the ribbon. She wore the small, dark sunglasses people wore at that time. (Not the people Phemie knew—they didn't own sunglasses.) She had a big red mouth, a loud laugh, hair of an unnatural color and a high gloss, like cherry wood. She was so noisy and shiny, so glamorously got up, that it was hard to tell whether she was good-looking or happy, or anything.

They didn't have any conversation along the cowpath, because Beryl kept her distance from the cows and was busy watching where she stepped. Once Phemie had the cows tied in their stalls, she came closer. She lit a cigarette. Nobody smoked in the barn. Phemie's father and other farmers chewed tobacco there instead. Phemie didn't see how she could ask Beryl to chew tobacco.

"Can you get the milk out of them or does your father have to?" Beryl said. "Is it hard to do?"

Phemie pulled some milk down through the cow's teat. One of the barn cats came over and waited. Phemie shot a thin stream into its mouth. She and the cat were both showing off.

"Doesn't that hurt?" said Beryl. "Think if it was you."

Phemie had never thought of a cow's teat as corresponding to any part of herself and was shaken by this indecency. In fact, she could never grasp a warm, warty teat in such a firm and casual way again.

Beryl slept in a peach-colored rayon nightgown trimmed with écru lace. She had a robe to match. She was just as careful about the word "écru" as Mr. Florence was about his "royal blue" and "pearl gray." Phemie managed to get undressed and put on her nightgown without any part of her being exposed at any time. An awkward business. She left her underpants on, and hoped that Beryl had done the same. The idea of sharing her bed with a grownup was a torment to her, but she did get to see the contents of what Beryl called her beauty kit. Hand-painted glass jars contained puffs of cotton wool, talcum powder, milky lotion, ice-blue astringent. Little pots of red and mauve rouge, rather greasy-looking. Blue and black pencils. Emery boards, a pumice stone, nail polish with an overpowering smell of bananas, face powder in a celluloid box shaped like a shell, with the name of a dessert—Apricot Delight.

Phemie had heated some water on the coal-oil stove they used in summertime. Beryl scrubbed her face clean, and there was such a change that Phemie almost expected to see makeup lying in strips in the washbowl, like the old wallpaper they had soaked and peeled. Beryl's skin was pale now, covered with fine cracks, rather like the shiny mud at the bottom of puddles drying up in early summer.

"Look what happened to my skin," she said. "Dieting. I weighed a hundred and sixty-nine pounds once, and I took it off too fast and my face fell in on me. Now I've got this cream, though. It's made from a secret formula and you can't even buy it commercially. Smell it. See, it doesn't smell all perfumy. It smells serious." She was patting the cream on her face with puffs of cotton wool, patting

“Watch out for Dave Reslow. He’s started feeling good about himself.”

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away until there was nothing to be seen on the surface.

“It smells like lard,” said Phemie.

“Christ Almighty, I hope I haven’t been paying that kind of money to rub lard on my face. Don’t tell your mother I swear.” She poured clean water into the drinking glass and wet her comb, then combed her hair wet and twisted each strand round her finger, clamping the twisted strand to her head with two crossed pins. “Always do your hair up wet, else it’s no good doing it up at all,” Beryl said. “And always roll it under even if you want it to flip up. See?”

When Phemie was doing her hair up she sometimes thought of this, and thought that of all the pieces of advice people had given her that was the one she had followed most carefully.

They put the lamp out and got into bed, and Beryl said, “I never knew it could get so dark. I’ve never known a dark that was as dark as this!” She was whispering. Phemie was slow to understand that she was comparing country nights to city nights, and wondered if the darkness in Lanark County could really be greater than that in California.

“Honey?” whispered Beryl. “Are there any animals outside?”

“Cows,” said Phemie.

“Yes, but wild animals? Are there bears?”

“Yes,” Phemie said. Her father had once found bear tracks and droppings in the bush, and the apples had all been torn off a wild apple tree. That was years ago, when he was a young man.

Beryl moaned and giggled. “Think if Mr. Florence had to go out in the night and he ran into a bear!”

Next day was Sunday. Beryl and Mr. Florence drove Phemie and her brothers to Sunday school in the Chrysler. That was at ten o’clock in the morning. They came back at eleven to bring Phemie’s parents to church.

“Hop in,” said Beryl to Phemie. “You, too,” she said to the boys. “We’re going for a drive.” Beryl was dressed up in a satiny ivory dress with red dots, and with a red-lined frill over the hips, and red high-heeled shoes. Mr. Florence wore a pale-blue summer suit.

“Aren’t you going to church?” said Phemie. That was what people dressed up for in her experience.

Beryl laughed. “Honey, this isn’t Mr. Florence’s kind of religion.”

Phemie was used to going straight from Sunday school into church, and sitting for another hour and a half. In summer the open windows let in the cedary smell of the graveyard and the occasional, almost sacrilegious sound of a car swishing by on the road. Today they spent this same time driving through country Phemie had never seen before, though it was less than twenty miles from home. Her father’s truck went to the cheese factory, to church, and to town on Saturday nights. The nearest thing to a drive was when it went to the dump. She had seen the near end of Bell’s Lake, because that was where her father cut the ice in winter. You couldn’t get near it in summer; the shoreline was all choked up with reeds and nettles. She had thought that the other end of the lake would look pretty much the same, but when she drove there with Beryl and Mr. Florence she saw cottages, docks and boats, dark water reflecting the trees. All this and she hadn’t known about it. This, too was Bell’s Lake. She was glad to have seen it at last, but not altogether glad of the surprise. Finally, a white frame building appeared, with verandas and potted flowers, and some twinkling poplar trees in front. The Wildwood

Inn. Today the same building is covered with stucco and done up with Tudor beams and called the Hideaway. The poplar trees have been cut down for a parking lot.

On the way back to the church to pick up Phemie's parents, Mr. Florence turned in to the farm next to theirs, which belonged to the McAllisters. The McAllisters were Catholics. The two families were neighborly but not close.

"Come on, boys—out you get," said Beryl to Phemie's brothers. "Not you," she said to Phemie. "You stay put." She herded the little boys up to the porch, where some McAllisters were watching. They were in their raggedy home clothes, because their church or Mass, or whatever it was, got out early. Mrs. McAllister came out and stood listening, rather dumbfounded, to Beryl's laughing talk.

Beryl came back to the car by herself. "There," she said. "They're going to play with the neighbor children."

Play with McAllisters? Besides being Catholics, all but the baby were girls.

"They've still got their good clothes on," Phemie said.

"So what? Can't they have a good time with their good clothes on? I do!"

Phemie's parents were taken by surprise as well. Beryl got out and told Phemie's father he was to ride in the front seat, for the legroom. She got into the back, with Phemie and her mother. Mr. Florence turned again onto the Bell's Lake road, and Beryl announced that they were all going to the Wildwood Inn for dinner.

"You're all dressed up. Why not take advantage?" she said. "We dropped the boys off with your neighbors. I thought they might be too young to appreciate it. The neighbors were happy to have them." She said with further emphasis that it was to be their treat. Hers and Mr. Florence's.

"Well, now," said Phemie's father. He probably didn't have five dollars in his pocket. "Well, now. I wonder do they let the farmers in?" He made various jokes along this line.

In the hotel dining room, which was all in white—white tablecloths, white painted chairs—with sweating glass water pitchers and high, whirring fans, he picked up a table napkin the size of a diaper and said to Phemie in a loud whisper, "Can you tell me what to do with this thing? Can I put it on my head to keep the draft off?"

Of course, he had eaten in hotel dining rooms before. He knew about table napkins and pie forks. And Phemie's mother knew—she wasn't even a country woman to begin with. Nevertheless, this was a huge event. Not exactly a pleasure—as Beryl must have meant it to be—but a huge, unsettling event. Eating a meal in public, only a few miles from home, eating in a big room full of people you didn't know, the food served by a stranger, a snippy-looking girl who was probably a college student working at a summer job.

"I'd like the rooster," Phemie's father said. "How long has he been in the pot?" It was only good manners, as he knew it, to joke with people who waited on him.

"Beg your pardon?" the girl said.

"Roast chicken," said Beryl. "Is that O.K. for everybody?"

Mr. Florence was looking gloomy. Perhaps he didn't care for jokes when it was his money that was being spent. Perhaps he had counted on something better than ice water to fill up the glasses.

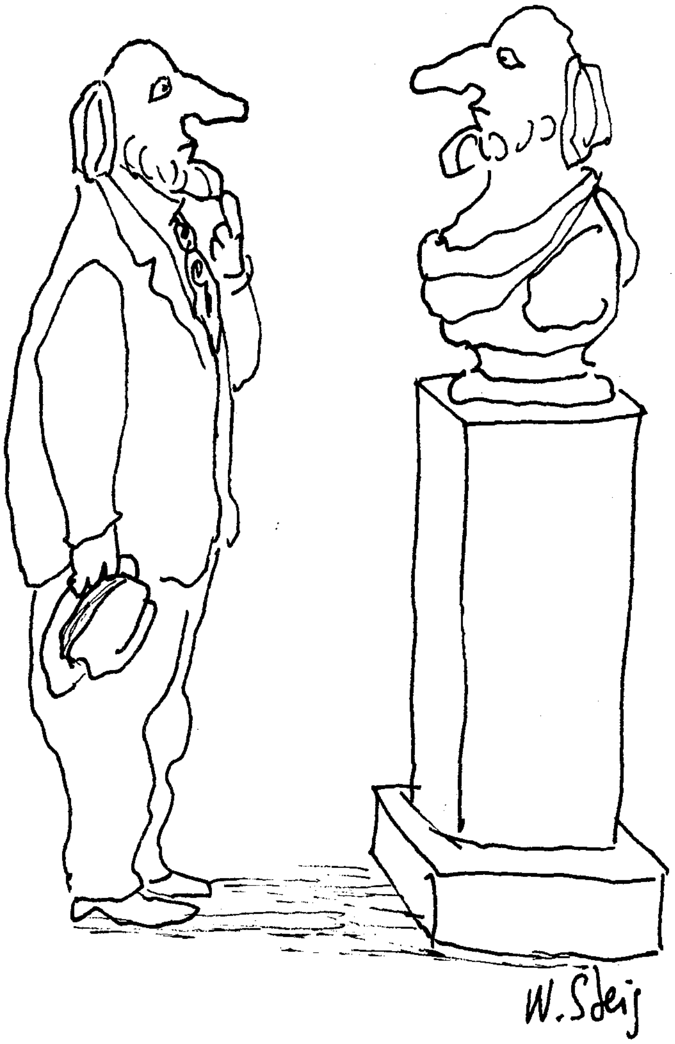
The waitress put down a dish of celery and olives, and Phemie's mother said, "Just a minute, while I give thanks." She bowed her head and said quietly but audibly, "Lord, bless this food to our use, and us to thy service, for Christ's sake. Amen." Refreshed, she sat up straight and passed the dish to Phemie, saying, "Mind the olives. There's stones in them."

Beryl was smiling around at the room.

The waitress came back with a basket of rolls. "Parker House!" Beryl leaned over and breathed in their smell. "Eat them while they're hot enough to melt the butter!"

Mr. Florence twitched, and peered into the butter dish. "Is that what this is—butter? I thought it was Shirley Temple's curls!" His face was hardly less gloomy than before, but it was a joke, and his making it seemed to convey to them something of the very thing that had just been publicly asked for—a blessing.

"When he says something funny," said Beryl—who often referred to Mr. Florence as "he" even when he was right there—"you notice how he always keeps a straight face? That reminds me of Mama. I mean of our mama, Marietta's and mine. Daddy, when he made a joke you could see it coming a mile away—he couldn't keep it off his face—but Mama was another story. She could look so sour. But she could joke on her deathbed. In fact, she did that very thing. Marietta, remember when she was in



bed in the front room the spring before she died?"

"I remember she was in bed in that room," said Phemie's mother. "Yes."

"Well, Daddy came in and she was lying there in her clean nightgown, with the covers off, because the German lady from next door had just been helping her take a wash, and she was still there tidying up the bed. So Daddy wanted to be cheerful, and he said, 'Spring must be coming. I saw a crow today.' This must have been in March. And Mama said quick as a shot, 'Well, you better cover me up then, before it looks in that window and gets any ideas!' Daddy said the German lady just about dropped the basin. Because it was true, Mama was skin and bones—she was dying. But she could joke."

Mr. Florence said, "Might as well when there's no use to cry."

"But she could carry a joke too far, Mama could," Beryl said. "One time, she wanted to give Daddy a scare. He was supposed to be interested in some girl that kept coming around to the works. Well, he was a big, good-looking man. So Mama said, 'Well, I'll just do away with myself, and you can get on with her and see how you like it when I come back and haunt you.' He told her not to be so stupid, and he went off downtown. And Mama went out to the barn and climbed on a chair and put a rope around her neck. Didn't she, Marietta? Marietta went looking for her and she found her like that!"

Phemie's mother bent her head and put her hands in her lap, almost as if she were getting ready to say another grace.

"Daddy told me all about it, but I can remember anyway. I remember Marietta tearing off down the hill in her nightie, and I guess the German lady saw her go, and she came out and was looking for Mama, and somehow we all ended up in the barn—me, too, and some kids I was playing with—and there was Mama up on a chair preparing to give Daddy the fright of his life. She'd sent Marietta after him. And the German lady starts wailing, 'Oh Missus, come down, Missus, think of your little *kindren*'—'*kindren*' is the German for 'children'—'think of your *kindren*,' and so on. Until it was me standing there—I was just a little squirt, but I noticed that rope. My eyes followed that rope up and up and I saw it was just hanging over the beam, just flung there—it wasn't tied at all! Marietta hadn't noticed that, the German lady hadn't noticed it. But I just spoke up and said, 'Mama, how are you going to hang yourself without the rope tied around the beam?' "

Mr. Florence said, "That'd be a tough one."

"I spoiled her game. The German lady made coffee and we went over there and had a few treats, and, Marietta, you couldn't find Daddy after all, could you? You could hear Marietta howling, coming up the hill, a block away."

"Natural for her to be upset," Phemie's father said.

"Sure it was. Mama went too far."

"She meant it," Phemie's mother said. "She meant it more than you give her credit for."

"She meant to get a rise out of Daddy. That was their life together. He always said she was a hard woman to live with but she had a lot of character. I believe he missed that with Gladys."

"I wouldn't know," said Phemie's mother, in that particularly cold voice with which she always spoke of her father. "What he did say or didn't say."

Phemie's father said, "People are dead now. It isn't up to us to judge."

"I know," said Beryl. "I know Marietta's always had a different view."

Phemie's mother looked at Mr. Florence and smiled quite easily and radiantly. "I'm sure you don't know what to make of all these family matters."

The one time that Phemie visited Beryl, when Beryl was an old woman, all knobby and twisted up with arthritis, Beryl said, "Marietta got all Daddy's looks. She never did a thing with herself. Remember her wearing that old navy-blue crêpe dress when we went to the hotel that time? Of course, I know it was probably all she had, but did it have to be all she had? You know, I was scared of her somehow. I couldn't stay in a room alone with her. But she had outstanding looks." And Phemie, trying to remember an occasion when she had noticed her mother's looks, thought of the time in the hotel, her mother's pale-olive skin against the heavy white coiled hair, her open, handsome face smiling at Mr. Florence—as if he were the one to be forgiven.

Phemie didn't have a problem right away with Beryl's story. For one thing, she was hungry and greedy, and a lot of her attention went to the roast chicken and gravy and the mashed potatoes laid on the plate with an ice-cream scoop and the bright diced vege-

LANDSCAPE WITH ARTISTS

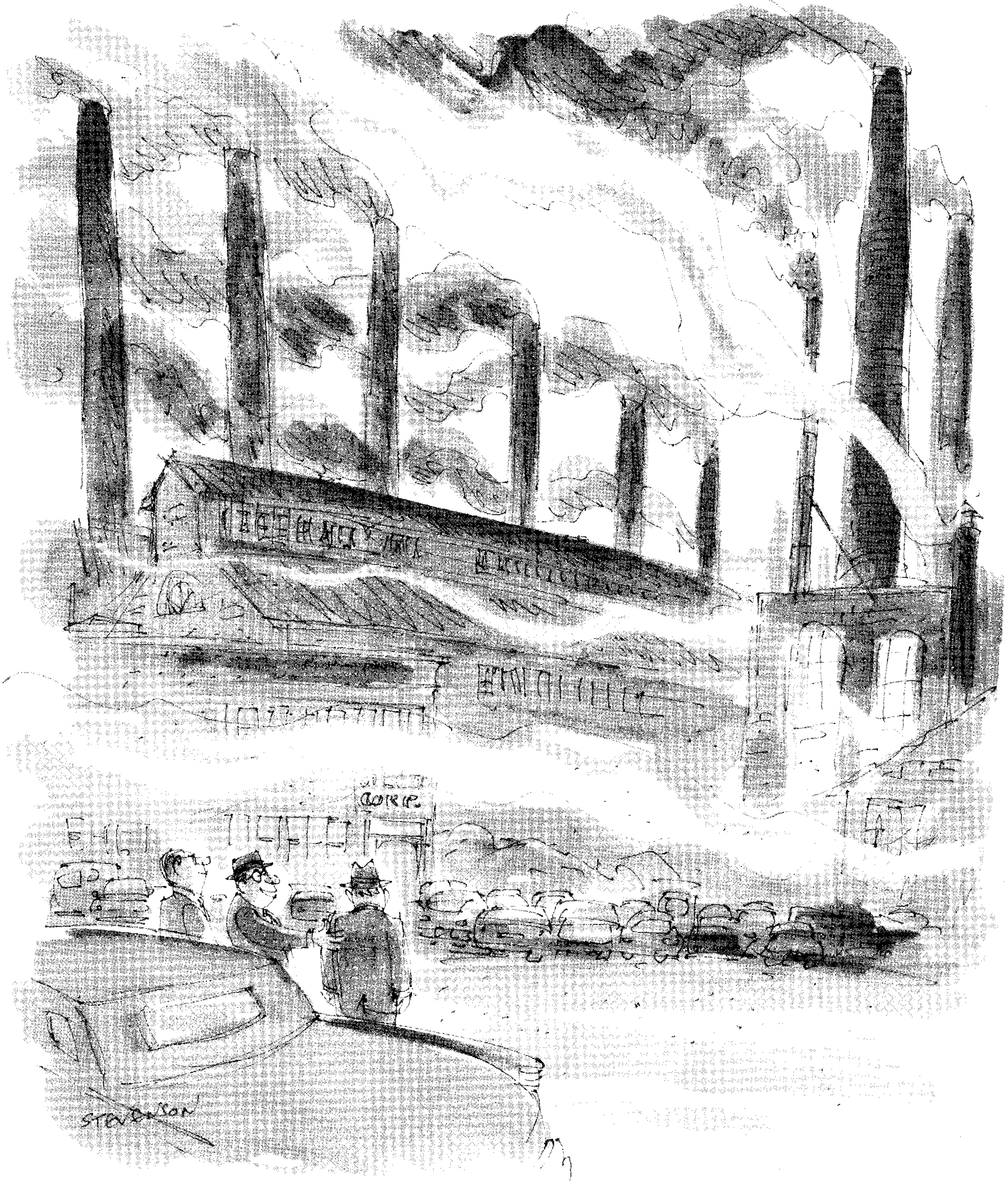
This is not a river but a limb of the ocean,
an arm outstretched to indicate
the great beauty of these mountains and woods,
all that they can mean to the amazed traveller—

and the bridges don't connect
so much as adorn, as red barns and white porches
adorn, improbably, the mild hillsides: these dead leaves,
the birch stems might have been
painted in Vienna or by the Attersee,
and people have come so far
simply to look and to understand a little—
oh, only a fragment, a portion of this world
that is so distant and still can be touched
and still returns the touch somehow:

it is hidden but its trace lasts
like the things etched into you in childhood—
a porch, a stone dog, the color of a shirt.

—John Ash

• •



"It does my heart good, Finley, to see a smokestack industry that is *a smokestack industry."*

• •

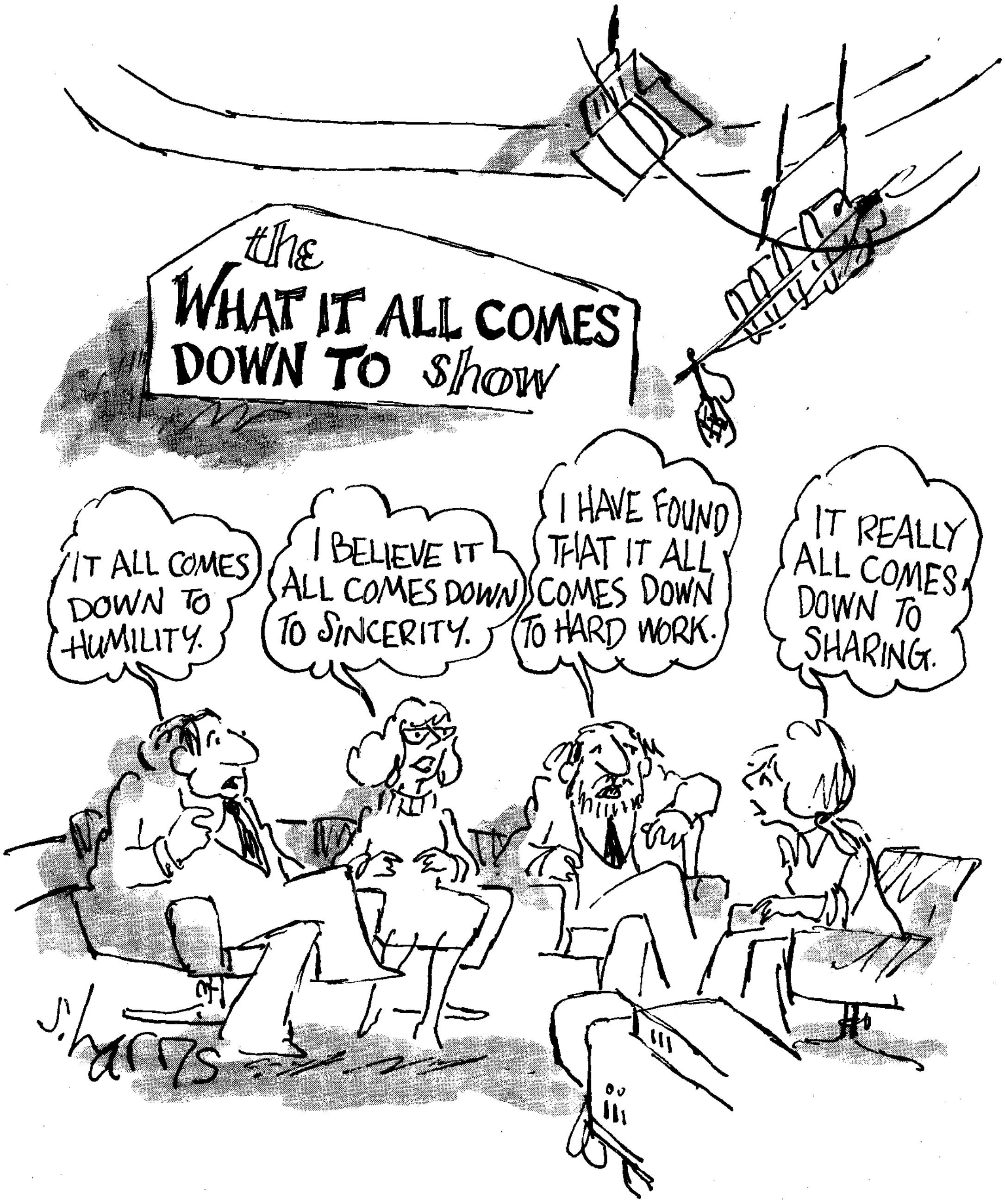
ables out of a can, which she thought nuch superior to those fresh from the arden. For dessert, she had a butter-cotch sundae—an agonizing choice ver chocolate. The others had plain anilla ice cream.

Why shouldn't Beryl's version of the same event be different from her mother's? Beryl was strange in every way—everything about her was slanted, seen from a new angle. It was Phemie's mother's version that held for a time. It absorbed Beryl's story, closed over it. But Beryl's story didn't vanish. It stayed sealed off for years, but it wasn't gone. It was like the knowledge of that hotel and dining room. Phemie knew about it now, though she didn't think of it as a place that she could go back to. And, indeed, without Beryl's or Mr. Florence's money she couldn't. But she knew it was there.

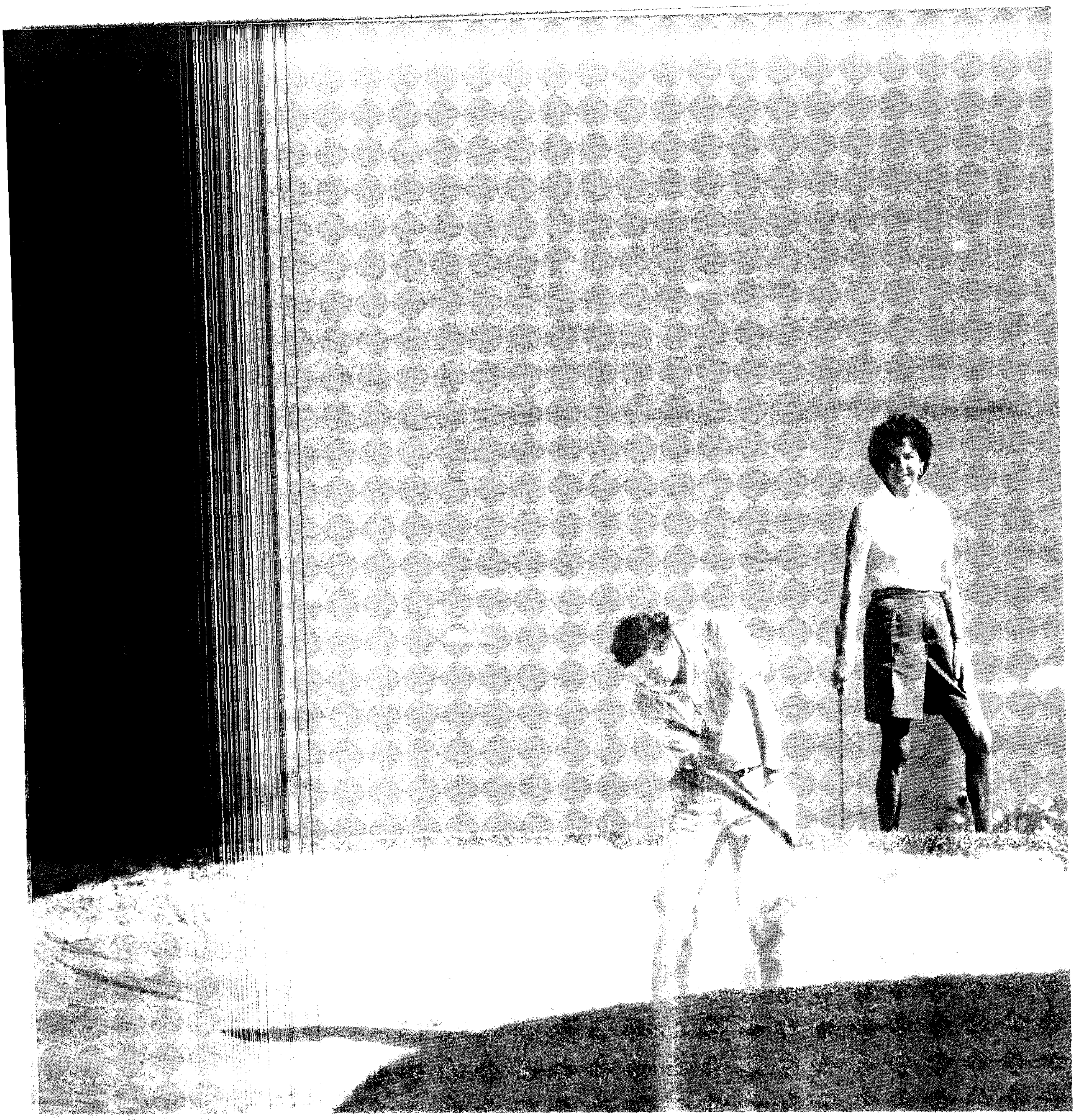
The next time she was in the Wildwood Inn, in fact, was after she was married. The Lions Club had a banquet and dance there. The man Phemie had married, Ron Casey, was a Lion. You could get a drink there by that time. Ron Casey wouldn't have gone anywhere you couldn't. Then the place was remodelled into the Hideaway, and they have strippers every night but Sunday. On Thursday nights they have a male stripper. Phemie goes there with people from the real-estate office to celebrate birthdays or other big events.

THE farm was sold for five thousand dollars in 1965. A man from Toronto bought it, for a hobby or just an investment. After a couple of years he rented it to a commune. They stayed there, different people drifting on and off, for a dozen years or so. They raised goats and sold the milk to the health-food store that had opened up in town. They painted a rainbow across the side of the barn that faced the road. They hung tie-dyed sheets over the windows and let the long grass and flowering weeds reclaim the yard. Phemie's parents had finally got electricity in, but these people didn't use it. They preferred oil lamps and the wood stove, and took their dirty clothes to town. It was said they wouldn't know how to handle lamps or wood fires and would burn the place down. But they didn't. In fact, they didn't manage badly. They kept the house and barn in some sort of repair and they worked a big garden. They even dusted their potatoes against blight—though Phemie heard that there was some sort of row about this and some of the stricter members left. The place actually looked a lot better than many of the farms round about that were still in the hands of the original families. The McAllister son had started a wrecking business on their place. Phemie's own brothers were long gone.

She knew she was not being reasonable, but Phemie still had the feeling that she'd rather see the farm suffer outright neglect—she'd sooner see it in the hands of hoodlums and scroungers—than see that rainbow on the barn, and some letters that looked Egyptian painted on the wall of the house. That seemed a mockery. She even disliked the sight of those people when they came to town—the men with their hair in ponytails, and with holes in their overalls that she believed were cut on purpose, and the women with long hair and no makeup and meek, superior expressions. What do you know about our life, she felt like asking them. What makes you think you can come here and mock my father and mother and their life and their poverty? But when she thought of the rainbow and those letters, she knew they weren't trying to mock or imitate her parents' life. They had displaced that life, hardly knowing it existed. They had set up in its place these beliefs and customs of their own, which she hoped would fail them.


the WHAT IT ALL COMES DOWN TO show
IT ALL COMES DOWN TO HUMILITY.
I BELIEVE IT ALL COMES DOWN TO SINCERITY.
I HAVE FOUND THAT IT ALL COMES DOWN TO HARD WORK.
IT REALLY ALL COMES DOWN TO SHARING.
S. Harris

That happened, more or less. The commune disintegrated. The goats disappeared. Some of the women moved to town, cut their hair, put on makeup, and got jobs as waitresses or cashiers to support their children. The Toronto man put the place up for sale, and after about a year it was sold, for more than ten times what he had paid for it. A young couple from Ottawa bought it. They are both doctors. They in-



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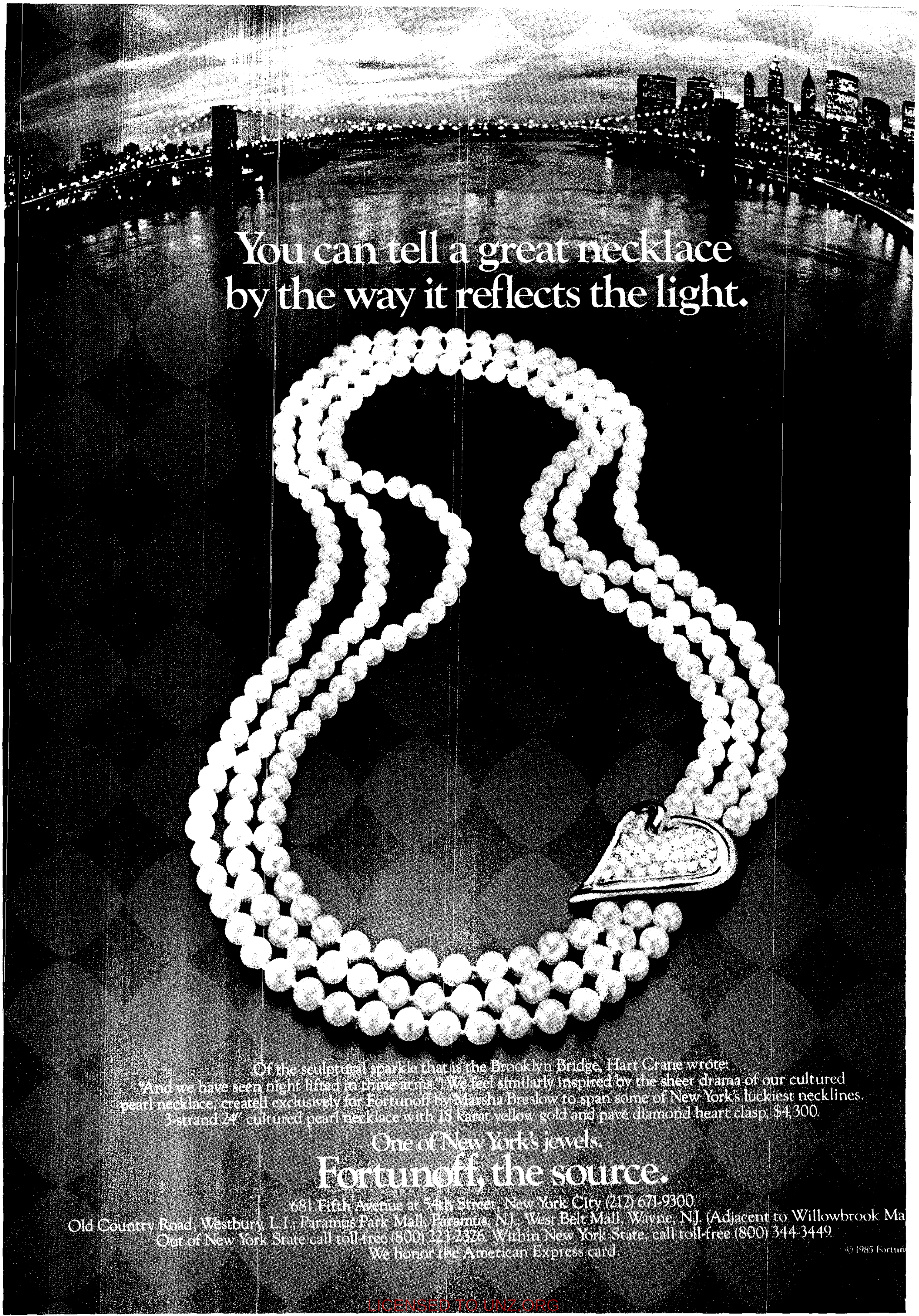
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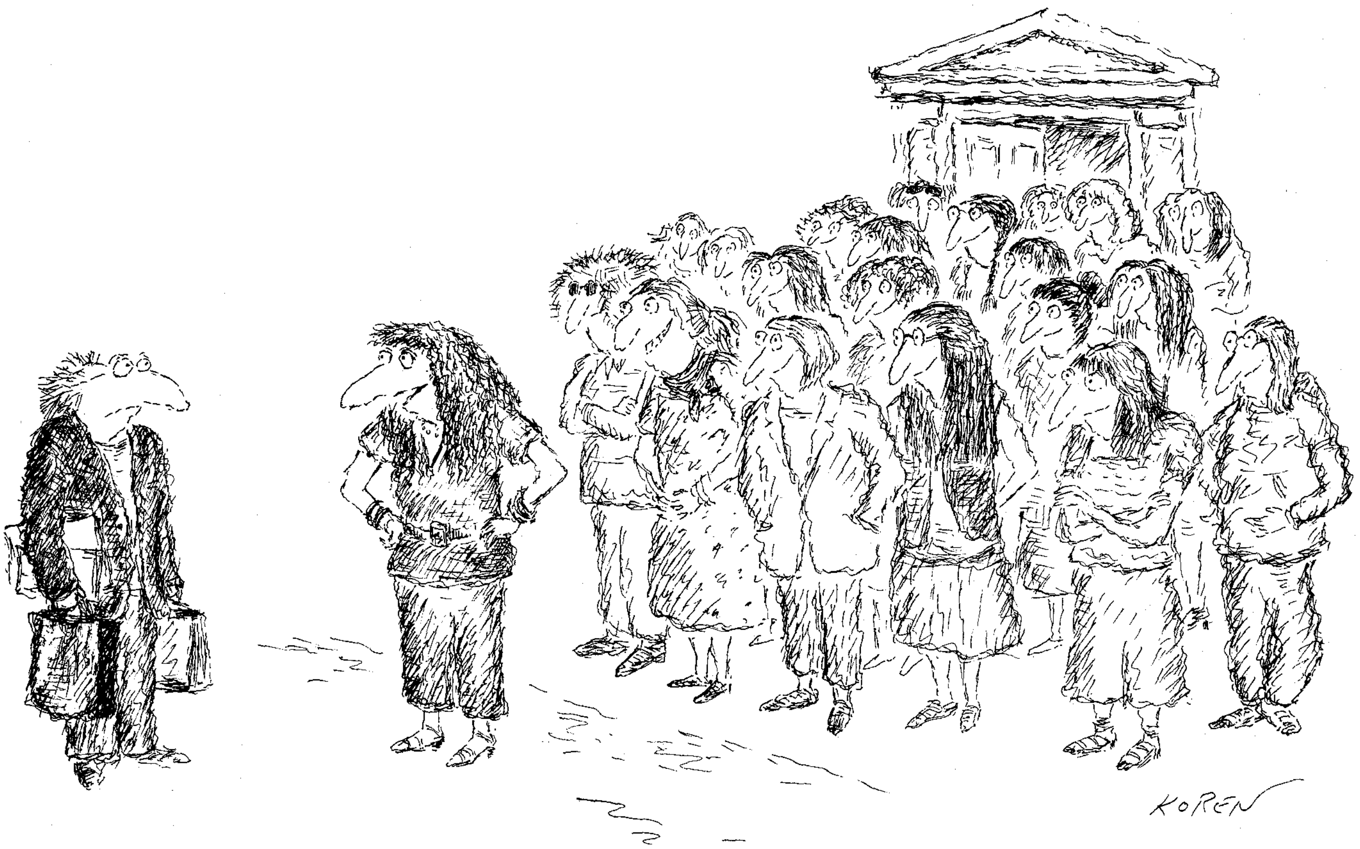

“We need a token man, and I guess you're it.”

• •

end to use it for a weekend place. They have painted the outside a pale ray with oyster trim, and have put in kylights and a handsome front door ith carriage lamps on either side. Inide, they've changed it around so uch, Phemie's been told, she'd never ecognize it.

She did get in, once, before this appened, during the year that the ouse was empty and for sale. The ompany she works for was handling , and Phemie had a key, though the ouse was being shown by another gent. She let herself in on a Sunday fternoon. She had a man with her, ot a client but a friend—Bob Marks, hom she was seeing a lot of at the me.

“This is that hippie place,” Bob arks said when she stopped the r. “I've been by here before.” He as a lawyer, a Catholic, separated om his wife. He thought he wanted settle down and start up a practice re in town. But there already was e Catholic lawyer. Business was ow. A couple of times a week Bob arks would be fairly drunk before pper.

“It's more than that,” said Phemie. t's where I was born. Where I grew up.” They walked through the weeds, and she unlocked the door.

He said that he had thought, from the way she talked, that it would be farther out.

“It seemed farther then.”

All the rooms were bare, and the floors were swept clean. The woodwork was freshly painted—Phemie was surprised to see no smudges on the glass. Some new panes, some old wavy ones. Some of the walls had been stripped of their paper and painted. A wall in the kitchen was painted a deep blue, with an enormous dove on it. On a wall in the front room giant sunflowers appeared, and a butterfly of almost the same size.

Bob Marks whistled. “Somebody was an artist.”

“If that's what you want to call it.” Phemie turned back into the kitchen. The same wood stove was there. “My mother once burned up three thousand dollars,” she said. “She burned three thousand dollars in that stove.”

He whistled again, differently. “What do you mean? She threw in a check?”

“No, no. It was in bills. She did it deliberately. She went into town to the bank and she had them give it all to her in a shoebox. She brought it home and put it in the stove. She put it in just a few bills at a time, so it wouldn't make too big a blaze. My father stood and watched her.”

“What are you talking about?” said Bob Marks. “I thought you were so poor.”

“We were. We were very poor.”

“So how come she had three thousand dollars? That would be like thirty thousand today. Easily. More than thirty thousand today.”

“It was her legacy,” Phemie said. “It was what she got from her father. Her father died in Seattle and left her three thousand dollars, and she burned it up, because she hated him. She didn't want his money. She hated him.”

“That's a lot of hate,” Bob Marks said.

“That isn't the point. Her hating him, or whether he was bad enough for her to have a right to hate him. Not likely he was. That isn't the point.”

“Money,” he said. “Money's always the point.”

“No. My father letting her do it is the point. To me it is. My father stood and watched and he never protested. If

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anybody had tried to stop her, he would have protected her. I consider that love."

"Some people would consider it lunacy."

Phemie remembered that that had been Beryl's opinion, exactly. She went into the front room and stared at the butterfly, with its pink-and-orange wings. Then she went into the front bedroom and found two human figures painted on the wall. A man and a woman holding hands and facing straight ahead. They were naked, and larger than life size.

"It reminds me of the John Lennon and Yoko Ono picture," she said to Bob Marks, who had come in behind her. "That record cover, was it?" She didn't want him to think that anything he had said in the kitchen had upset her.

Bob Marks said, "Different-color hair."

That was true. Both these figures had yellow hair painted in a solid mass, as in the comic strips. Horsetails of yellow hair curling over their shoulders and little pigs' tails of yellow hair decorating their not so private parts. The skin was a flat beige pink and the eyes a staring blue—the same blue that was on the kitchen wall. Phemie noticed that they hadn't quite finished peeling the wallpaper away before making this painting. In the corner, there was some paper left that matched the paper on the other walls—a modernistic design of intersecting pink and gray and mauve bubbles. The man from Toronto mus have put that on. The paper underneath hadn't been stripped off when this new paper went on. She could see an edge of it, the cornflowers on a white ground.

"I guess this was where they carried on their sexual shenanigans," Bob Marks said, in a tone familiar to Phemie. That thickened, sad, uneasy but determined tone. The not particularly friendly tone of the lust of respectable men.

She didn't say anything. She worked away some of the bubble paper to se more of the cornflowers. Suddenly sh hit a loose spot and ripped away a bi swatch of it. But the cornflower pape came, too, and a little shower of drie plaster.

"Why is it?" Phemie said. "Just te me, why is it that no man can mentio a place like this without gettin around to the subject of sex in abo two seconds flat? Just say the wor 'hippie' or 'commune' and all you gu

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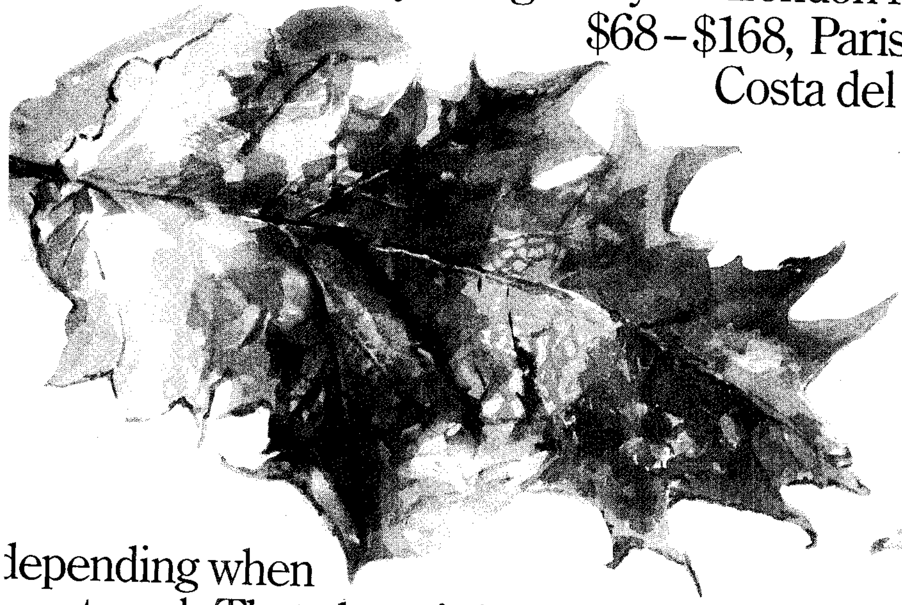

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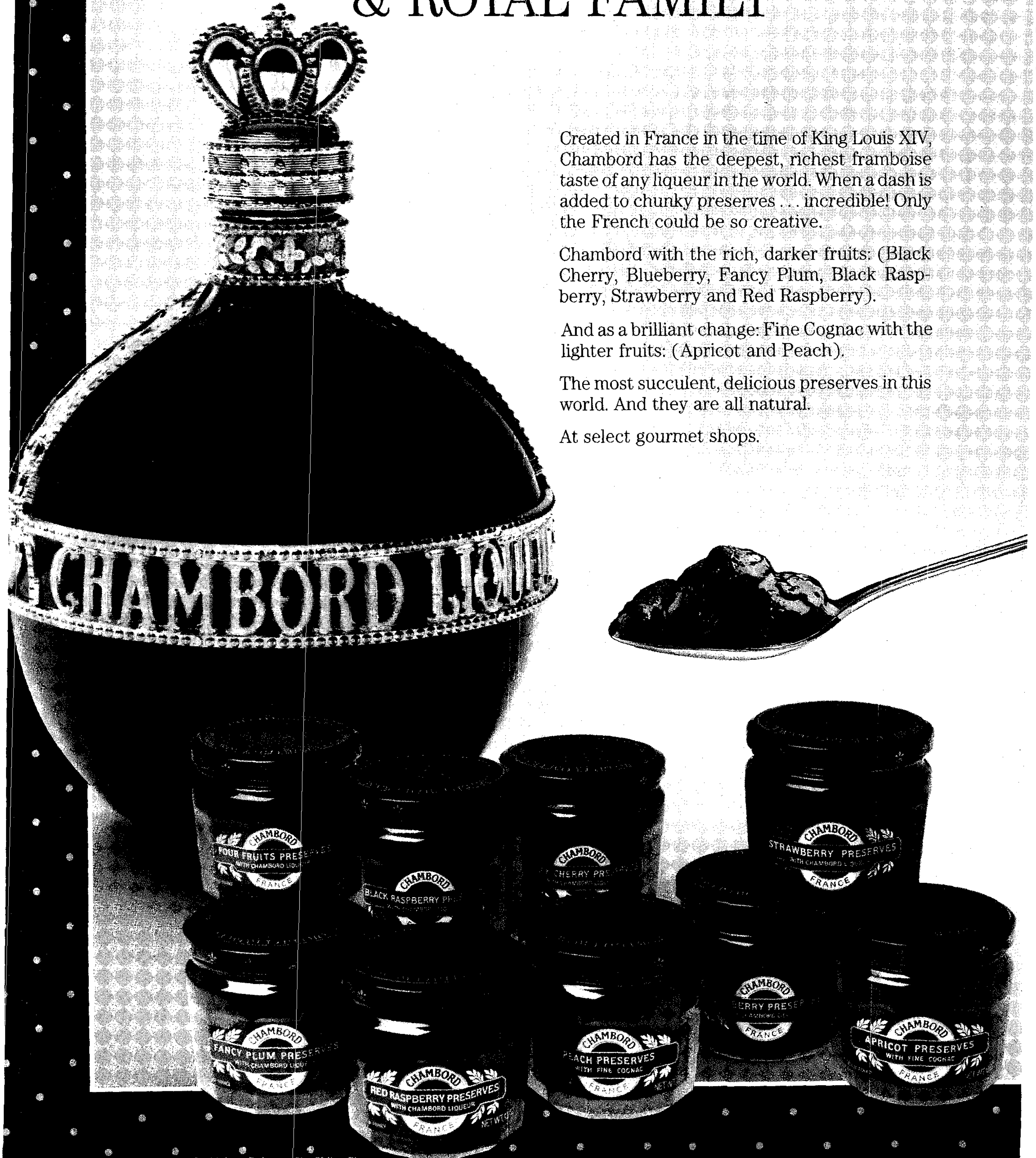
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IN the car, on the way home from the Wildwood Inn, they sat as beore—the men in the front seat, the women in the back. Phemie was in the niddle, Beryl and her mother on eiher side of her. Their heated bodies ressed against her, through cloth, ınd their smells crowded out the mells of the cedar woods they passed hrough, and the pockets of bog, vhere Beryl exclaimed at the water ilies. Beryl smelled of all those things n pots and bottles. Phemie's mother melled of flour and hard soap and the varm crêpe of her good dress and the erosene she had used to take the spots ff.

"A lovely meal," Phemie's mother aid. "Thank you, Beryl. Thank you, Ir. Florence."

"I don't know who is going to do ıe milking," Phemie's father said. Now that we've all ate in such yle."

"Speaking of money," said Beryl—ıough nobody actually had been—do you mind my asking what you did ith yours? I put mine in real estate. eal estate in California—you can't se. I was thinking you could get an ectric stove, so you wouldn't have to ther with a fire in summer or fool ith the coal-oil thing, either one."

The other people in the car ughed, even Mr. Florence.

"That's a good idea, Beryl," said hemie's father. "We could use it to t things on, till we get the electricr."

"Oh, Lord," said Beryl. "How stud can I get?"

"And we don't actually have the oney, either," said Phemie's mother eerfully, as if she were continuing e joke.

But Beryl turned sharp. "You wrote you got it. You got the same as e."

Phemie's father half turned in his at. "What money are you talkg about?" he said. "What's this oney?"

"From Daddy's will," Beryl said. That you got last year. Look, maybe houldn't have asked. If you had to y it on something, that's still a good , isn't it? It doesn't matter. We're family here. Practically."

"We didn't have to use it to pay

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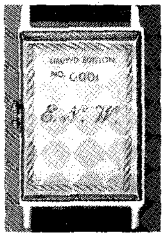

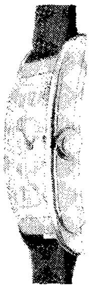

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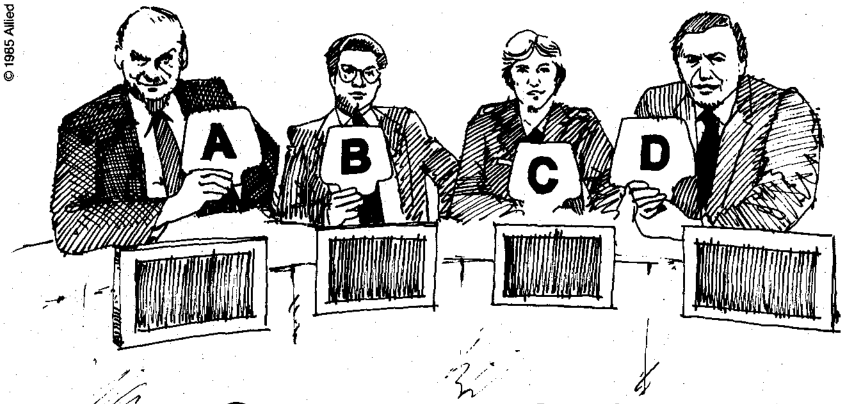

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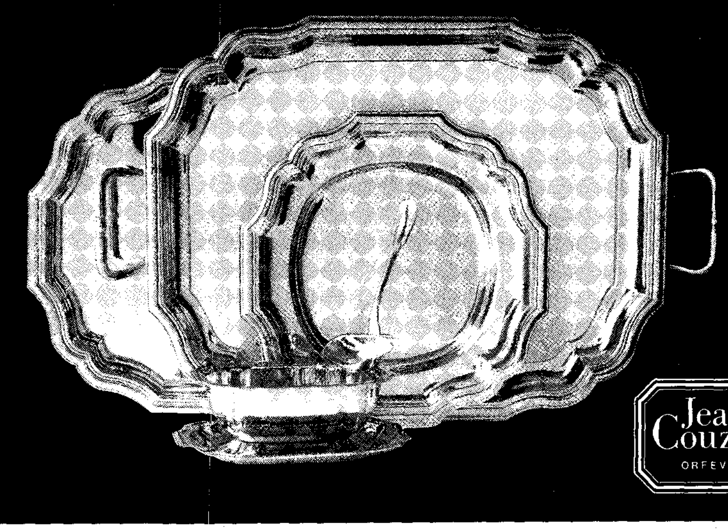


Jean Couzon
ORFEVRE

anything off," Phemie's mother said. "I burned it."

Then she told how she had gone into town in the truck one day almost a year ago, and got the bank to give her the money in a box she had brought along for the purpose. Then she took it home and put it in the stove.

Phemie's father turned around and faced the road ahead. Phemie could feel Beryl twisting beside her while her mother talked. She was twisting, and moaning a little, as if she had a pain she couldn't suppress. At the end of the story, she let out a sound of astonishment and suffering, an angry groan. "So you burned up money!" she said. "You burned up money in the stove!"

Phemie's mother was still cheerful. "You sound as if I'd burned up one of my children."

"You burned their chances. You burned up everything the money could have got for them."

"The last thing my children need is money. None of us need his money."

"That's criminal," Beryl said harshly. She pitched her voice into th front seat. "Why did you let her?"

"He wasn't there," Phemie's mothe said. "Nobody was there."

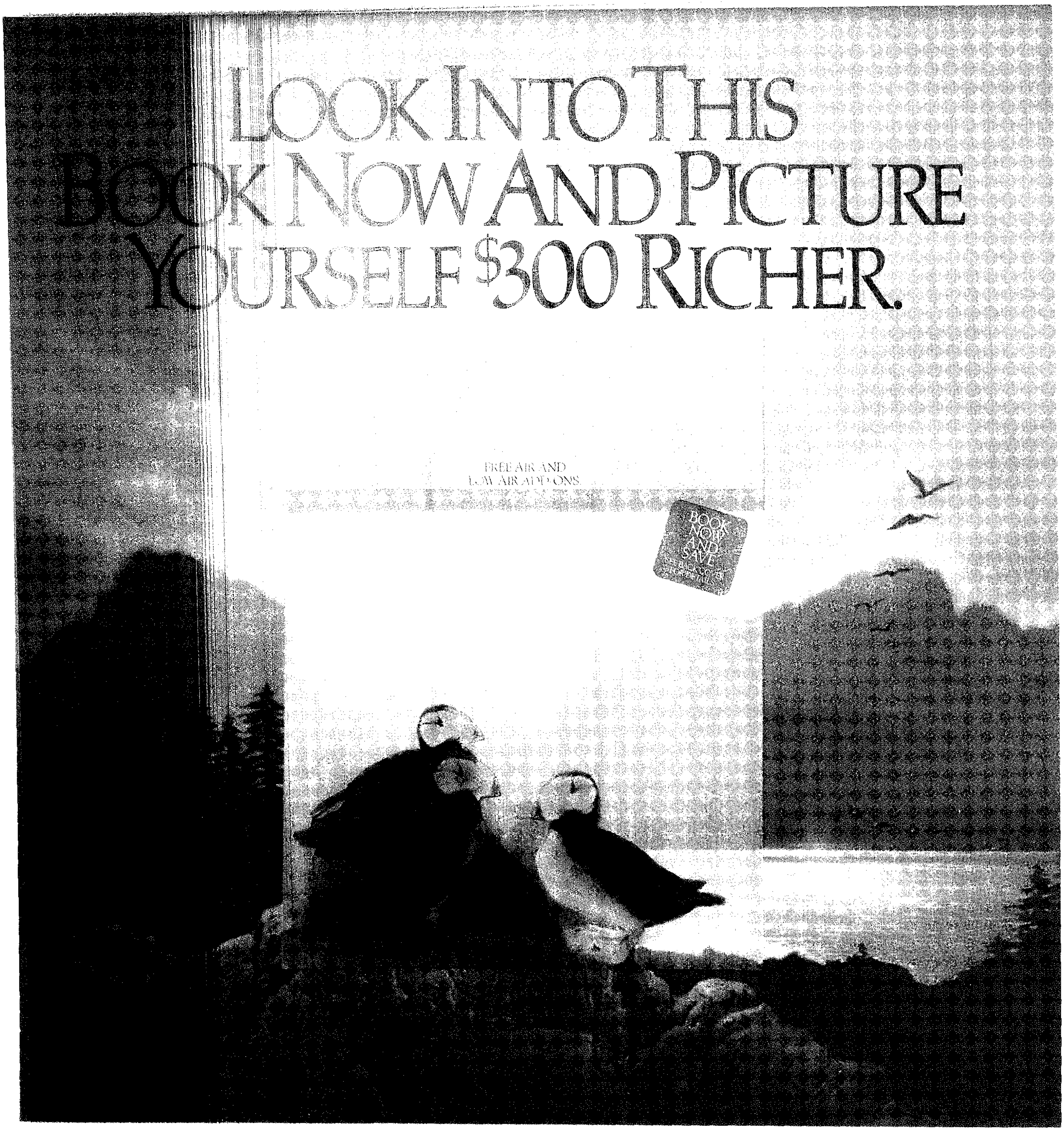
Phemie's father said, "It was he own money, Beryl."

"Never mind," Beryl said. "That' criminal."

"Criminal is for when you call i the police," Mr. Florence said. Lik other things he had said that day, thi created a little island of surprise and peculiar gratitude. Gratitude not fe by all.

"Don't you pretend this isn't th craziest thing you ever heard of! Beryl shouted into the front sea "Don't you pretend you don't think s Because it is, and you do. You thin just the same as me!"

PHEMIE's father did not stand in th kitchen watching her mother fee the money into the flames. He did n know about it. It seems fairly clea if Phemie remembers everything, th he did not know about it until th Sunday afternoon in Mr. Florence Chrysler, when her mother told the all together. Why, then, can Phem see the scene so clearly, just as sh described it to Bob Marks (and others—he was not the first)? She se her father standing by the table in th middle of the room—the table wi the drawer in it for knives and fork and the scrubbed oilcloth on top- and there is the box of money on t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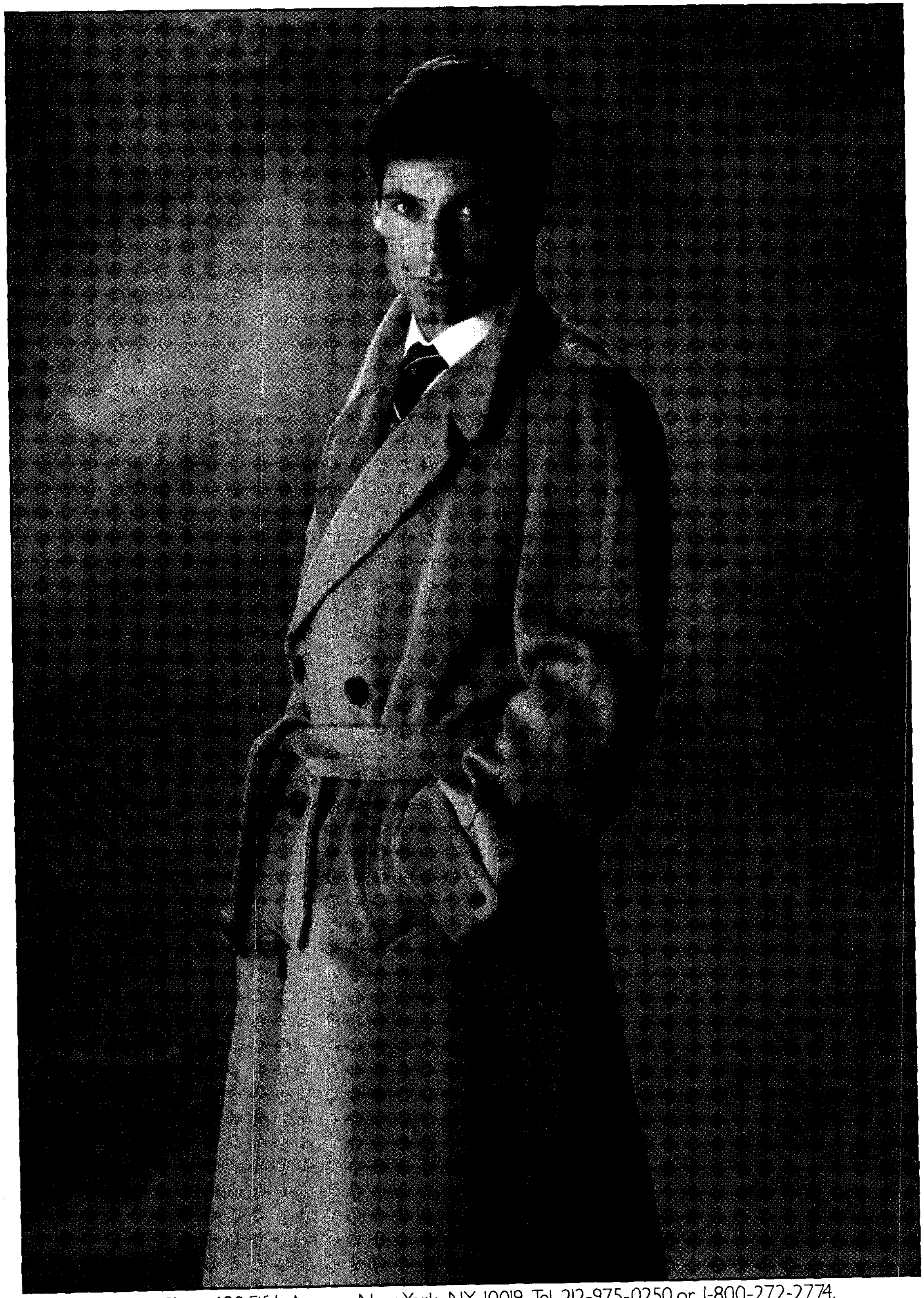

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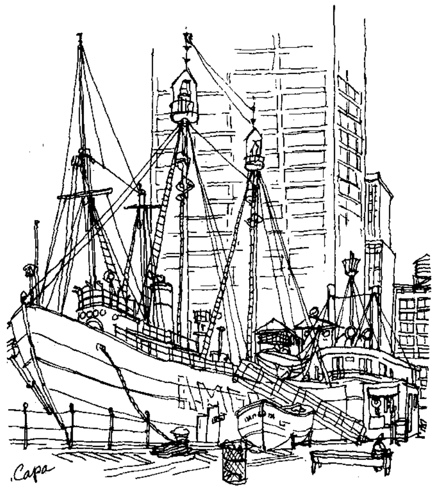
table. Her mother is carefully dropping the bills into the fire. In one hand, she holds the stove lid by the blackened lifter. And Phemie's father, standing by, seems not just to be permitting her to do this but to be protecting her. A solemn scene but not crazy. People doing something that seems to them natural and necessary. At least, one of them is doing what seems natural and necessary, and the other believes that the important thing is for that person to be free, to go ahead. They understand that other people might not think so. They do not care.

How hard it is for Phemie to believe that she made that up. It seems so much the truth it is the truth—it's what she believes about them. She hasn't stopped believing it. But she has stopped telling that story. She never told it to anyone again after telling it to Bob Marks. She didn't stop just because it wasn't, strictly speaking, true. She stopped because she saw that she had to give up expecting people to see it the way she did. She had to give up expecting them to approve of any part of what was done. How could she even say that she approved of it herself? If she had been the sort of person who approved of that, who could do it, she wouldn't have done all she had done—run away from home to work in a restaurant in town when she was fifteen, gone to night school to learn typing and bookkeeping, got into the real-estate office and finally become a licensed agent. She wouldn't be divorced. Her father wouldn't have died in a nursing home. Her hair would be white, as it has been naturally for years, instead of a color called Copper Sunrise. And not one of these things would she change—not really—if she could.

Bob Marks was a decent man—good-hearted, sometimes with imagination. After she had lashed out at



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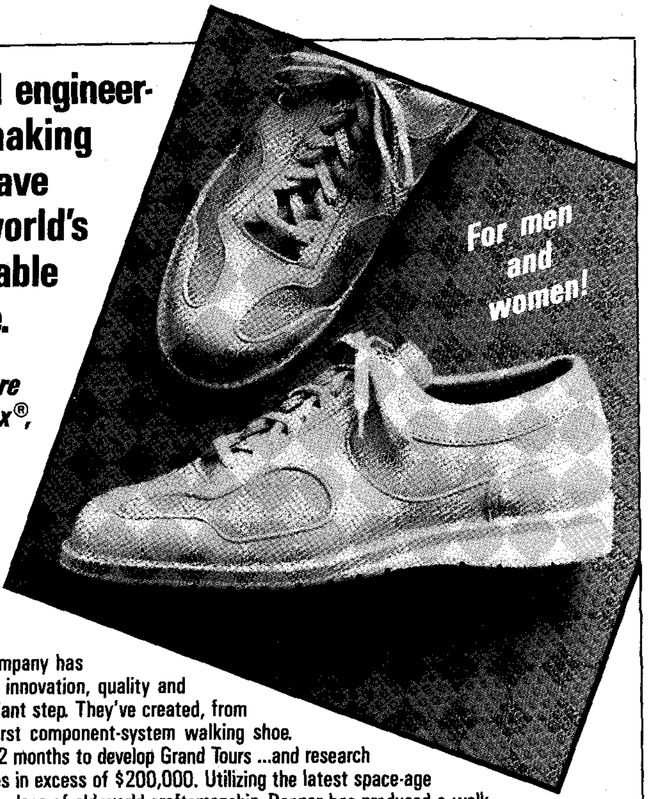

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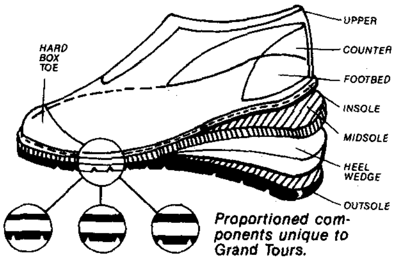

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him like that, he said, "You don't need to be so tough on us." After a moment he said, "Was this your room when you were a little girl?" He thought that was why the mention of sexual shenanigans had upset her. And Phemie thought it would be just as well to let him think that. She said yes, yes, it was her room when she was a little girl. It was just as well to make up. Moments of kindness and reconciliation are worth having, even if the parting has to come sooner or later. Phemie wonders if those moments aren't more valued, and deliberately gone after, in the setups some people like herself have now than they were in those old marriages, where love and grudges could be growing underground, so confused and stubborn it must have seemed they had all the time in the world. —ALICE MUNRO

•

GREAT BLUE

Often,
around certain backwaters
like the ponds behind the oyster shacks,
I hope for a heron,

and sometimes I'm granted
that wood-silver,
crooked-stick, channel-marker effect
of the loosened neck,

and that silence, humped like
an overburden of experience,
the weight it hauls in flight
from river to pond above a highway

when I look up at the mere
abstract silhouette *bird* but am taken
by the dragged beat of wings

translucent at their tips,
and the cocked spurs trawled behind,
and have to swerve to hold the lane.

But I never expected it this morning,
Mother, on the wall of this room
you share with strangers:

the Egyptian sign for the generation
of life, its wisp of feather
hairlike off the nape, among the old
in their own humped solitudes.

Reason, that chain-store product,
can deny this forever, but that bird
shadows us, at key moments is there,

its gumped-up look guarding justice,
longevity, the journey
of the good and diligent soul.

—BRENDAN GALVIN

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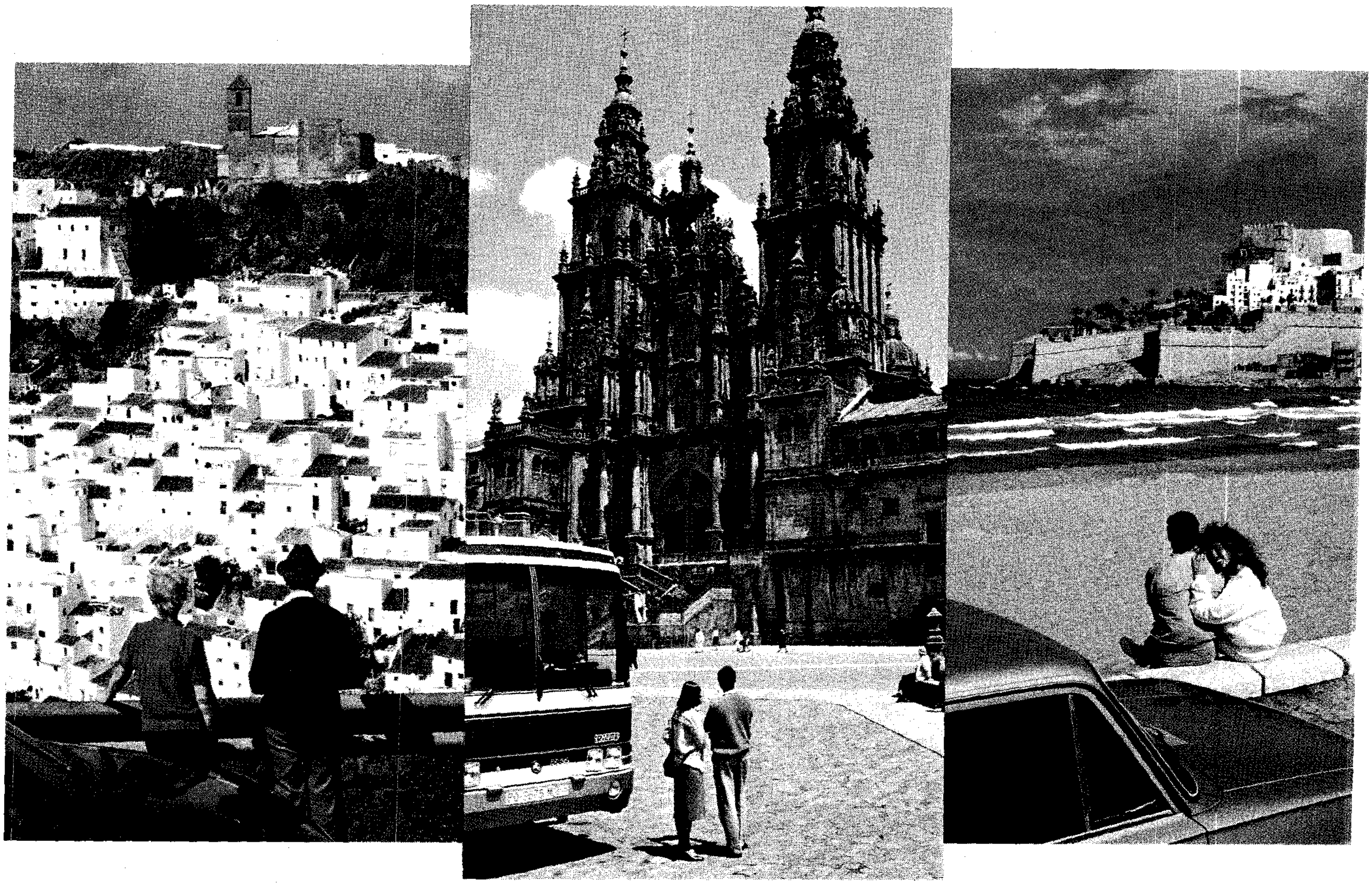

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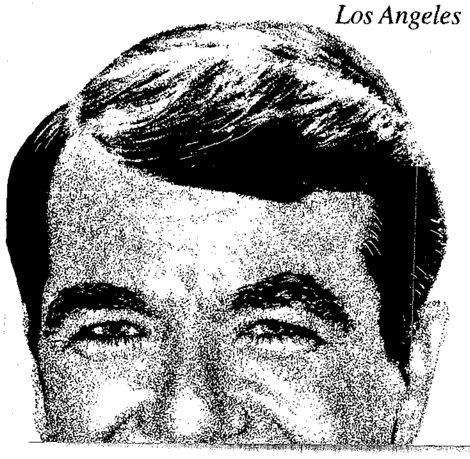
Los Angeles



—Dorothy Kempson
New Jersey

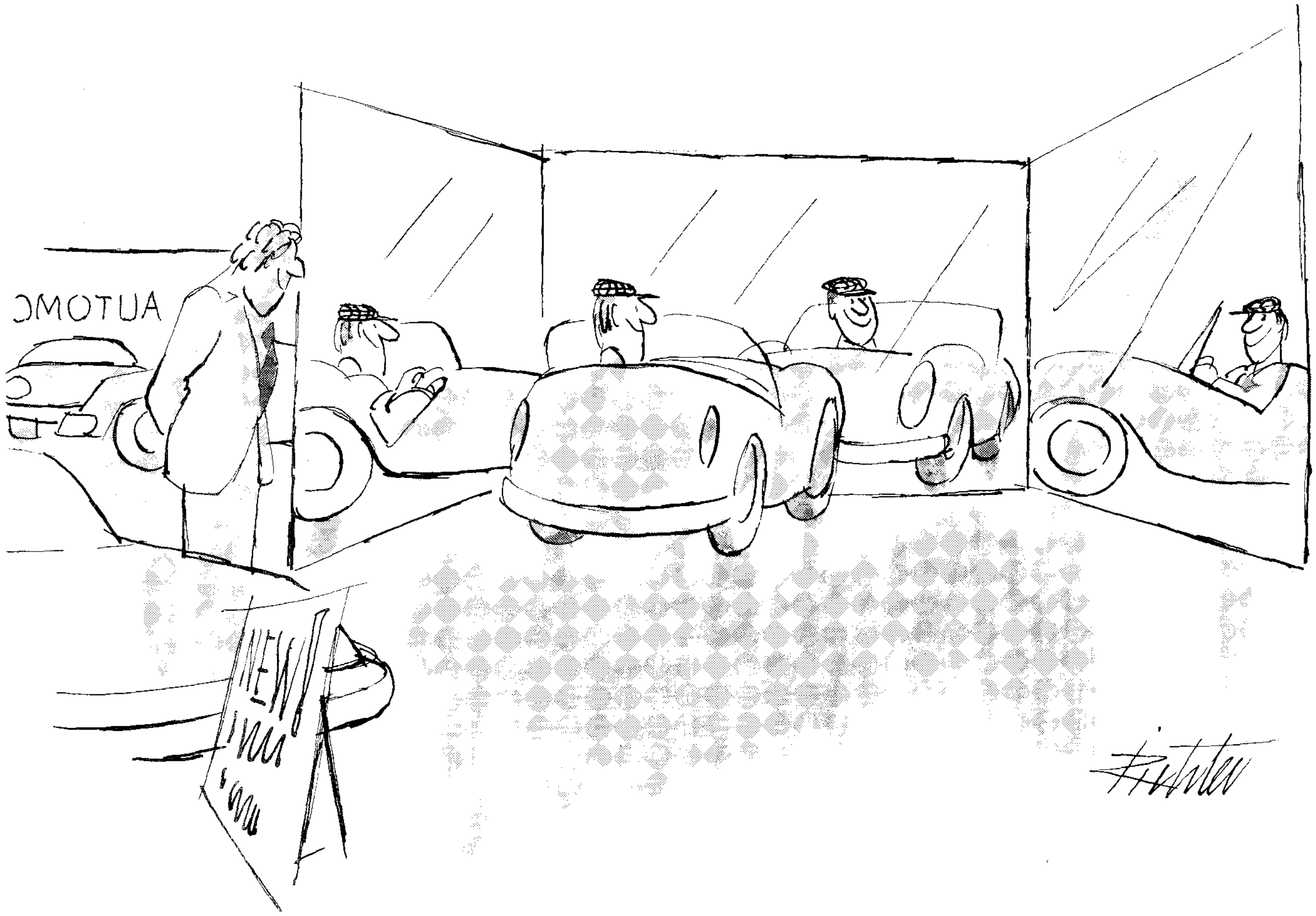
—Don Laner
Florida

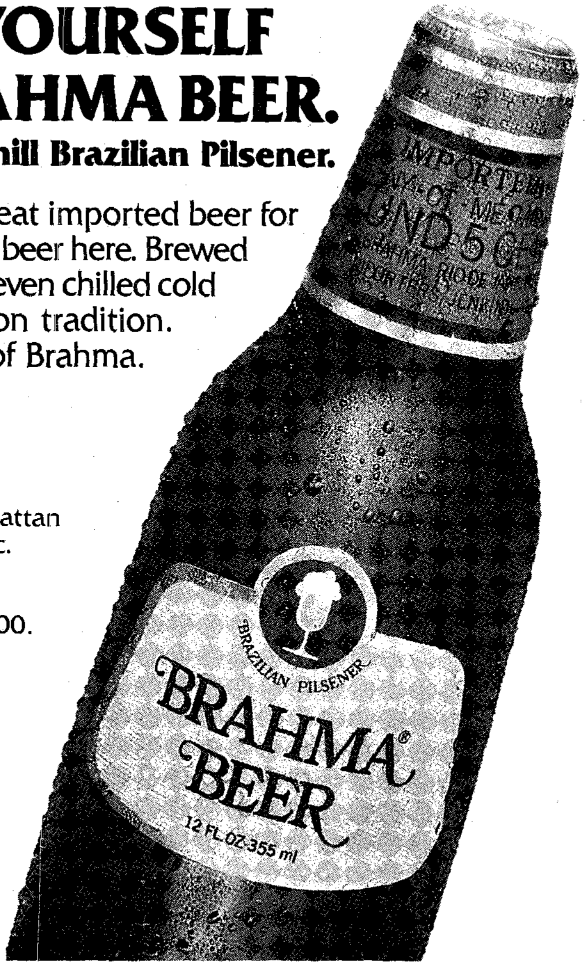
AMERICAN CHRONICLES

ZEI-DA-MAN

FOR John Zeidman, as he approached twenty, China seemed to bring everything together. In the view of his parents, it was about time. Particularly for John's father, Philip Zeidman, the first eighteen years or so of John's life had not always been easy going. For one thing, John went through school as what his father considered "a notorious underachiever—practically to the point of taking pride in it." Philip Zeidman, a successful Washington lawyer, could see that what appeared to be almost willful academic sluggishness on John's part might have been "a reaction to the Type A parent"—meaning himself—but that didn't seem to make t significantly less exasperating. Philip Zeidman has been an achiever since childhood. He was a chairman of committees as an undergraduate at Yale in the middle fifties; he is a chairman of bar committees now. At thirty, he was the general counsel of the Small Business Administration. When he went into private practice, in 1968, fter a stint as a special assistant to Vice-President Hubert Humphrey, he found himself with a franchisers' trade association as his first client—he had organized some hearings on the nascent franchising industry while he was at the S.B.A.—and his practice expanded with the proliferation of outlets for slickly packaged hamburgers and ice cream and doughnuts. Nobody ever mistook him, though, for someone who simply happened to be in the right place at the right time. He is a person of astonishing energy—a lister of things to be done, a logger of air miles, an amasser of honors, a tender of contacts, an organizer of task forces. He is the sort of person who answers answers to thank-you notes. He often strikes those he meets as an unreconstructed example of what is sometimes referred to as "a high-powered Washington attorney." To some people, of course, that means an overbearing or self-important attorney. "But anybody could see through that in ten minutes with Phil," a relatively recent acquaintance who was surprised to find herself liking Zeidman said not long ago. Before ten minutes has elapsed, in fact, Zeidman is likely to have told a joke that makes it clear that he sees through it himself. He can say that when he began private practice he quickly became known as the attorney who knew more than anyone else in the country about franchise law, and then add that, considering the state of the industry at the time, that was a distinction reminiscent of what Bosley Crowther once wrote in a movie review about Laurence Harvey: the seventh-greatest living actor of Lithuanian extraction.

Nancy Zeidman, John's mother, would not have been mistaken for the Type A parent. She and Philip met just before college at a weekend of parties sponsored by an organization that existed to bring Southern Jewish teen-agers together; Philip, who grew up in Birmingham, was, it almost goes without saying, the co-president of the organization that year. She grew up in Atlanta, and she has more of the softness of a Southern accent left in her speech than her husband does. She is also given more to reflection than to activism. Her professional life has been concerned more with how best to ad-





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just to the things that happen than with how to make things happen. Since the late seventies, she has worked with the St. Francis Center, an organization devoted to counselling the terminally ill and their families.

Even for someone of Nancy Zeidman's calmness, John was sometimes a trial. He bore the double burden of being the only boy and the middle child—two and a half years younger than his sister Betsy, who was, in fact, an achiever, and six years older than Jennifer, who was adored by the entire family as the baby. "He was always fighting for attention," Nancy Zeidman said recently of John as a child. "If he was in the room with you, there wasn't much room for you, and he always wanted to be in the room with you."

John was still fighting for attention when he entered high school, at Sidwell Friends, which all the Zeidman children attended. He had grown into a husky, nice-looking boy—strong enough to be a shot-putter on the Sidwell track team. Clinton Wilkins, the principal of the upper school at Sidwell, thought of him as "a bull in a china shop." If he didn't like people he told them so. In grade school, he had followed more or less the same policy toward classes: if he didn't like one, he might simply leave. In high school, he was more interested in arguing politics or just hanging around with his pals than in pursuing hi studies. If Philip Zeidman had permitted himself any dreams about having his son follow in his footsteps a Yale—or, by that time, follow in hi and Betsy's footsteps—they wer dashed somewhere around second-yea French.

It was possible to see John Zeidma as someone who had chosen not to b measured by his father's notions o success; that is not an unfamiliar typ in highly regarded private schools i Washington. It was also possible t see him as a sort of unformed versio of his father—an awkward and boisterous and strong-willed version, sti without the volume control and th saving wit. "You *knew* he was there," Clint Wilkins has said. "He was indomitable. He had a great sense o curiosity. You could tell that thes qualities could be harnessed someday and there would be tact, restraint, graciousness." Everyone agreed that Joh had a great sense of curiosity, an there were friends of the family wh regarded him as just a sweet, warm-hearted, particularly exuberant teen

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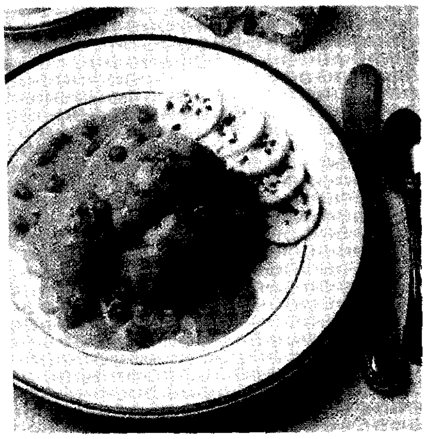
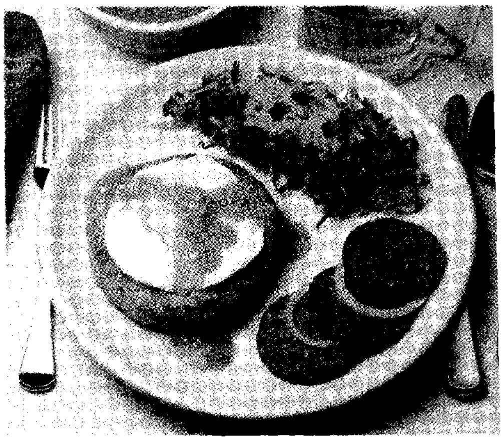
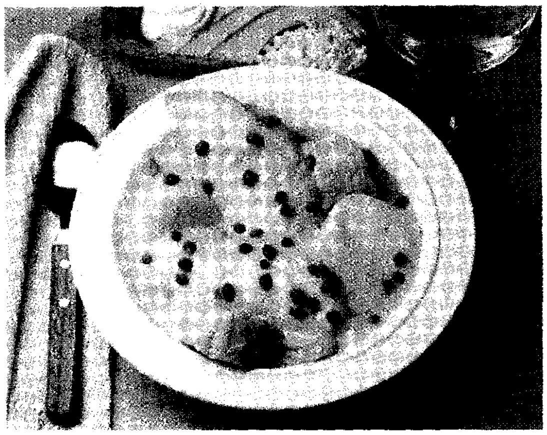
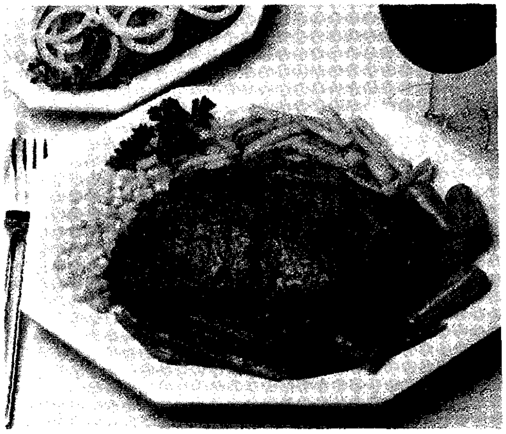

Picante de Ave. Boned chicken with paprika sauce.

Machas a la Parmesana. Pacific clams with white wine and cheese.


Yapingachos. Cheese-filled potato tortilla with egg and peanut sauce.

Langosta del Pacifico. Pacific lobster with mayonnaise.


Ajiaco. Chicken stew with potato, corn and capers.


Bife de Chorizo. Broiled Argentine beef served with Chimichurri sauce. (Parsley, garlic and oil.)

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age boy. Still, when Philip Zeidman, an articulate man, tries to sum up what John was like as a teen-ager, he is likely to smile and say, "He could be a pain in the ass."

As John was finishing his senior year at Sidwell, in 1979, Philip Zeidman and another lawyer with some government connections were completing arrangements for a three-week tour of China, and John got to come along with his parents as his graduation present. As far as Philip Zeidman could see, the trip was one more wasted opportunity for John, who seemed to spend most of his time tossing a Frisbee around. Mary Earls, another member of the party, remembers John as responding to sights that the guides seemed particularly proud of by saying in a stage whisper that the Taiwan version was no doubt infinitely preferable. John was not due to begin college that fall; he had been accepted by Duke as what is called there a January freshman. His parents set a simple rule about where he could spend the fall semester: anywhere but home. They had decided that he needed what one of their friends referred to as a parentectomy.

John decided to spend the fall in Boston. He worked as an interne at the public-television station, and he attended an early-morning English-composition class at Boston University. He saw a lot of Mary Earls and her husband, Felton, a child psychiatrist then at Harvard. Along with Mary Earls, he took a Chinese-cooking course, and that led to a job as a busboy in the teacher's Chinese restaurant. He learned to be on his own, and he learned, in his mother's words, "that he wasn't such bad company after all." By all accounts, he grew up a lot. "He was driven by a need to have an identity—to be somebody, to be his own person," Felton Earls has said. "And what I saw happening in those months is that he was discovering himself." When John entered Duke, in January of 1980, he was greatly changed from the bull in the Sidwell china shop. He was still a bit bumptious. He was still talkative enough to be distinguished from the other people named John in the dormitory by the nickname Z the Mouth. But he had harnessed a lot of his energy. He did well in his studies. He was active in a movement concerned with the allocation of dormitory space on the campus. And he eventually had a strong focus: he had decided that he wanted to study in China.

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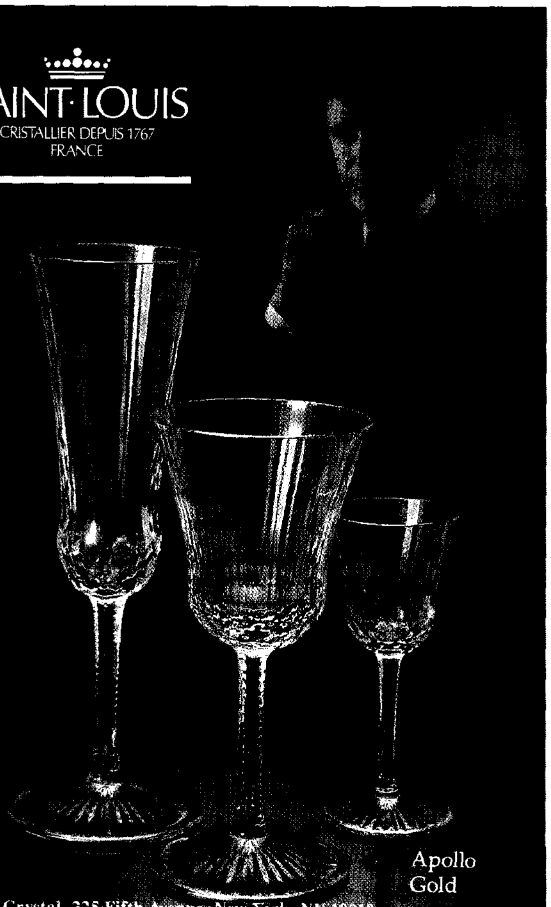

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John applied himself to the study of Chinese in a manner that would presumably have astonished the teachers at Sidwell Friends, who after any number of attempts to teach him French had informed Nancy Zeidman that he simply had no aptitude for languages. His parents were delighted by what had happened to John. Just having dinner with him in a Chinese restaurant, where he would take charge of orchestrating the meal in Chinese, was enough to make plain his pride at having found his own field and his own notions of achievement. Although he had taken only a year of Chinese, he applied for a University of Massachusetts program that offered a junior year at Peking Normal University. He was accepted—the acceptance contingent on his taking a language course in China during the summer. In June of 1981, just after the end of his sophomore year at Duke, John Zeidman headed for China.

He simply loved it. It was almost as if a situation had been designed to take advantage of the qualities that John had exhibited all his life. Where someone more likely to be inhibited by an imperfect accent might hesitate to strike up conversations with strangers, John barged right in. Where someone more conscientious about obeying rules and regulations might have believed everything he read about restrictions on what foreigners could do in China, John assumed he could do anything. Where someone who had grown up valuing coolness and restraint might have been shy about reaching out toward Chinese students, John organized barbecues. He found his way around Peking on a bicycle and on public transportation. ("The motto of the Peking bus system," he said on one of the tapes he sent home, "is 'There is no such thing as a full bus.' ") On a trip between his summer language classes and the beginning of the academic year at Peking Normal University, he insisted on travelling "hard class" by train, both to save money and to force himself to speak Chinese. ("For one who has never been lacking in his use of the English language, August 7, 1981, will go down in history. With one exception, I neither spoke nor heard an English word. . . . The one exception was when the train loudspeaker played a Chinese singer singing 'Jingle Bells' in English.") He spent a lot of time with Chinese families, and even reported that he had met a "very nice girl." ("Don't worry, Mother, she's

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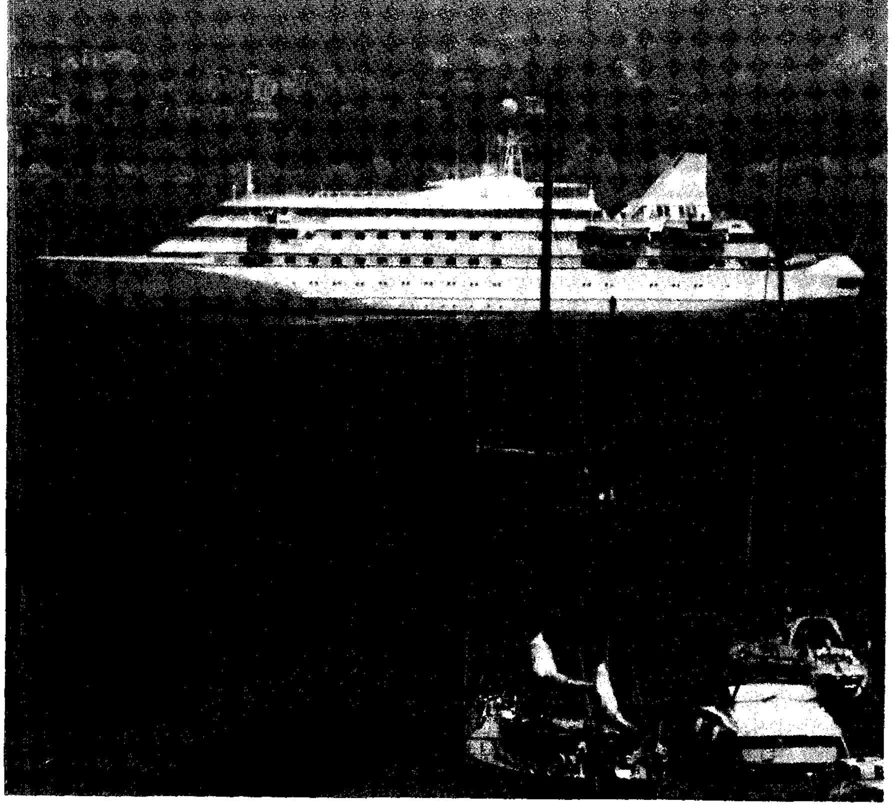

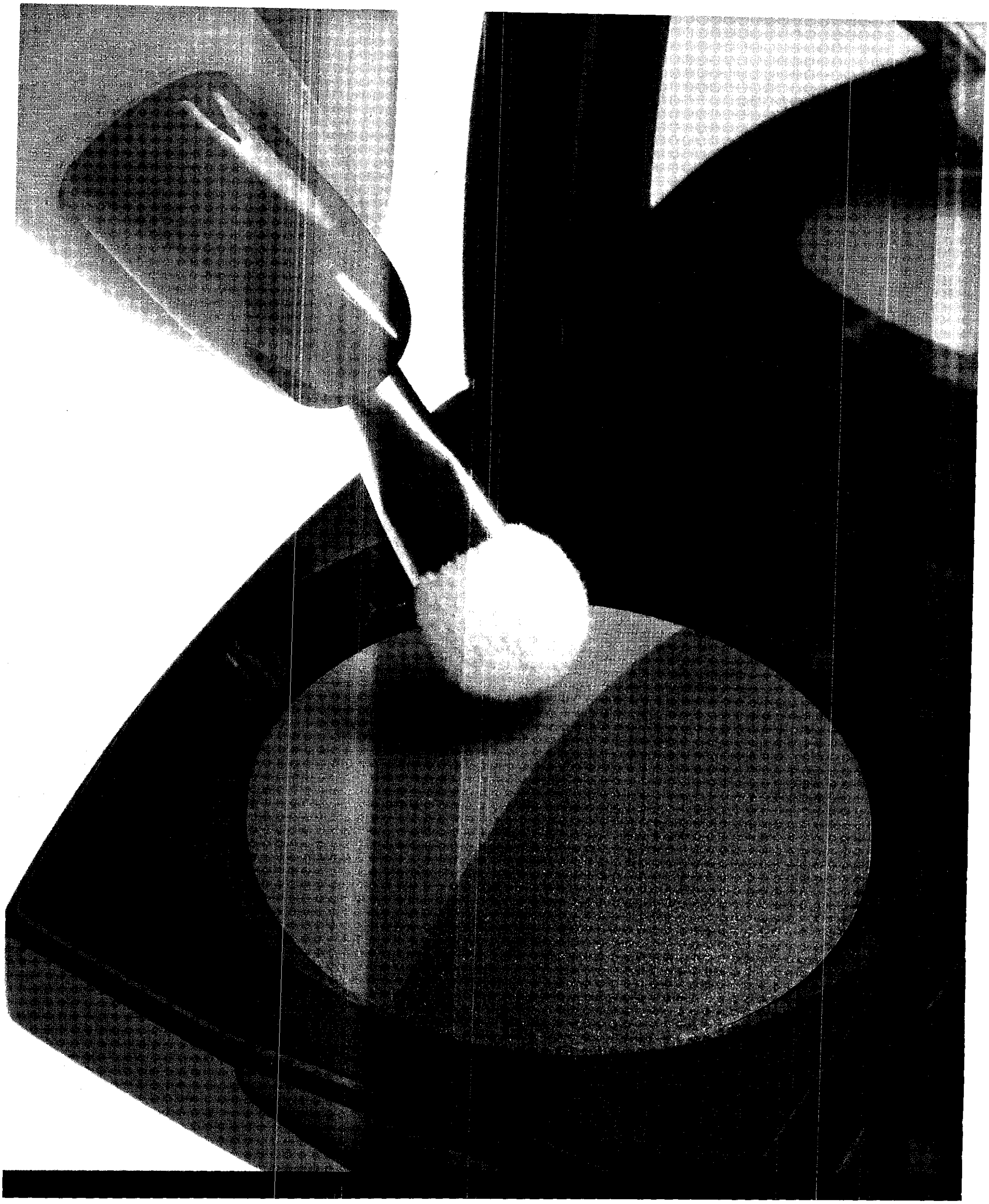
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not coming home. Her name is Duo Li. I have been helping her with her English and she has been helping me with my Chinese. She is less shy than most Chinese girls, which is great, since we can talk and she doesn't giggle all the time.") He made fun of reporters who wrote that it wasn't possible for foreigners in China to complete the simplest transaction ("I think it would be helpful if some of these reporters left their apartments occasionally"), and didn't forget to make fun of himself for being so certain that they were wrong ("Tomorrow, I use my self-bought train ticket and go to Shanghai. That is, assuming I bought the right ticket").

The Shanghai trip was to visit Felton and Mary Earls, who had just arrived for a three-month stay. Mary Earls, a neurophysiologist, was a guest of the Chinese Academy of Sciences; her husband had a World Health Organization fellowship at a local hospital. As someone who had put in some travel time in hard class, John took great pride in leading the Earls family around through the back streets and cheap restaurants of Shanghai, at a pace that Felton Earls later estimated at a hundred and fifty miles an hour. Back in Peking to start the semester, John was enough of an old China hand to respond to the unappetizing food at the dining hall by searching the neighborhood until he found a dumpling-and-noodle joint named Forever Red, where two students with male-American-teen-ager appetites could stuff themselves for less than a dollar.

John's tapes home were filled with reports on his economics class and his trips around the city, and even the latest Chinese jokes. "Everything is really going well," he began a tape on September 26, 1981—his twentieth birthday. He thanked his sister Jennifer for a tape she had sent and for a tape of "M*A*S*H" that he knew was on the way. "That and a bowl of Raisin Bran and a glass of cold milk and going home for a weekend would do me just fine for my birthday," he said. "I'm not homesick yet, but it would be fun to be home for a few days." Rosh Hashanah fell three days after John's birthday that year. In Washington, Philip Zeidman was up early, trying to sneak in a couple of hours of work before services. When the telephone rang and he picked it up to hear the scratchy line that usually indicated China, he figured that it was John calling to wish the family Happy

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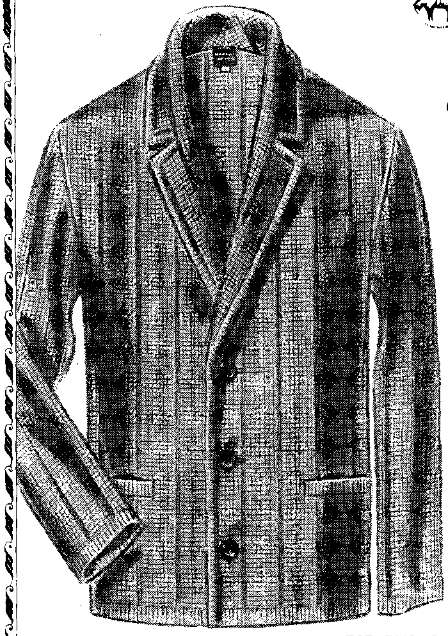

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New Year or treating himself to a birthday chat. The call was from China, but the caller was the person in charge of the University of Massachusetts program there. She said that John was in the hospital. She said that he was critically ill.

"DEAR Patrick," Anne Thurston wrote. "Something very sad is happening here now. One of the students with the University of Massachusetts program—a young man from Duke who spent the summer at the Nationalities Academy studying Chinese—has contracted encephalitis. His name is John Zeidman. I met him in August . . . a nice guy—friendly, outgoing, 20 years old." Anne Thurston, who was in Peking to do research for a study of victims of the Cultural Revolution, lived in the dormitory that housed the students in the UMass program. Her husband, Patrick Maddox, was in the United States—also a China scholar, Maddox is the associate director of the John King Fairbank Center for East Asian Research, at Harvard—and she wrote long, detailed letters to him regularly. In that first letter about John Zeidman's illness, she reported that John had been examined by some eminent American neurologists, who, by chance, were in Peking on their way back from a conference in Japan, and that their prognosis, which she had heard secondhand, was not good: "The *American* doctors, as I understand it, are saying quite frankly that he will probably die."

The Zeidmans had spoken by phone from Washington with one of the American doctors. They had learned of the neurologists' presence in Peking from one of the first calls that Phil Zeidman made after he learned of John's illness—to a neurologist he knew at Johns Hopkins, in Baltimore. That was one of about a hundred long-distance calls the Zeidmans made in the next twenty-four hours. "We began to cast the net," Phil Zeidman says when he explains how he responded to that first call from China. Who knew about encephalitis? What could the State Department do? Who could be helpful if John had to be evacuated? Was there a drug somewhere? It was quickly decided that the Zeidmans would fly to Peking as soon as possible. Betsy, who was then working in New York, came home to be with Jennifer. Mary Earls, reached in Shanghai, agreed to make her way to Peking—no small undertaking with-

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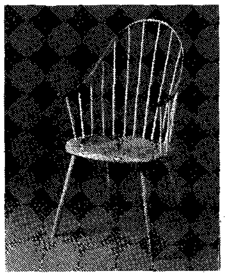

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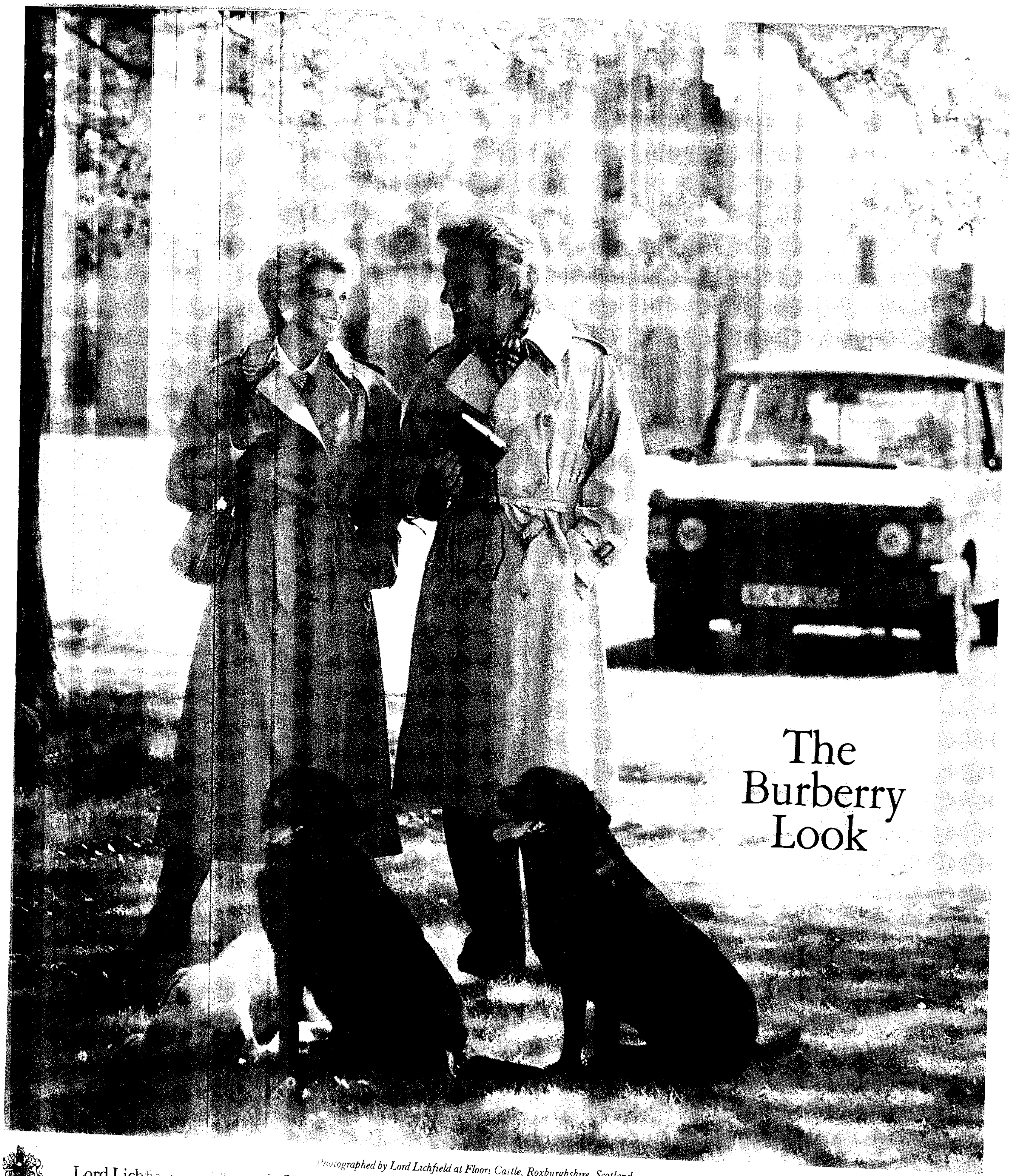

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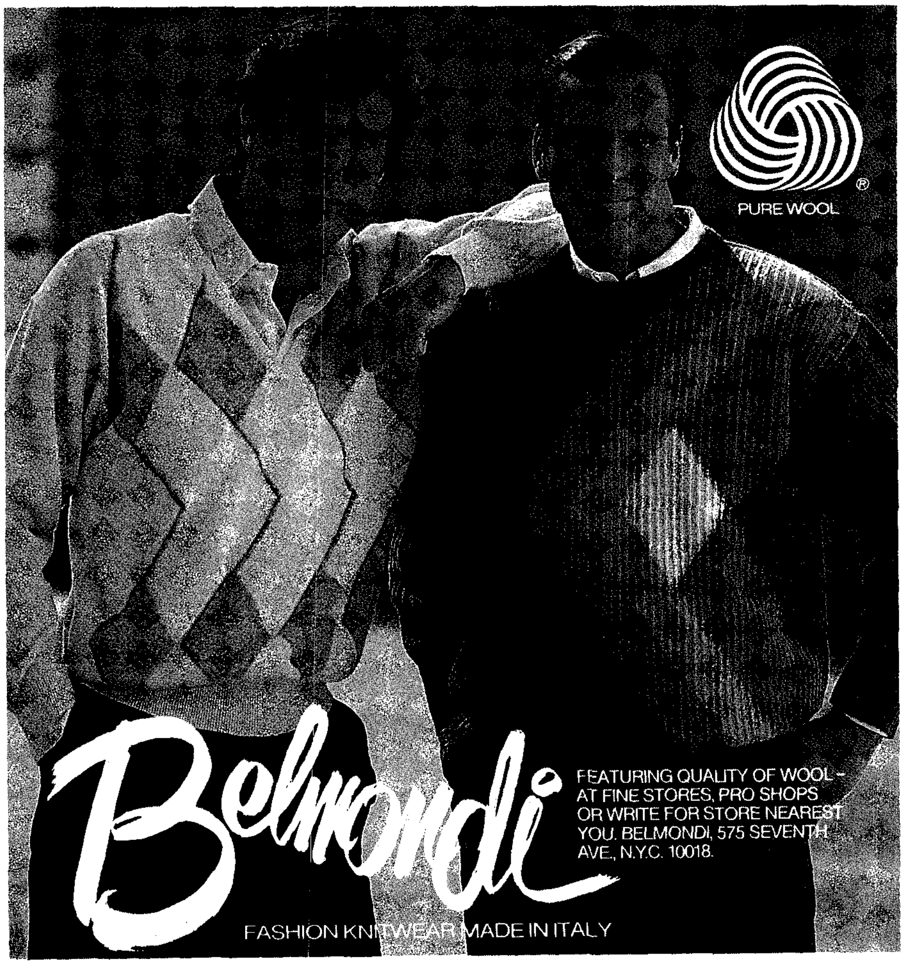
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out advance arrangements—and take charge until the Zeidmans could get there. When she arrived at the hospital—the Infectious Diseases Hospital No. 1—she found that John was paralyzed and unable to talk but still semiconscious. She held his hand, and she talked to him. She thought he understood her. When she told him that his parents would soon be there, she thought tears came to his eyes. Not long after that, John slipped into a coma.

Among the doctors who saw John in the first couple of days, there was no serious disagreement about the diagnosis. He had a strain of viral encephalitis called Japanese B—a strain that is virtually unknown in the United States but is common in parts of Asia, particularly in rural areas during the summer. Japanese B is normally transmitted to human beings by mosquitoes that have bitten infected birds or swine. By the time John Zeidman went to China, a vaccine to prevent Japanese B was available in some countries—not including the United States—but no one had ever found a drug that was effective against it once it had been contracted. The treatment has consisted simply of trying to avoid complications like pneumonia and breathing difficulties—Mary Earls authorized a tracheostomy while Philip and Nancy Zeidman were still on their way from Washington—and hoping that the patient pulls out of his coma. Apparently, some patients do. As the students in the UMass program frantically searched for information about Japanese B, they heard any number of stories about amazing recoveries that left the patient none the worse for the experience. The tales of recoveries, though, were not based on the efficacy of any particular treatment. John was in a condition not responsive to the wonders of modern medicine, and he was in that condition because of a maddeningly trivial happening: he had been bitten by a mosquito.

As the Zeidmans flew over the Pacific, they had no way of knowing whether they would find John alive when they reached China. They were not even certain that he would be in China; there had been talk of evacuating him, perhaps to an American Air Force hospital in the Philippines. After the American neurologists had all examined John, in fact, they did advise Mary Earls to authorize an evacuation. For several hours, she resisted the advice. There was, after all, no treatment for Japanese B. She thought that the Americans, who had been in China only a couple of days, were reflecting the shock that "great Western high-tech slick academic neurologists" were likely to experience at their first exposure to the relatively primitive conditions of a Chinese hospital. In her work in Shanghai, she had been impressed by the "quiet competence" of the Chinese, and she was impressed by the attentiveness of the care that John was getting at the hospital. Finally, she relented, and an American military-hospital plane arrived from the Philippines. It returned without John. After an examination, the medical officer in charge had decided that John was too sick to move. And so it was that when Philip and Nancy Zeidman arrived, after a nineteen-hour trip from Washington, they found their son in a room at the Infectious Diseases Hospital No. 1, in a deep coma.

ALTHOUGH the Zeidmans took a room at the Peking Hotel, they basically moved into the hospital—into a sort of waiting room next to the room John was in. To Philip Zeidman, the Infectious Diseases Hospital No. 1 looked like "an abandoned training camp." It had unpainted cinder-block hallways. Whatever paint there was in the rooms seemed to be peeling. There was one telephone. There was no operating room. To someone whose visions of a hospital included spotless linens and disposable needles in sterile packages, the Infectious Diseases Hospital No. 1 was not noticeably clean. There was an inner courtyard—a drab, grassless inner courtyard, since the grass was pulled up in Peking some years ago as a means of insect and vermin control—and the wind brought a fine covering of dust into the rooms. It often seemed cold. John had bought a huge down Chinese Army coat, and Phil Zeidman usually had it on, even when he was in bed.

Still, the Zeidmans found themselves in agreement with Mary Earls that the Chinese were doing everything in their power for John—particularly when it came to nursing care. There were two or three nurses in John's room at all times. They cracked ice from a huge block in front of his bed and used it to keep his fever down. They squeezed the juice from watermelon—prized medicinally in China—and fed it to him through tubes. They washed him regularly. They turned him regularly to prevent

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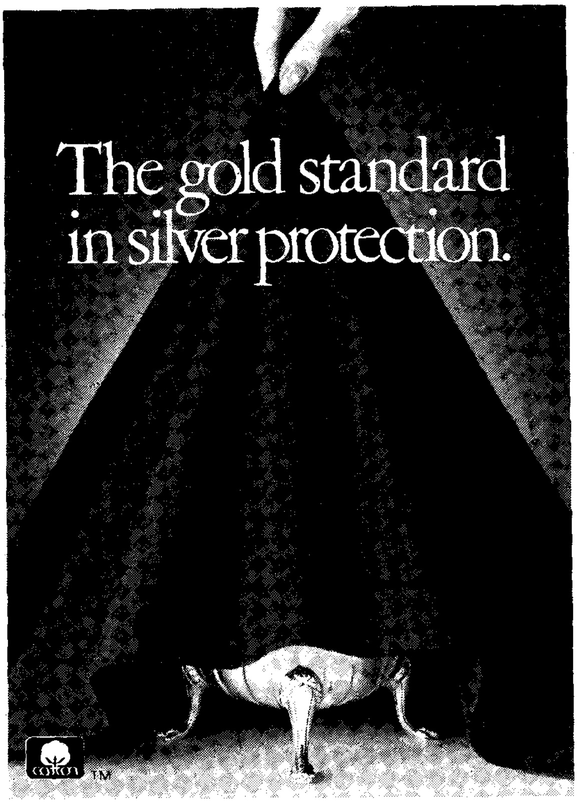
nfection and bedsores. They made ircles of gauze to place under his eels. They talked to him. In Chinese, is name came out as Zei-da-man. As hil Zeidman tried to sleep next door, e heard the wind in the courtyard nd the rumble of carts carrying oxy- en tanks up and down the halls nd, from John's room, the nurses' oices crooning “Zei-da-man, Zei-da- an.”

The Zeidmans were usually not the nly people sleeping in the waiting oom. Some of the students in the Mass program had organized them- elves into a sort of duty roster so that here would always be someone at the ospital to translate; often, a couple of hem spent the night in sleeping bags n the floor. “Because they are also ightened, not only by the trauma but lso by their first brush with the abso- ute, we have tried to console them they tried to comfort us,” Philip eidman wrote in a letter home a few ays after he arrived in Peking. “We ave urged the Chinese authorities to ovide blood tests, inoculations, and e like, and we will not rest until that done.” As it turned out, some of the eps that the Chinese took to assuage e fears of the students—spraying e dormitory with an insecticide sim- ar to DDT, for instance, and taking ood tests with needles of dubious eanliness—frightened them all the ore. Trying to comfort one another ring the long hours in the waiting om, the Zeidmans and the UMass dents came to feel something like a mily. “We all get so down at the rm not being able to help,” one ung woman in the program wrote tsy and Jennifer Zeidman, neither whom she had met. “One day after riving, I told your mother that I ally needed a hug from her, and she ve so much love as I cried in her ms.” The Zeidmans could console eir own children, of course, only by outs over the scratchy telephone res or by telex or by mail. In his ters, Philip Zeidman told his daugh- s how much John had spoken of em to the other students. “They ow more about you than you can agine,” he wrote. “They know of ery letter and card you sent him. And y know—as you simply must know d believe and always remember that he loved you, and he knew t you loved him. Whatever may be ught by the hours or days ahead, must nurture that knowledge, and memory of the good times we had a family together. We pray to God



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that we shall again, as a total family.”

Nancy Zeidman didn’t think that would ever happen. By temperament and by experience, she was more inclined than her husband was to become resigned to the almost certain consequences of the mosquito bite. Unlike her husband, she happened to come from a family that had acquired an awful familiarity with death at an early age. In her work, of course, she counselled people who were trying not to stave off the inevitable but to deal with it. Almost from the moment she arrived in Peking, she had accepted as a fact that her family was no longer a total family. “I took one look at him,” she said later. “I had seen enough dying people, and what scared me more than anything after looking at his face was that he was going to survive with severe brain damage.”

Phil Zeidman was far from resigned. “I have an activist nature, and I would simply focus on the question ‘What can we do?’ ” he said recently. “Get an airplane? Get a vaccine? Get a valve?” He continued to cast the net. The one telephone in the Infectious Diseases Hospital No. 1 became, de facto, his telephone. An American businesswoman who had an office in Peking lent him the use of her telex machine, and there was constant traffic between there and the Zeidman law office in Washington—detailed reports to provide American consultants with data on John’s temperature and pulse rate and blood pressure. Phil Zeidman kept making notes on his yellow legal pad. Was there a better respirator somewhere? Was there an experimental drug somewhere? Was there a doctor somewhere? “Let me ask you whether, based upon what you have heard, if you could snap your fingers and every expert in the United States were sitting here by our sides, would it make any difference?” he asked one doctor by long-distance telephone, after giving a detailed report on what a team of Chinese doctors had told him. “Is there a person anywhere in the world that might make a difference in this situation?”

A day or so before that call, about a week after John became ill, Anne Thurston wrote that the Americans in the waiting room seemed more hopeful, buoyed by the fact that John had survived for a critical period, but “my Chinese friends seem to have switched from the optimists to the pessimis Now, in contrast to the stories of m raculous recovery that I was heari earlier, other people are telling that ninety-nine per cent of Chine who contract encephalitis die.” T days later, she reported a turn for t worse. After a crisis with Joh breathing, the doctors concluded t there had been extensive brain dama “I cannot imagine any other cou handling this with as much love a affection and strength as they ar she wrote. “After hearing the ne today, they put their arms around ea other and cried, and Mr. Zeidm said to his wife that John is fighti for his life and that because he is s fighting, they must continue to fig with him, that they must do it for h and that if he makes it, then they c think about recovery and what brain damage will mean.”

One of the Chinese doctors charge of John’s case also broke do that day. He told Philip Zeidman t he was treating John as if he were own son, and then he began to c “He said that he, like the Zeidma has a son and two daughters, and t if his son were to die, he doesn’t kn

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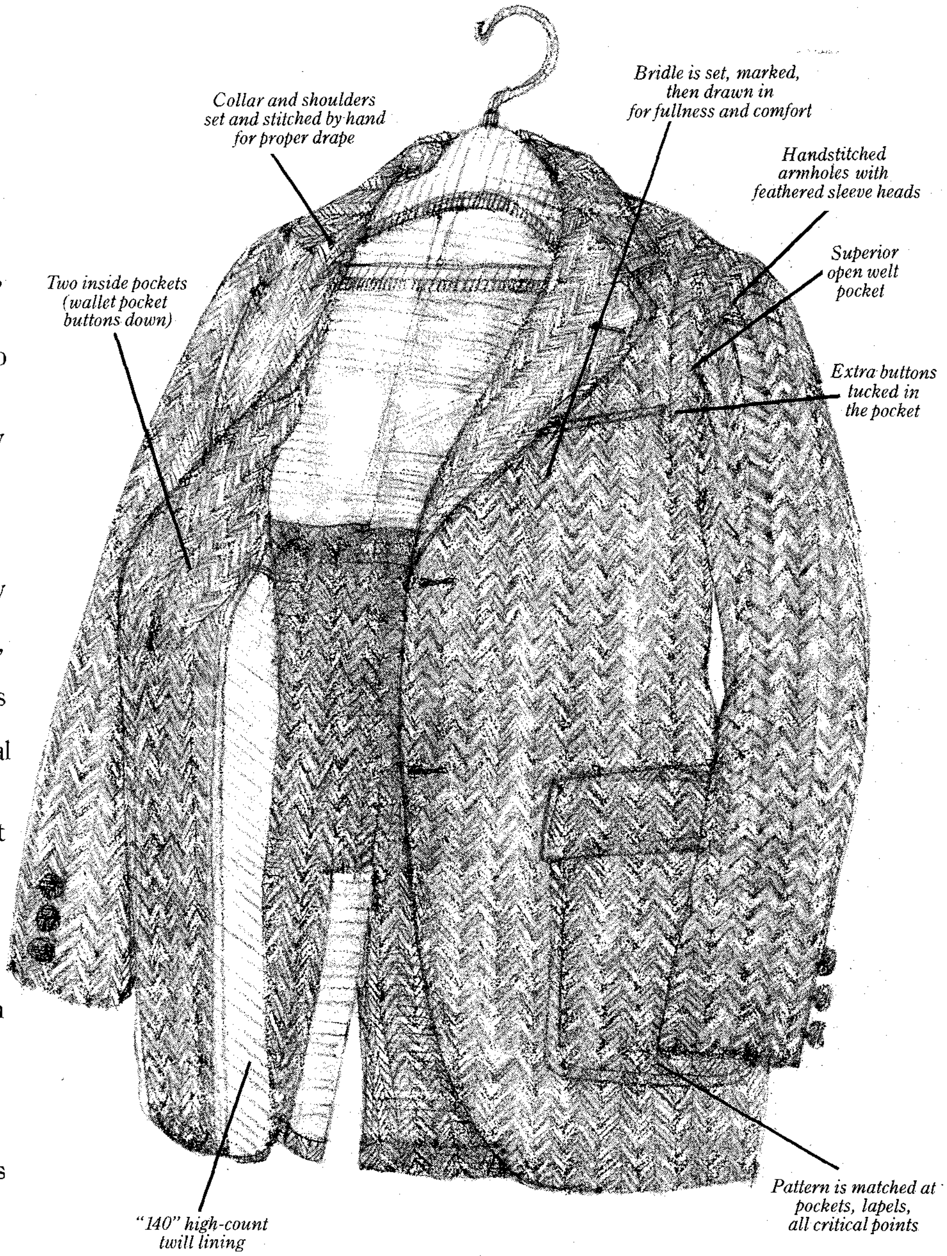
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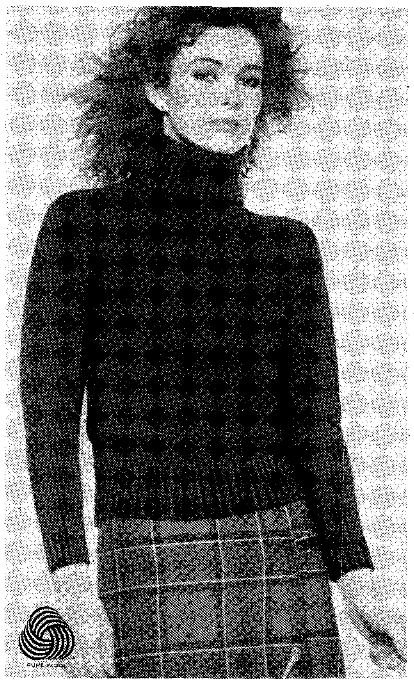

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what he would do," Anne Thurston wrote. "But one still senses certain cultural differences, that the Zeidmans would feel the same were it one of their daughters in that hospital room, too, that it makes a difference to the Chinese that John is an only son. The doctor said, though, that they are doing everything possible for John, that they have gathered together the best expertise in Peking, and that there is nothing more that can be done. He is right, I know."

The Zeidmans realized that everything possible was being done, and they certainly realized that there were cultural differences. At times, they became irritated at the conditions in the hospital and frustrated by problems in communication. At one point, they were infuriated by a long delay in the arrival of a surgeon. They were bitterly angry at the fact that nobody had ever mentioned the possibility of being inoculated against Japanese B viral encephalitis and at indications that the Chinese government had seriously underreported its occurrence. They knew of the extraordinary care being given by the nurses they could hear talking to their son. They knew there was no treatment that could actually cure Japanese B. Still, the net that Phil Zeidman was casting was being cast partly in the hope of catching an American doctor.

AMONG those in America seeking medical opinions based on the detailed telexes from Peking were Philip Zeidman's sister, Adele, and her husband, Daniel Silver, who is the rabbi of a temple in Cleveland. One of the doctors they consulted was David L. Jackson, who had been the director of the intensive-care unit at University Hospitals, which are affiliated with the Case Western Reserve School of Medicine. From the telexes, Jackson judged that there was a danger—among other dangers—of John's suffering oxygen toxicity from long-term use of a respirator that was not equipped with the sort of pressure valve that is now used routinely in American I.C.U.s. Having once visited some hospitals in China, he was aware that, in general, the life-support equipment and techniques at the Infectious Diseases Hospital No. 1 were likely to reflect the fact that the Chinese medical system is not in a position to give priority to intensive care. Jackson was not only a former I.C.U. director but a neurologist. He was also the director of the Center for

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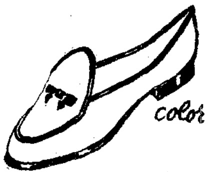

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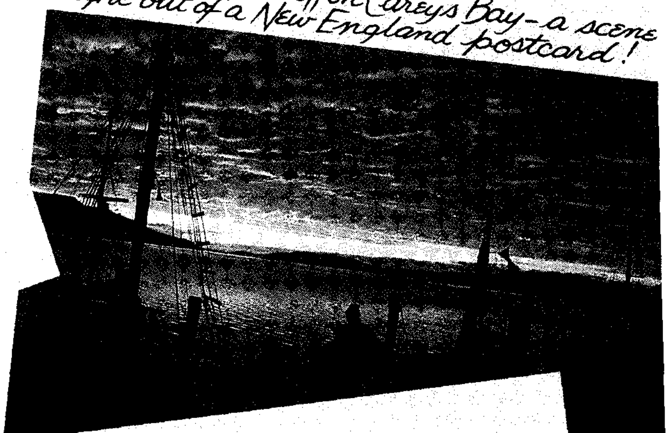
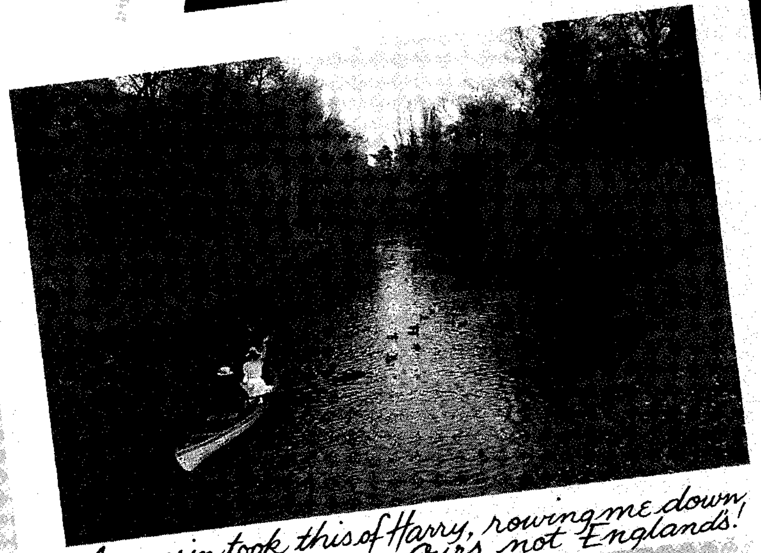


Harry about to set off on Careys Bay - a scene right out of a New England postcard!

ny traipsing off among the ferns in Tahiti?
again - it's Bay of Islands, New Zealand!



A cousin took this of Harry, rowing me down the River Avon. Ours, not England's!

That's him in the photos! That's our Harry Bright, New Zealand's Advertising Manager down under, taking the tour of New Zealand rather splendidly.

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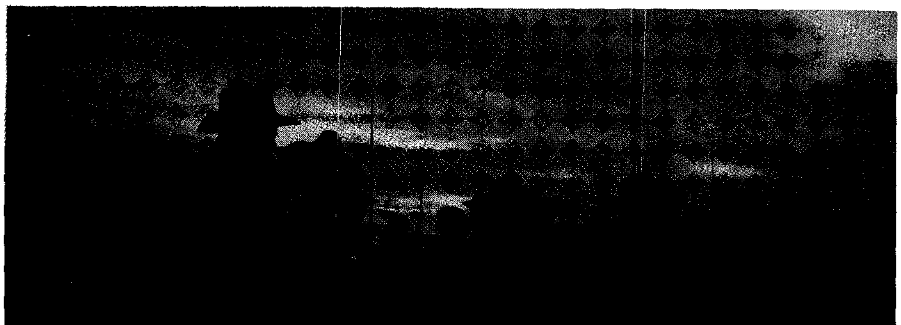

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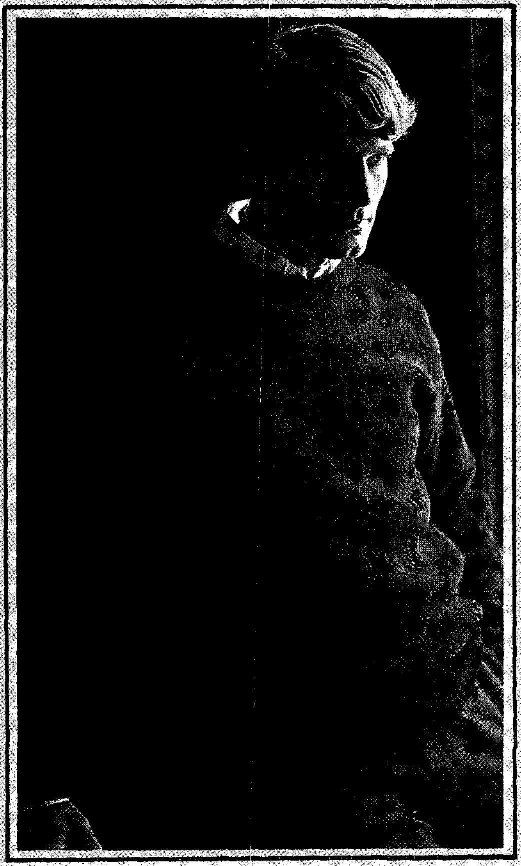

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the Critically Ill, at University Hospitals—a multidisciplinary institute concerned with what happens during critical illnesses not simply to the patient but to his family and to those who are treating him. And, as it happens, he is the sort of activist who tends to respond to the situations he's presented with by asking the same question Philip Zeidman asks: "What can we do?" It didn't take him long to agree to go to China to see what he could do to help the Zeidmans.

Jackson arrived with the pressure valve in his pocket. He had made some elaborate plans for reassuring the Chinese doctors that he wasn't arriving "like the U.S. Cavalry" to take over, but they seemed relieved to have him assume management of John's case. In treating people who are so ill that there's a question about whether it makes sense to employ extraordinary life-support techniques, Dr. Jackson's policy has always been "Where there's a reasonable doubt, err on the side of support." In John's case, the doubt was narrow, but Dr. Jackson was convinced that it existed. He believed, for instance, that John's paralysis made it difficult to be absolutely certain about what seemed to be a lack of significant reflexes. Settling in at the hospital, close enough to John's bed to hear the hum of the respirator, Jackson concentrated on life support. The day after he arrived, he found himself involved in what he considered a life-threatening emergency: John turned blue, and his pulse rate jumped to a hundred and eighty. Concluding that a lung had collapsed, Jackson inserted a needle into John's chest to draw out the air—and then waited for forty-five minutes while the Chinese acquired a chest tube from a neighboring hospital. In general, Dr. Jackson did not consider the lack of equipment at the hospital an insurmountable obstacle, but he was beginning to think that an attempt should be made to move John to a modern intensive-care unit. The decision was sealed when the hospital had a brief power failure. When the power came back on, David Jackson told the Zeidmans that he was in favor of an evacuation.

A lot of telexes went out. A lot of people in Washington, some of them senators, got phone calls. A number of American Defense Department and Chinese-government procedures were compressed. The plan was to fly John to an American Air Force hospital in the Philippines on an Air Force plane whose equipment included what amounted to a travelling intensive-care unit, and then to take him in stages to the Johns Hopkins Hospital. On the day before the plane was to arrive—three weeks after John had fallen ill—Dr. Jackson presided over lengthy rehearsals for getting John and the equipment that had to accompany him from his bed to the door of the hospital. The stretcher-bearers were UMass students. One student, chosen because he was about the same size as John, went through the rehearsals lying motionless on the stretcher.

That day, the UMass students also attended a meeting at which the results of the blood tests were given: many members of the group had high antibody levels, it was announced, which meant they had been exposed to encephalitis and had fought it off. That was comforting news, although, Anne Thurston wrote her husband, the meeting had brought home with a jolt what she had so often read about the Chinese not having the strong concept of the individual that exists in the West: they had not considered it necessary to say who had high antibody levels and who didn't. "Mrs. Zeidman came to the second part of the meeting today to say good-bye," her letter continued. "It was as moving an event as ever I have witnessed. She began by saying that . . . despite the grave risks, Dr. Jackson had decided that it is still more dangerous for John to stay here than to be moved. He must be placed in an intensive-care unit. She said that even so John's prospects are bleak. She said that . . . the help the students have given is beyond thanks, that it would have been impossible for them (the Zeidmans) without that help. She said that she and her husband will remember each and every one of those students for as long as they live, that whatever happens, their home will always be open to them at any time day or night, for any reason, that they can call collect at two in the morning, come to stay for a day or a week or six months, that they are a part of the family and will always be treated so. She explained how difficult these now some 18 days have been for her and her husband and how the students made it possible for them to continue. She asked for a moment of silence. And then she said good-bye to the tudents, one by one. Oh God, was it ad."

The evacuation team arrived in a wirl of American technology. The eam included a neurologist, an anes-

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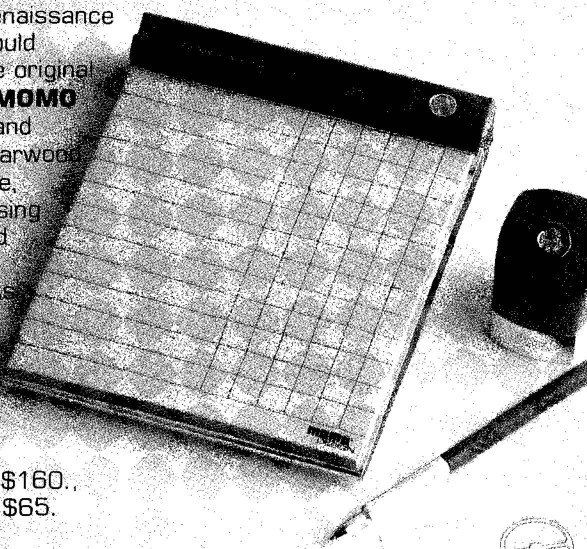

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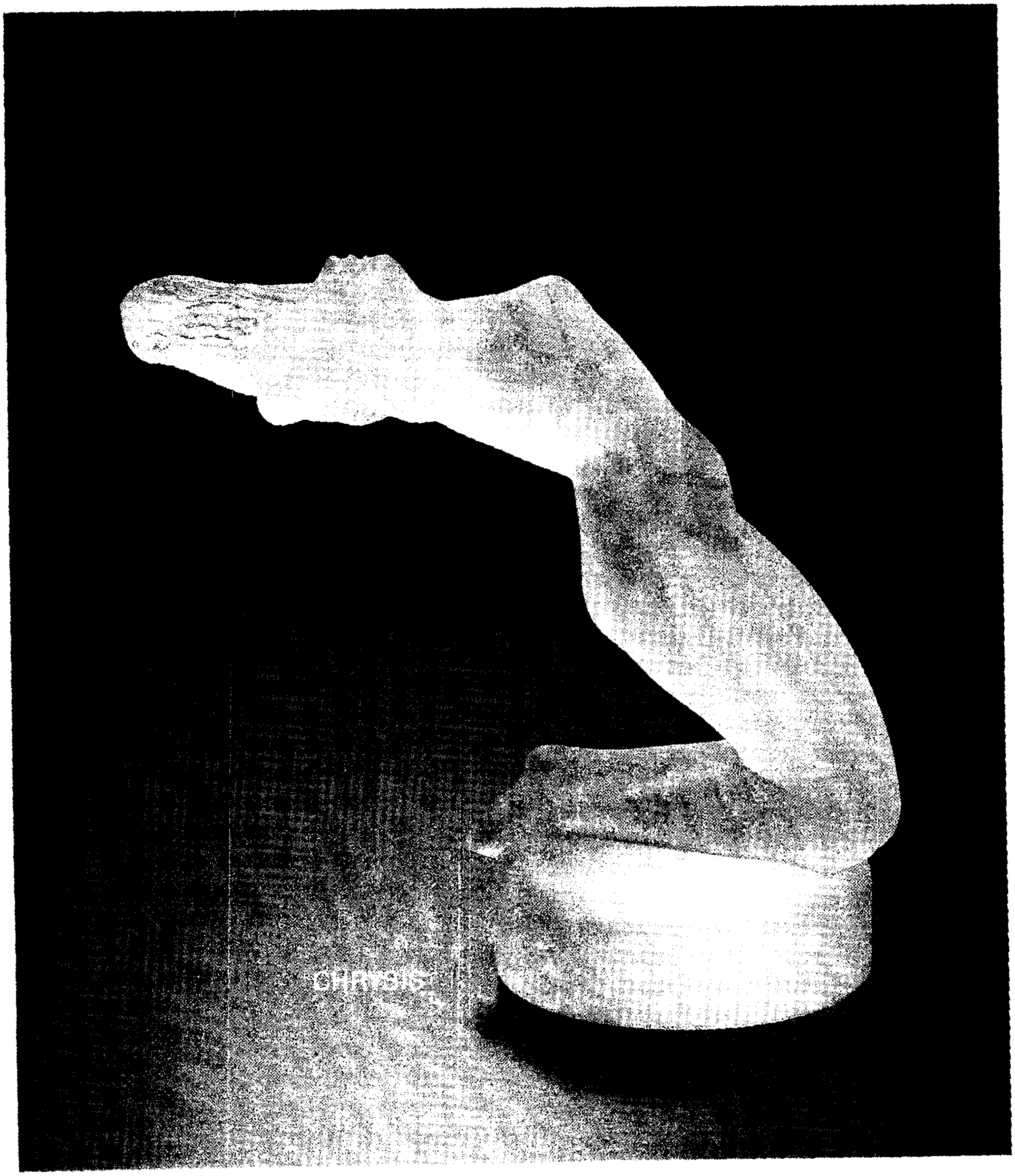

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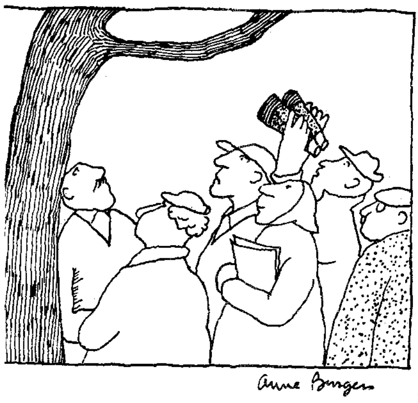
thesiologist, a general surgeon, and an internist. There were two nurses and two corpsmen. There was a video-camera team. There were machines that clicked open and snapped into place. The evacuation team went into action with the precision of a drill team. The evacuation procedures, Anne Thurston wrote her husband, were "really quite incredible, fostering a sort of twinge of nationalistic pride that is ordinarily quite foreign to me." The twinge of pride did not change her view of what the outcome of the evacuation was likely to be. "I can only believe now that John is being flown home to die," she wrote. "But that is really where, if he must, I would want him to die—not here in a limly lit room in a strange hospital where communication, by virtue of oth culture and language, seems so xcruciatingly difficult. And somehow I feel that he left in a blaze of glory, vith sirens screaming and flags unurled, and paths being cleared to nake his way rapid. And there is a ense that he left with the weight not ust of his family and of his friends ehind him but with the weight of his ountrymen and country as well, that hey helped those sirens scream and he banners unfurl. And that makes ne proud."

THERE were those who saw the impressive procedures less as a iedical evacuation than as a "burial itual"—the result of Philip Zeidman nd David Jackson, the two activists, sking the question "What can we o?" long after *anything* could be one for John Zeidman. Philip Zeidian and Dr. Jackson acknowledged iat the possibility of a significant covery was, as Dr. Jackson put it, a long shot at best." But not trying, ickson has said, would have left eryone with too many unanswered iestions. It was not simply that hilip Zeidman had to satisfy himself at no avenue had gone unexplored,



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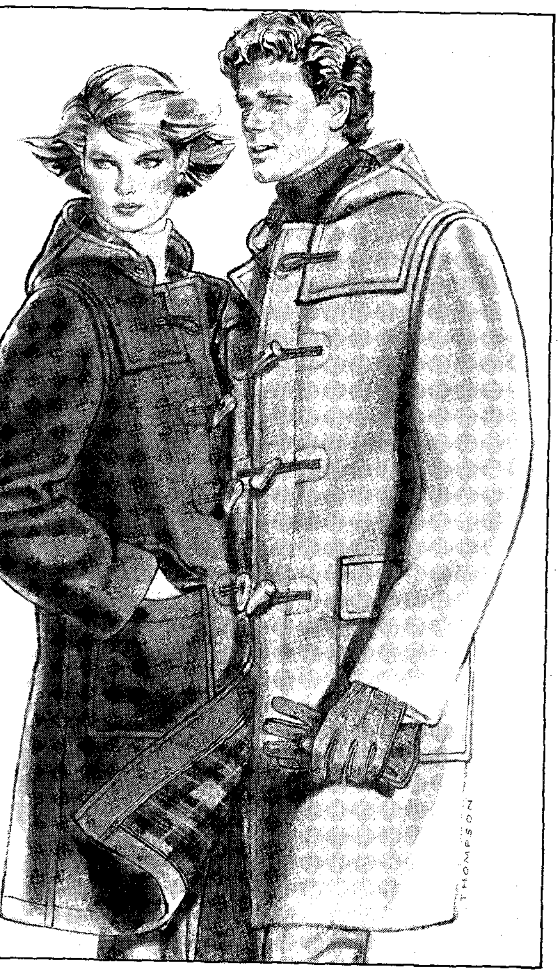
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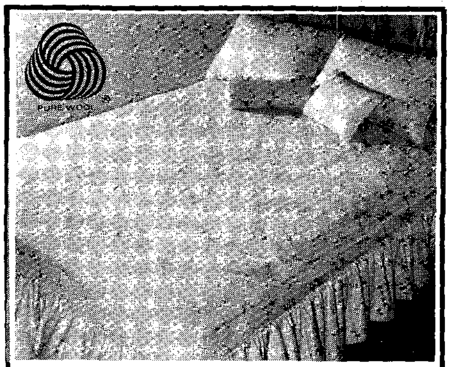

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though. On one level, he believed he would succeed; all his life he had believed that "if you put enough resources behind something you can make it work." Once John was back in the United States, in fact, no avenue was left unexplored. No technique was left untried. No relevant specialist was left unconsulted. But all the sophisticated instruments available at Johns Hopkins could not repair the damage that had been done to John; they could only measure its depth. Eventually, the doctors all agreed that there was no reason to continue to extend John's life artificially with a respirator.

Nancy Zeidman had begun to resign herself to that possibility on that first night at the Infectious Diseases Hospital No. 1, but for days and days her husband couldn't bring himself to give the doctors his assent. "It was something I didn't come to terms with until much later, and after much greater agony," Philip Zeidman has said. "Because I was so sure that if you had enough determination, enough brains, enough money, enough friends, you could do anything. If you could *bring a boy out of China*, surely you could bring him back to life in America." William Wendt, an Episcopal clergyman, who runs the St. Francis Center, spent a lot of time with Philip Zeidman in those days. "He didn't try to persuade me of anything," Zeidman has said. "He shepherded me into becoming accepting—accepting of the fact that there are some things man cannot do."

Wendt encouraged Zeidman to write down his thoughts about John—in effect, to write a eulogy. He encouraged the interest that Zeidman had already expressed in projects that could be memorials to John—an effort to find out why vaccination against Japanese B encephalitis couldn't be made available to Americans going to China, for instance, and an effort to establish some sort of Chinese-studies program in America. Finally, more than two months after John had been brought to the Johns Hopkins I.C.U., Philip Zeidman assented to having the respirator withdrawn.

The Zeidmans may have been prepared to face John's death, but they were not prepared for what happened: the I.C.U. nurses staged what amounted to a rebellion. The nurses and one of the residents assigned to the I.C.U. objected to having the respirator turned off. In part, their objection turned on some disagreement over the prognosis for John; the nurses had

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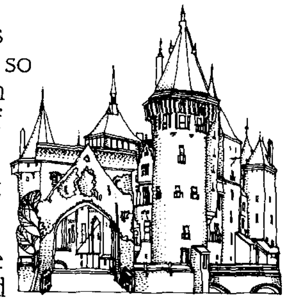

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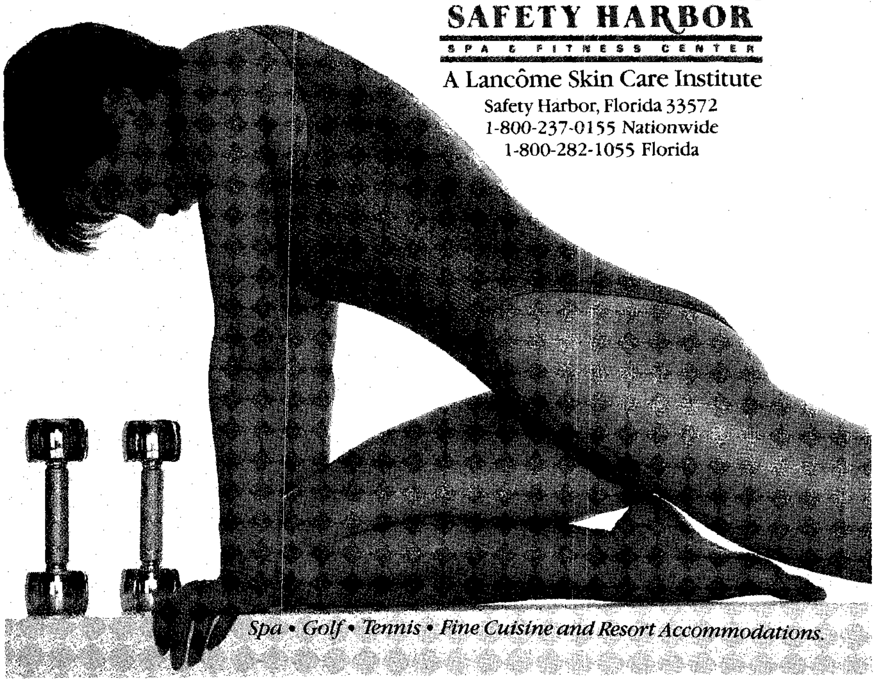
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been encouraged by a slight EEG change that the doctors in charge believed was insignificant. Also, the plans for disconnecting the respirator—abruptly, at a prearranged time—struck the nurses as inappropriately well laid. Apparently, though, the main basis of the rebellion was that the nurses had grown attached to John Zeidman, the rare I.C.U. patient they could identify with, and they couldn't bear to see him die. "Tell your nurses this isn't their child, it's mine," Nancy Zeidman told the doctor who was in charge of the I.C.U. "And if I can let go they can let go." For a while, it appeared that the Zeidmans might have to go to court. Then the doctor in charge of the I.C.U. arrived at an understanding with the nurses, and the respirator was gradually withdrawn. On January 3, 1982, John Zeidman died.

Anne Thurston was still in Peking when she heard the news. "I feel as though I need time to mourn his death, to think about it," she wrote her husband a few days later. "Because I learned something from that experience, about Mr. and Mrs. Zeidman and parents' love for a child, about the young students who pulled together so well to see him and his parents through, about Chinese conceptions of the individual and of death. . . . In the end, knowing the extent of the brain damage he had suffered, I hope they all gave up the fight. Surely it is better that way. And a better battle has never been fought. It is seeming to me the longer I am here that the meaning of life is living up to its tragedies. John's death is tragedy writ large."

JOHN ZEIDMAN was buried on a bright, unusually mild January day. The Washington Hebrew Congregation was filled for the service. The eulogy that Philip Zeidman had written while John was in the John Hopkins intensive-care unit was read by John's uncle Rabbi Daniel Silver. I was a long eulogy—the last paragraph began, "If John were here now, h would be tugging not so gently at my coattails and whispering not so quietly, 'Enough, Dad, enough.' " It wa filled with quotations—from the tape John had made in China, from tribute others had written after his illness and even from a letter Philip Zeidma himself had written just after arrivin in China. In that letter, he had tried t explain to family and friends that h and his wife were not resentful abou John's having gone to China. "Pe haps we are as willing to accept what life has dealt John, and us, because these few hours have driven home to us what we grasped intellectually but did not fully appreciate emotionally until we arrived here: the importance of these few months in John's life," he had written. "The extraordinary nature of these months for John makes this tragedy especially poignant, of course. We have the sense that a flower has been uprooted at the very instant it was turning to the sun and opening its petals to bloom. But we are steadfastly determined to remember that John was doing exactly what he wanted to do, that they were the happiest days of his life. We want you all to remember that, as a shining candle in this awful darkness."

JUST how much resentment Philip and Nancy Zeidman felt about their son's experience in China was bound to be of some interest to the Chinese government. In the era of Chinese-American cultural exchanges and economic coöperation that had begun in the early seventies, John Zeidman was the first American student to fall ill in China and die. By chance, his father was a man of remarkable energy and a lawyer with some influence in the capital of the United States; the Chinese could not be certain how those considerable resources were going to be used. In such a situation, after all, there were any number of understandable ways for parents to act. The parents of John Zeidman might have responded to his illness and death with pure anger—blaming China publicly for being less than candid about a serious health risk, lobbying against any program that put other Americans in such peril. They might have responded by bringing a lawsuit. The thought of legal action had crossed Philip Zeidman's mind, in fact, but he never seriously pursued it—partly because it just seemed inappropriate. ("John would have said, 'You can do it, but don't use my name.' ") The Zeidmans did have some bitter feelings toward China, but those were outweighed by the realization that John had loved it. In his eulogy to John, Philip Zeidman had announced his intention of working oward making the Japanese B vaccine available in the United States and of establishing as a memorial to John a program that would "encourage other nterprising young Americans to acquaint themselves with the Chinese anguage and culture, as John did; to

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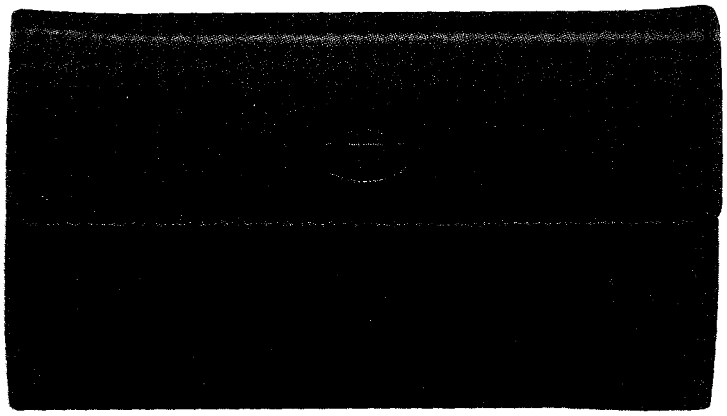

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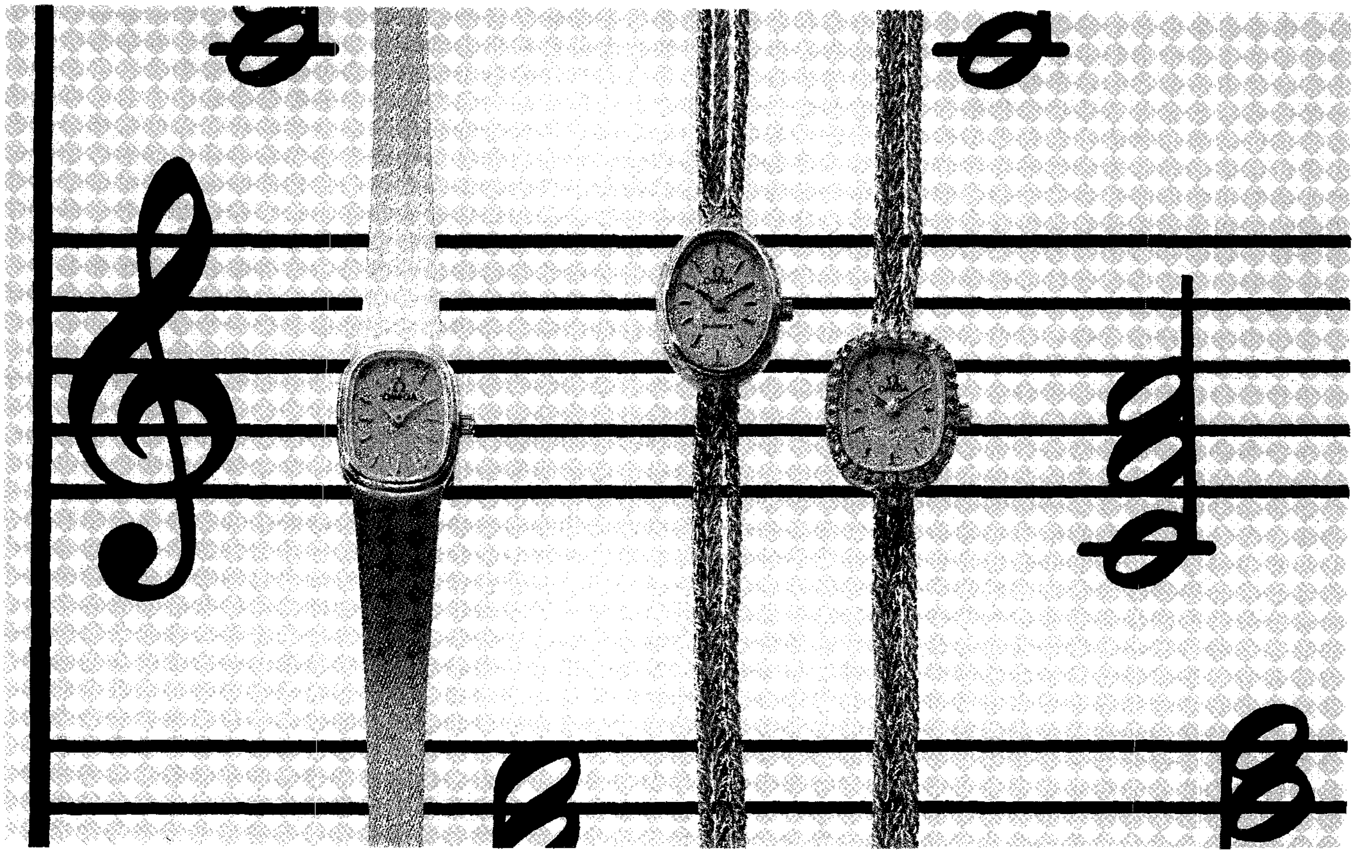

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The bitter memories that remained part of the Zeidmans' impressions of China were just about blotted out by an episode that began a few weeks after John's funeral. Nancy Zeidman, while reading the Outlook section of the Washington *Post* one Sunday morning, came upon an article headlined "THE LESSONS OF AN AMERICAN'S DEATH." The death being discussed was John Zeidman's. The author—David Finkelstein, who had been a China specialist for the Ford Foundation—said that even though John Zeidman was a young man who had died "mourned only by his family and friends" his death "may have a deeper significance." According to Finkelstein, the circumstances of John's death demonstrated that China, however it had been romanticized in America, was still a rather primitive Third World country with a controlled press and filthy hospitals and a government so defensive about the society's inadequacies that it had tried to prevent the Zeidmans from providing John with American medical help.

The Zeidmans found out that they were not beyond rage. Discovering that someone they had never heard of had used the death of their son to bolster a political position on China infuriated them. The *Post* agreed to run a reply, and the following week a piece headlined "THE LESSON OF AN AMERICAN'S LIFE," by Philip Zeidman, appeared in the same space. It argued that Finkelstein had drawn a lesson that was "fundamentally at odds with the message of John Zeidman's death—and, more important, of his life." John had died not of inadequate care but of viral encephalitis, Philip Zeidman wrote, and specialists had confirmed that he would have died of it even if, by some miracle, he had been whisked immediately to Johns Hopkins. Zeidman said that the Chinese had, within the limits of their resources, treated his son with skill and dedication and love; the officials, far from being obdurate and defensive, had welcomed American doctors and cut red tape to make the medical evacuation possible. Quoting from John's letters ("I found a hotel that I could stay at for less than 50¢ a night. That's if I don't mind sharing the bed") and from a piece that Finkelstein had previously published in *The*

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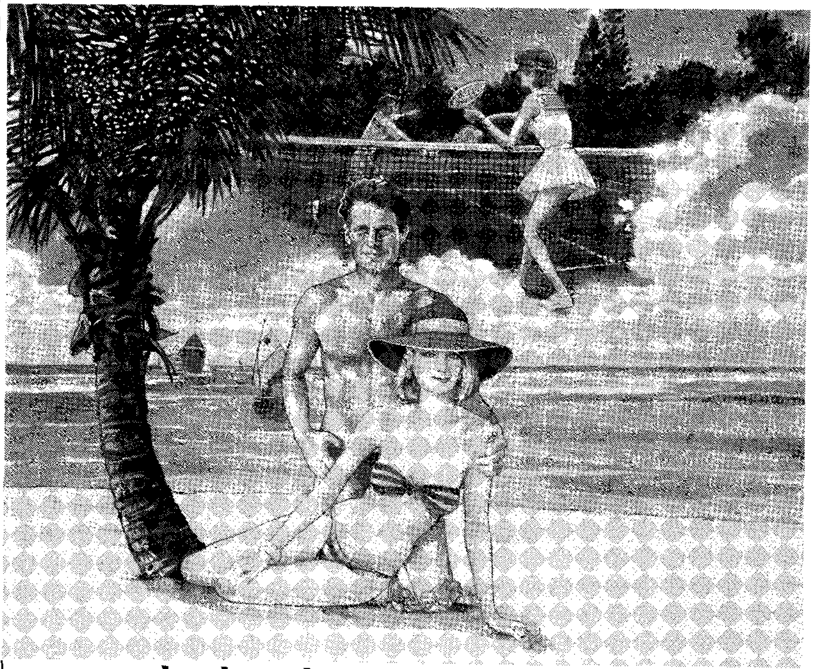

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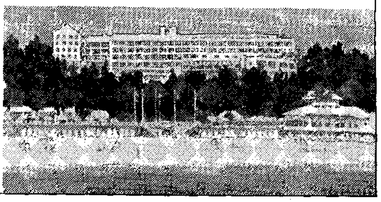

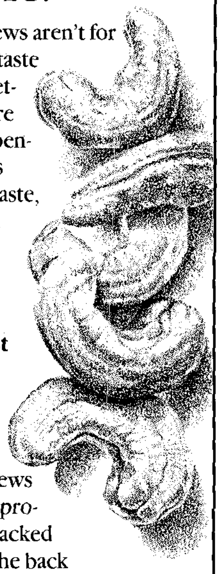

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New Yorker, a piece maintaining that China was a backward and essentially closed society, Zeidman said, "A closed society is likelier to open to some people than to others." Even Finkelstein's line about John's having been mourned only by his family and friends seemed to strike Phil Zeidman as a way of trivializing his son's death. John's funeral, he wrote, had been attended by eight hundred people.

As a dramatic reflection of a father's hurt and rage, Zeidman's *Post* article was an effective piece of writing. It was reprinted by a number of publications—including the *People's Daily* of Peking. The Chinese were obviously gratified by what John Zeidman's father had to say. They obviously had reason to draw their own lesson from John Zeidman's death. In retrospect, it seems that the publication of Philip Zeidman's article in the Washington *Post* marked the time when the Chinese began to recognize the potential of John Zeidman as a symbol of the friendship of Chinese and American people.

IN arguing that Finkelstein had identified the wrong villains in the story of John's death, Philip Zeidman wrote, "He died because he had not been protected against the disease at the outset." By the time of the exchange in the *Post*, Zeidman was deeply involved in trying to make a vaccine available in the United States. He had written to people in the drug industry. He had written to congressmen he knew to have an interest in health legislation. He had made inquiries to other Western countries whose citizens regularly travelled to China. He had met with officials of the Department of Health and Human Services. A vaccine against Japanese B viral encephalitis, he found, fell into a category of pharmaceuticals similar to what have become known in recent years as "orphan drugs"—medicines that aren't used in sufficient quantities for drug companies to justify the cost of bringing them to the market. A vaccine was already being manufactured in Osaka, Japan—Zeidman, accompanied by a Japanese client who is also a close friend of the family, had gone there to check on it—and the best way of making it available in the United States appeared to be through a Centers for Disease Control program that would provide the vaccine within the context of studying its safety and efficacy. Qualifying for that program required documentation demonstrating,

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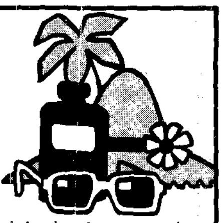

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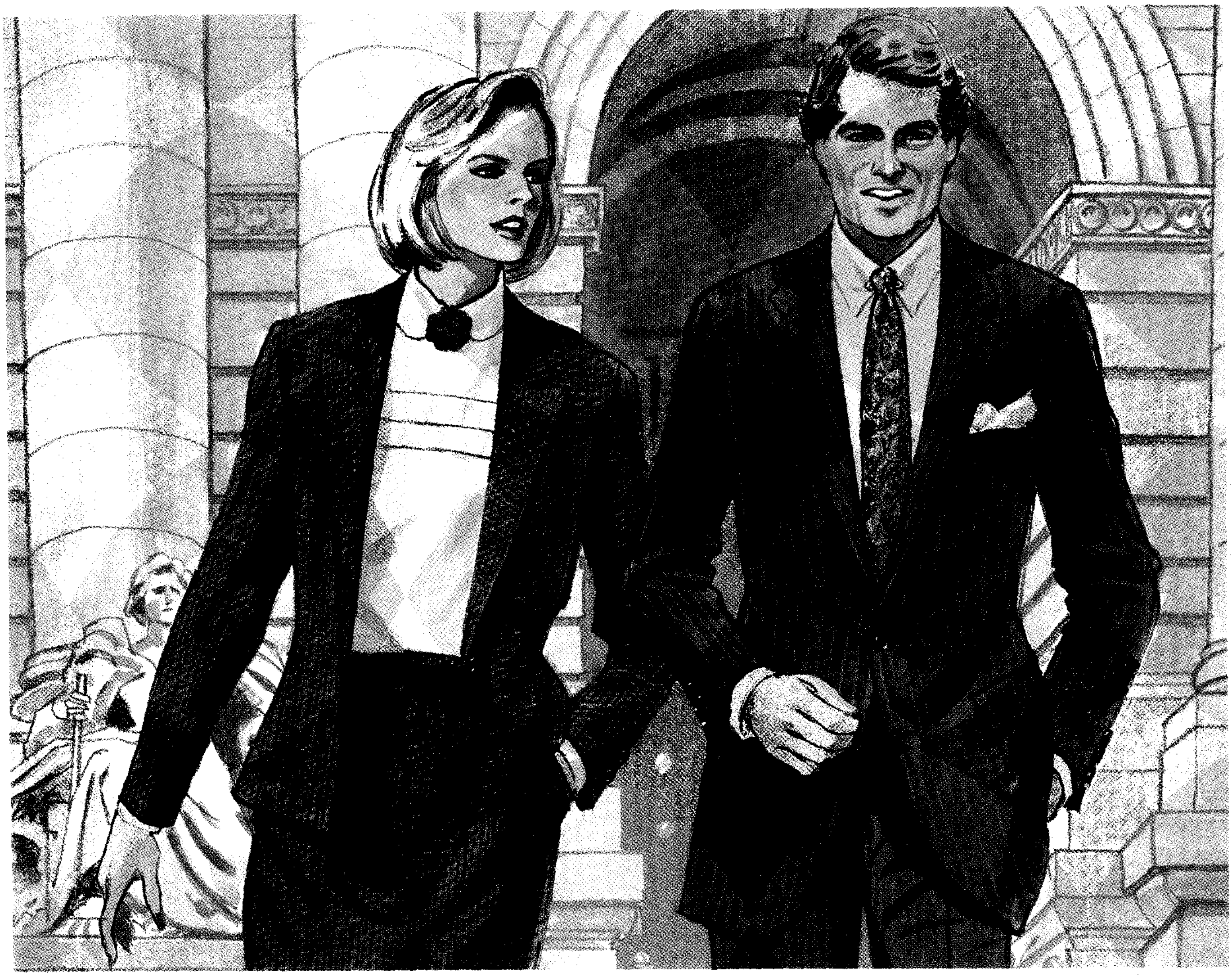

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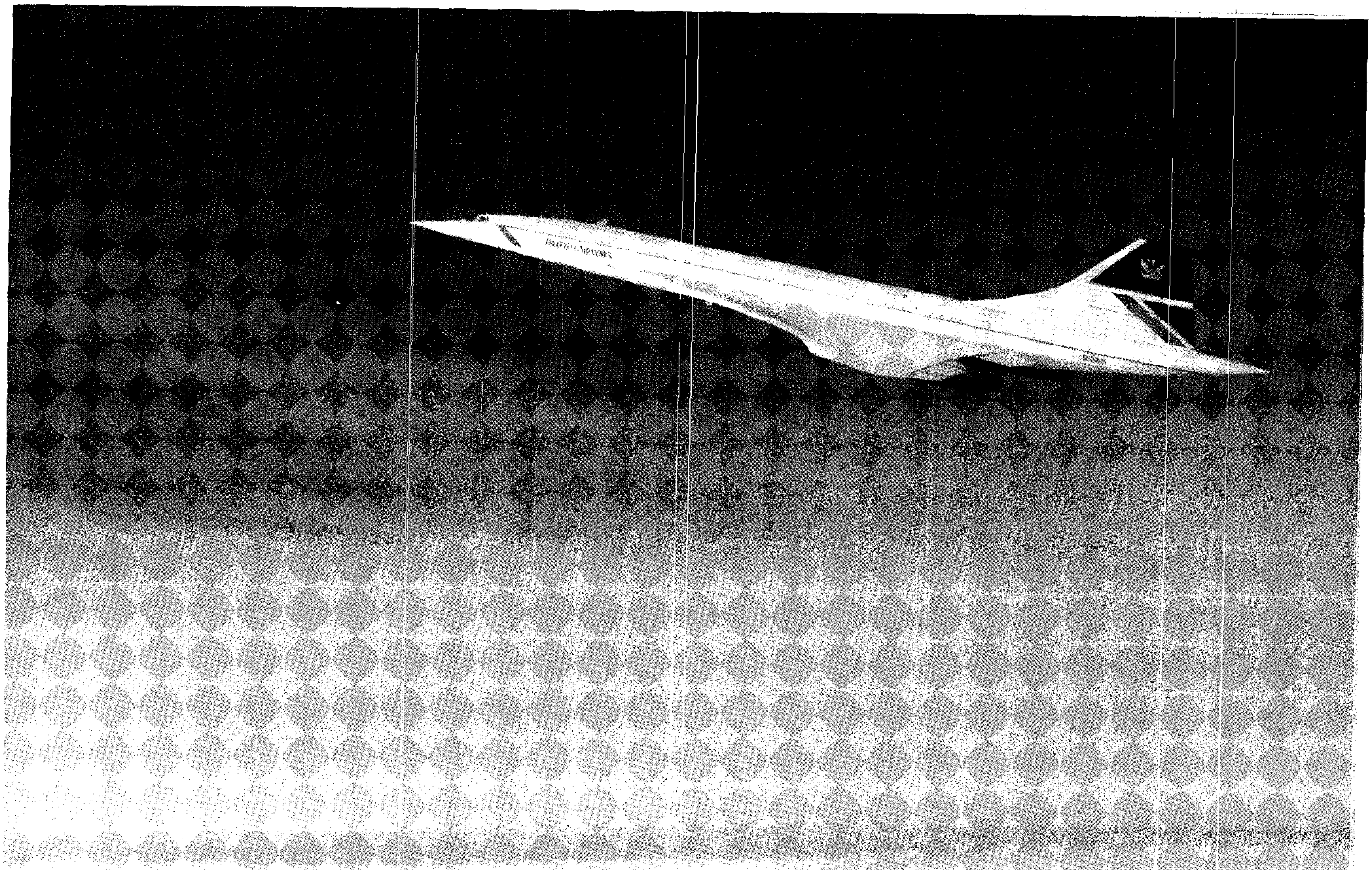

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basically, that the vaccine had already been found safe and efficacious. Such documentation existed, but the Health and Human Services people seemed to have difficulty prying it out of the Japanese laboratory. When Phil Zeidman was told about the delay, he asked his Japanese client—whose company owns, among other things, several hundred Mister Donut shops in Japan—to talk to the head of the Osaka laboratory about expediting the flow of documents, and he almost immediately received a response from his client's translator that must be unique in the annals of pharmaceutical research: "Today, I visited him again with three boxes (30 d) of donuts and a Mister Donut gift set (coffee and cups)." The documents were sent. In the summer of 1982, seven months after John Zeidman's death, the Vaccine Committee of the Public Health Service decided that, under a research status called Investigational New Drug, the vaccine from Osaka could be made available to Americans travelling to China.

In that period, Philip Zeidman's energies seemed focussed on his son almost as intensely as they had been when John lay in the hospital. At times, Zeidman answered the most routine letters about John's death, often enclosing a copy of the eulogy in his reply. He worked furiously to establish a memorial program in Chinese studes. It had been decided that the program would be at Sidwell Friends—a Chinese-history course, language courses that would be available to students from other Washington-area high schools, and an annual lecture by a prominent China scholar. A lot of questions got written down on Phil Zeidman's yellow legal pads. Who would know the best people to have on he advisory committee? Who would e the best person to deliver the inaugural lecture? Who knew him? Who ould recommend a likely director? Who might be interested in contributing money? Zeidman cast his net toward his government contacts and his olitical contacts and his law-firm ontacts and his franchise-industry ontacts and his personal contacts. A ot of money—a good deal of it hamurger money and doughnut money nd ice-cream money—began to flow oward Sidwell Friends. Phil Zeidman wrote the contributors thank-you otes, and answered the answers. Once I had decided that the Chinese tudies Program was the thing to do, became possible to sublimate every-

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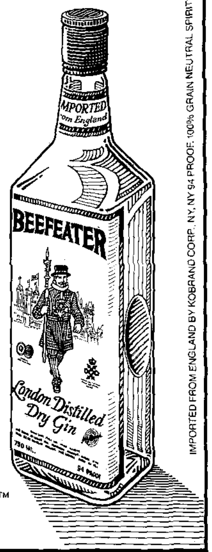

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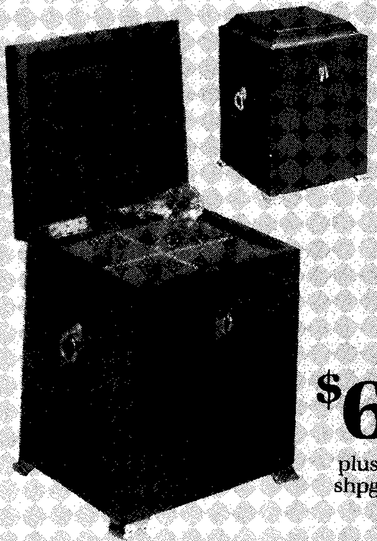

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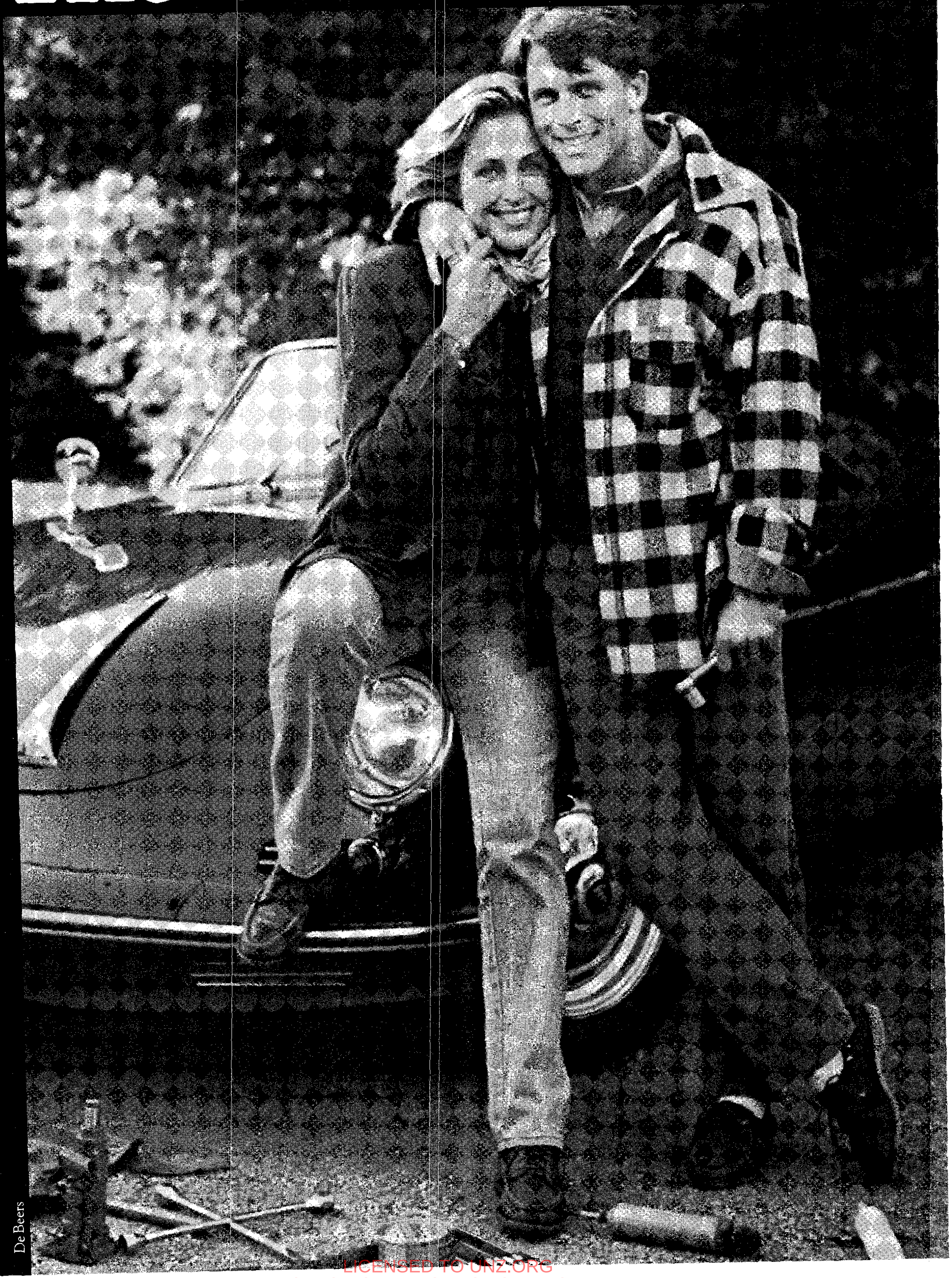

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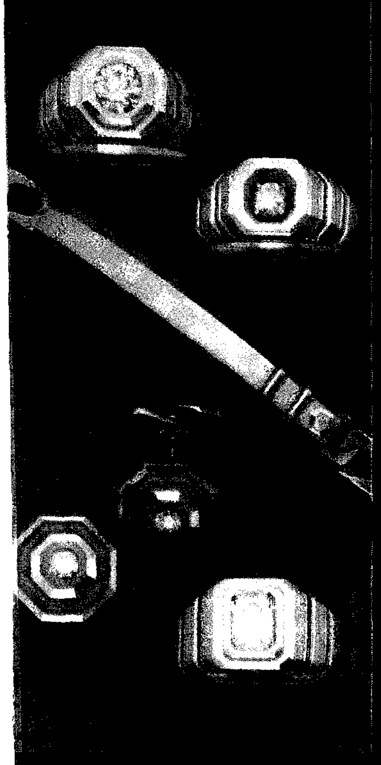

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thing else to doing it," he said recently. It was not simply that Zeidman was coping with his son's death through a flurry of activity. He remembers that in the days when John lay in a coma at Hopkins Bill Wendt had said something that was particularly helpful: "He doesn't have to be forgotten. You can continue his life in a meaningful way by doing something that would be meaningful."

The Sidwell administrators tried to understand what was fuelling the pace that Zeidman had set for himself ("After all, this program is going to define his son for him"), but they didn't always find the pace easy to accommodate. In discussing the program, he sometimes took the role of a parent—a high-powered-Washington-attorney sort of parent—who was constantly impatient about his child's academic progress. Zeidman was impatient for the program to become bigger and better, and better known. The Sidwell people wanted it to grow organically, and they were concerned about the possibility that, in size and attention, it could get out of proportion to the school's other programs. "We spent an intense year with Phil in 1982-83," one of the Sidwell administrators said not long ago. "Whatever we did, Phil thought it wasn't enough."

Zeidman found it even more difficult to engage his wife in the sort of aspirations he had for the Chinese Studies Program. Looking back on those days, he has said, "It was very difficult for me to understand at that time, as I now understand, that the fact that I was compelled and motivated and almost exhilarated—just as I was almost exhilarated in China at the triumph of getting a plane or a valve—didn't mean that these things exhilarated her." Nancy Zeidman figured that it would take all the energy she had to pull her family through, and that's what she intended to use it for. There was nothing about her grief that could be expressed on a yellow legal pad. Looking back on it now, Phil Zeidman regrets that he couldn't leave his wife to her private grief—"I didn't really understand at the time that people grieve at their own pace, in their own way," he says—but they both realize that his way of coping with John's death was bound to involve action. "In a way, it was very selfish," he says of his frenzied activity in those months after the funeral, when he was searching for means of making the vaccine available and getting the Chinese Studies Program established. "It made me think I was doing something constructive."

He was, of course, doing something constructive. By the time the first John Fisher Zeidman memorial lecture was given at Sidwell Friends, in the spring of 1983, the endowment for the program stood at more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. An advisory committee of impressive names was in place. A full-time director had been hired. The inaugural lecture was being delivered by John King Fairbank, the dean of American China scholars. The Chinese Studies Program pledged at John Zeidman's funeral had been established—a tribute to Philip Zeidman's persistence or to Chinese-American friendship, or maybe to the fact that John Zeidman turned out to have had an aptitude for languages after all.

IN the view of the People's Republic of China, the Sidwell program was a tribute to Chinese-American friendship. The Embassy in Washington had been helpful from the start—donating books, sending representatives to Sidwell events. At the end of 1983—at the time Washington was preparing for an official visit by the Premier of China, Zhao Ziyang—the Chinese demonstrated their interest in a way that astonished everyone involved. The Premier's schedule in Washington, it was announced, would include, in addition to meetings at the White House and in Congress and at the National Council for United States–China Trade, a visit to the Chinese Studies Program at John Zeidman's school. There was intensive preparation at Sidwell Friends. An assembly was planned. A gift—a photograph of the Lincoln Memorial statue—was selected. Walk-throughs with the Secret Service were held. On the evening before the visit, snow began to fall, and Sidwell maintenance men worked through the night to keep the driveway clear. Early the next morning, it appeared that their efforts had been in vain: the State Department said the visit would have to be cancelled, because the driving conditions had increased the time that had to be allowed to get the Premier's party to a meeting at the House of Representatives. That afternoon, the Chinese Embassy announced that the Premier insisted on visiting Sidwell, and had cancelled a formal farewell ceremony with Secretary of State George Shultz the following morning to make that possi-

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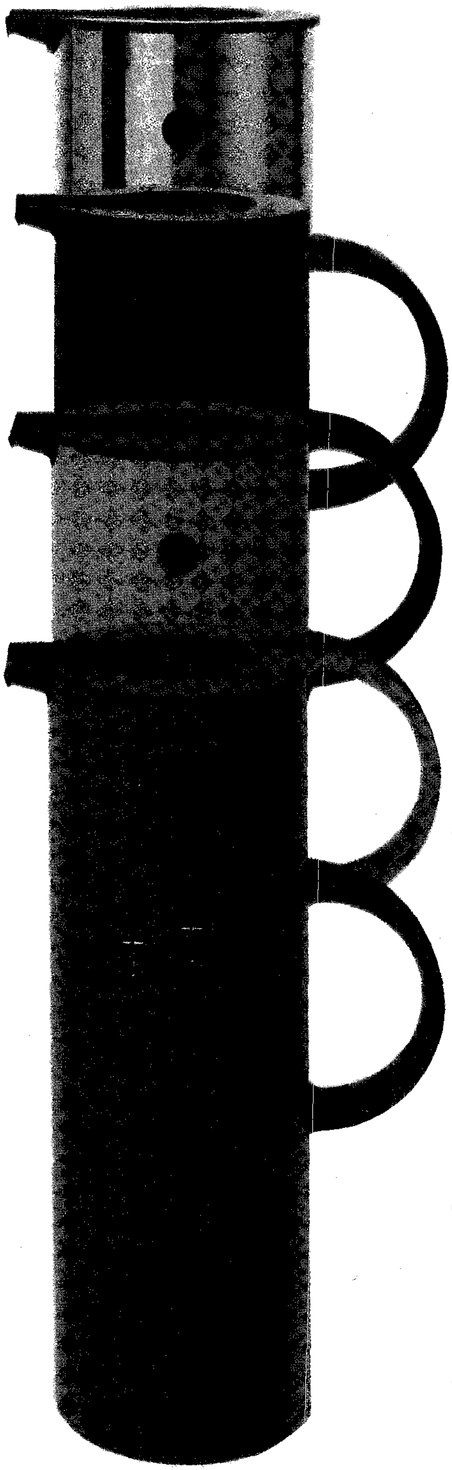

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ble. The next morning, he was there, in Chinese class, assuring the students that their accents were better than his and telling them that they should visit him in Peking. "We thought it was an 'If you're ever over there, look me up' sort of thing," Lucia Pierce, the director of the Chinese Studies Program, said later. "The next day, the Embassy called and said, 'When do you want to come over and start planning your trip?' "

In the summer of 1984, twenty students from the Chinese Studies Program, accompanied by seven adults, went to the People's Republic of China as guests of the Premier of China. The Zeidman family had been invited, but Philip and Nancy Zeidman didn't think they could face going back to China so soon. The one member of the family who went was Jennifer Zeidman, then just completing her junior year at Sidwell. Jennifer's parents tried to prepare her for the sort of attention she was likely to get as the sister of Zei-da-man, but the attention, it turned out, was far more intense than they could have predicted. By then, the Chinese government had made John a full-blown hero of the new era in Chinese-American relations. The American government seemed to have gone along with that idea: a couple of months before the Sidwell party arrived, Ronald Reagan had ended a speech in the Great Hall of the People in Peking by telling the story of John Zeidman and the Sidwell program and the Premier's visit. The Sidwell tour was on the television news in China virtually every night. There were constant banquets and constant toasts. There were constant questions from reporters and television crews. There was a visit to John's old dormitory room, which had been made into what amounted to a small shrine.

Jennifer burst into tears when she was led into John's room, but the adults on the tour reported that in general she had managed remarkably well under the pressure of constant attention. In the essay required for one of her college applications, Jennifer wrote about the trip. She said that it seemed odd to have her big brother treated as a hero, because he hadn't actually done anything heroic, and even odder to be treated as a celebrity just because she was Zei-da-man's sister. She said that she understood the political motivation behind the trip but that she had been impressed by the genuine, warm hospitality. She said that, all in all, it was easy to be cynical but that she had decided not to be. The college application was to Duke, where she had first gone as a weekend visitor when her brother was a Duke sophomore, and where, largely through the initiative of a dean who had known John as an undergraduate, an annual John Zeidman Memorial Colloquium in Communications had been established. Her application was successful. Jennifer was also accepted at Yale, but Duke was where she decided to go.

Philip and Nancy Zeidman were proud of the way Jennifer handled the role thrust upon her in China. They had obviously been concerned about letting her make the trip. They had worried about the emotional pressure on her. Even though they knew that there was no rational reason to worry about her physical well-being, they had worried about her physical well-being. But she had very much wanted to go, and, Philip Zeidman said not long ago, "we concluded that the only thing worse than her going was her not going." Before she left, she had a couple of shots—vaccine from a laboratory in Osaka—to inoculate her against the Japanese B strain of viral encephalitis.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Today's fun stunt is somewhat like the sorting of handset type by printers. As most boys and girls know, every time a printer has finished using some handset type he sorts the individual letters back into their proper places in his type case.

Our stunt doesn't use a type case exactly like a printer's; actually two empty egg cartons are used and inshead of indivadual pieces of tRPe,smahl 'ieces of cardboard are employed. Furthermore, our stunt uses only 24 letters of the alphabet because the two cartons have only 24 compartments; whereas, of course, a printer uses all 26 letters, plus punctuation marks, numerals, etc.

To prepare for our game, place the two egg cartons together as in Figure 1 and print a letter of the alphabet above each compartment. Next, cut up 240 pieces of can'bNard oneAhalf inch square, and on them print letters of the alphabet from "A" to "X." Print 10 squares for each letter—that is, 10 "A" cards, 10 "B" car;s and so on.

Mix up the 240 let4ers and at a signal the first player places the letters in theirpro0Jrvt 'y+ I(k+W&!

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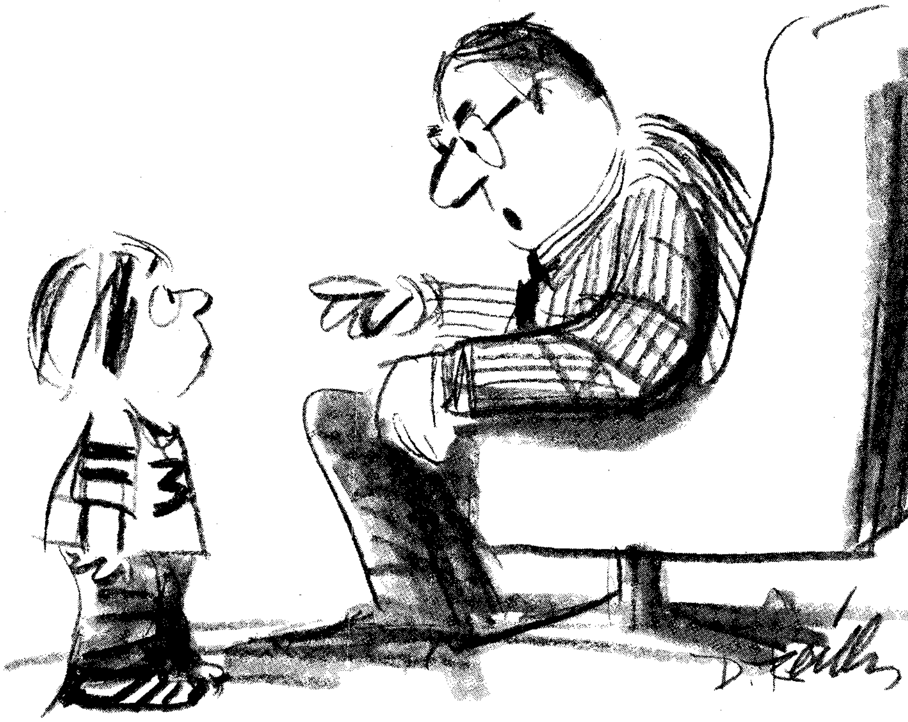
AROUND CITY HALL

HEADS

THE *Daily News* was pleased with its headline "KOTCHA" above a large front-page picture of a jubilant Edward Koch the morning after the Mayor's big victory in the recent Democratic primary, in which he took sixty-four per cent of the vote. There will be a general election in November, but since there are more than five times as many registered Democrats as Republicans in the city the primary results meant that it seemed safe to treat a Koch third term as a virtual certainty. The *News* is not a paper to underestimate the importance of headlines. Its hundred-and-forty-four-point message "FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD," in October, 1975, was widely credited with having been a factor in Jimmy Carter's defeat of Gerald Ford the following year, when New York State's electoral votes provided Carter's margin of victory. To complaints from the Ford White House a week before the election that the President had not in fact used the words "Drop dead" in his 1975 speech, which dealt with possible federal aid to New York that would save the city from bankruptcy, the *News* insisted that what had appeared on its front page was "a fair and accurate headline summation of the tenor of his remarks." After the 1976 election, James Buckley, then a United States senator from New York, in trying to explain the loss of his senate seat to the Democrat Daniel Patrick Moynihan, said that he had got "wrapped into that *Daily News* headline."

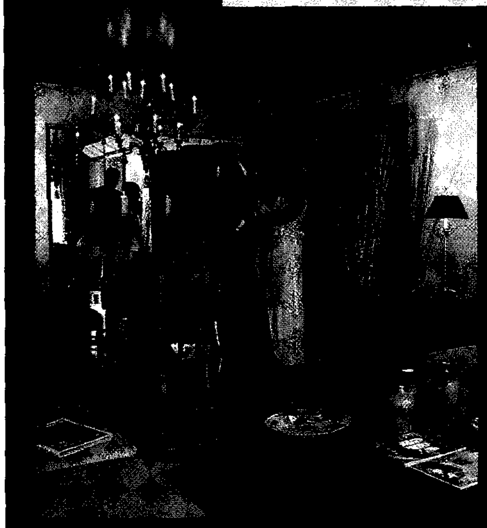
The day after the *News's* "KOTCHA" headline appeared, that paper's tabloid rival, the *Post*, happily pointed out that it was merely a variation on the *Post* headline after the Mayor's big victory in the 1981 general election—"KOCH-YA!"—and ran side-by-side pictures of both front pages. The *Post* is, of course, celebrated for its eye-catching and often breath-catching headlines, such as the one at the height of the Lebanese hostage crisis last June—"TERRORISTS ZERO IN ON N.Y." The supporting evidence for this alarming prospect, readers learned from the text of the accompanying news account, was a remark made sometime earlier by nameless Sikh visitors to Alabama. Although headlines reporting imminent attacks by killer bees were reputed to be specialties of Murdoch papers elsewhere, the possibility of such an invasion here did not make the *Post* front page last summer, even though a swarm of such bees was discovered as close to the city as Oswego, in upstate New York. The *Post* headline that is most often included in unfriendly accounts of the paper's sensationalist approach to current events is "HEADLESS BODY IN TOPLESS BAR," but in this case the *Post* may be receiving less journalistic credit than it deserves. The headline dealt with a crime committed in Queens, the least urban of New York's larger boroughs, which Jimmy Breslin, the *News* columnist, once described as "a large slice of Ohio dropped inside the city limits." The details of the crime do not fit in with the version of life in Queens which its residents often offer at City Hall, where they regularly turn up to urge the Mayor to pay more attention to the borough of real people, of Middle Americans, of solid citizens, who they believe are constantly being slighted in favor of the glittery types and weirdos of Manhattan. (Apparently, they were satisfied with his response: in the primary, Queens gave Koch seventy-one per cent of its vote. He received his lowest total, fifty-four per cent, in Manhattan, his home borough.) The "topless bar" in the *Post* headline was Herbie's Bar, on Jamaica Avenue, in Queens, where the entertainment did on occasion include performers unclothed above the waist. At about 8 P.M. on April 13, 1983, a man named Charles Dingle began drinking in the bar, eventually became abusive, and, when the owner, Herbie Cummings, asked him to leave, shot Cummings in the head and tied up the other patrons. It then occurred to Dingle that someone should help him cut off Cummings' head, and, propitiously—in a sense—he discovered in the purse of one of the tied-up women a card identifying her as an undertaker, which, he correctly concluded, qualified her for performing the desired surgery. When Dingle was arrested, early the following morning, sleeping in a stolen cab across the river in Manhattan, the head was in a cardboard box on the seat beside him. *Post* editors can surely argue that theirs was more than "a fair and accurate headline summation of the tenor" of what had happened; what he had in fact left behind him in Queens was a headless body in a topless bar.



"Now that you're six, son, I'm putting you in charge of your own childhood."

THE *Post* headline on the morning after the primary was also entirely accurate. Taking up most of its front page was a huge score sheet with large winners' check marks after the names "KOCH," "METS," and "YANKS," in that order, in celebration of the fact that not only the Mayor but the city's two baseball teams had emerged victorious. The Mets' defeat of the St. Louis Cardinals had moved them into first place in their division, the National League East, and the Yanks' eleventh straight win, this time over the Milwaukee Brewers, had put them only a game and a half out of first place in the American League East. The only question that might have been raised was over the order of presentation. After all, the Mayor's defeat of his hapless opponents was no surprise, but the local teams' victories meant that heavy talk of a subway Series could begin, against a background of happy old-timers' recollections of the glory days. The Mets, whose first year was 1962, have never played against the Yanks in a World Series, but in seven of the eleven years from 1947 to 1957, which was the last year here for the Giants and the Dodgers, baseball's final games were between two New York teams. "FEVER RISES: METS FIRST, YANKS GAINING" was the *Times* message on its front page two days after it reported the primary results. "It is my belief that in the interest of returning the World Series to New York, its rightful place, President Reagan should ask the Cardinals and Blue Jays and other teams to step aside," the patron of a Hudson Street bar solemnly told William Geist, the *Times* reporter. On the same day, the *Post*, treating the prospective all-New York event as a fait accompli, pretended to cover the Series, complete with lineups and the prediction that the Mets would take it in seven. Also that day, casting about among the dozen or so available photo opportunities with the Mayor, the *Post* settled for a picture of Koch—who has no interest in sports—hugging two children, one said to be a Mets fan, the other a Yankee fan. Later that week, after the big baseball event in Cincinnati where Pete Rose surpassed Ty Cobb's lifetime-hit record, the headline over a *News* interview with Koch was "THE PETE ROSE OF CITY HALL."

Within a few days after the primary, the possibility of a subway Series was looking less real. The Yankees lost eight games in a row and fell far behind the division-leading Toronto Blue Jays. Yankee fans did not react gracefully to this turn in their team's fortunes. During a Yankees–Blue Jays series here, New Yorkers booed during the singing of the Canadian national anthem ("O Canada! Our home and native land! True patriot-love in all thy sons command"). They booed



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again the next night, even though Yankee owner George Steinbrenner, whose own reaction to adversity has not always been graceful, had had an announcement read over the public-address system reminding the fans of how the Canadians had sheltered and helped to freedom a number of Americans during the Iranian hostage crisis. "THOSE ARROGANT NEW YORKERS" was the headline in the *Post*, reprinted from the Toronto *Star*, which had also printed the state's "I ♥ New York" slogan on its front page with the heart changed to "Hate." Thomas Niles, the United States Ambassador to Canada, apologized to the Canadians for the Yankee fans' behavior, assuring them that "most Americans, indeed most New Yorkers" had been deeply offended by the episode. This international incident came at a particularly inopportune time. The "I Love New York" theme has recently been replaced by "New York Loves You," in the hope of attracting more industry and promoting tourism. To help the program along, the Association for a Better New York has launched a series of seminars—with such supplementary workbooks as "Skills That Show Visitors New York Loves You"—that are designed to train cabdrivers, hotel workers, bank personnel, and the like in treating out-of-towners with at least minimal civility. So far, the regulars at Yankee Stadium have not been included. But as it began to look increasingly unlikely that any postseason games would be played on Yankee turf, in the Bronx, the chances remained good that Series fans would be thronging to the Mets' headquarters, at Shea Stadium, in Queens. Though the Mets had dropped out of first place in their division, they were only a couple of games or so behind the Cardinals. The Mets haven't made it to the Series since 1973, and have won that contest only once—in 1969, when the resulting local euphoria, in the judgment of many New Yorkers, including the incumbent mayor, John Lindsay, helped elect Lindsay, then a Republican, to a second term. This year, "¡LET'S GO METS!" was the front-page headline in the local Spanish-language daily *Noticias Del Mundo;* apparently, in this case, English said it best. Even at the headquarters of the various candidates on Primary Night, there was a steady chant of "Let's Go Mets," with most of the television sets tuned not to the election returns but to the Mets game. David Garth, Koch's media adviser, for example, was watching the Mets.

Part of the Imperial Ballroom at the Sheraton Centre, which was Koch's victory headquarters, had been partitioned off, in accordance with what is known as the Garth Effect: scheduling his clients' events in relatively small spaces, so that the crowd looks larger. Even so, those who turned up to celebrate with the Mayor seemed to have plenty of room. After all, everybody had known how it would come out. At the headquarters of Carol Bellamy, the president of the City Council, who if she had won the primary might have been elected the city's first woman mayor (instead, she got only nineteen per cent of the vote), the mood of the gathering was, as the *Times* reported, "surprisingly upbeat," despite the Mayor's reference a few days earlier to Miss Bellamy and "the despair that she must be feeling" over the bad news from the political polls. Many of those on hand wore white baseball caps that said "CAROL BELLAMY ELECTION DAY TEAM," which had been contributed by some of her union supporters. During the campaign, the forty-three-year-old City Council President fre-

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HYATT HOTE

quently mentioned that she had never lost an election. Now she reminded the crowd, "You can't always bat a thousand."

At the headquarters of Manhattan Assemblyman Herman (Denny) Farrell, who had campaigned as the candidate who had a chance to become the city's first black mayor but who took only thirteen per cent of the vote, not much was going on. Leaders of local minority groups had agreed that they had to unite behind a single credible black or Hispanic candidate in order to have any chance of defeating Koch, and a coalition of blacks had been prepared to designate Herman Badillo, the first Puerto Rican member of Congress, in a demonstration of the Rainbow Coalition that the Reverend Jesse Jackson had urged as the political answer for blacks and other minorities. Suddenly, last February, Farrell announced that he was running, and, with the support of prominent black leaders in Manhattan, he won the designation. Many blacks in other boroughs, and some in Manhattan, considered him a poor choice, however, and declined to work for his election. Some of them even suspected him of being in league with the Mayor, to split the anti-Koch vote—an impression that was reinforced after the primary when the Mayor announced that he was supporting Farrell for Manhattan's county Democratic leader, a post for which he had strongly opposed Farrell in the past. In any event, the minorities had lost any chance they might have had to increase their political leverage in any substantial way this year. At Farrell headquarters on Primary Night, a Farrell campaign worker said of those who had bothered to come, "You look around here—there's not one elected official here. It's embarrassing. I think this will set us back ten years. Black politics has been torn apart." The evening did bring one bright development for local blacks. On his third try, City Clerk David Dinkins was elected Manhattan borough president, and this meant that for the first time in eight years the city's powerful Board of Estimate, whose members are the mayor, the president of the City Council, the comptroller, and the five borough presidents, will include a black. (It will now have no woman member, however, Miss Bellamy having given up her post to make her unsuccessful mayoral race. The seven members besides Dinkins will all be white males, six of them Jewish and one an Italian-

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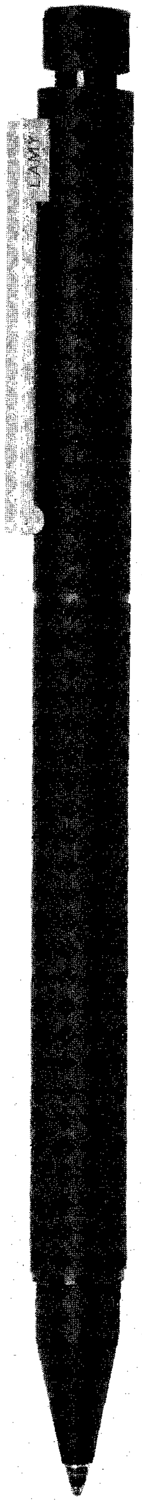
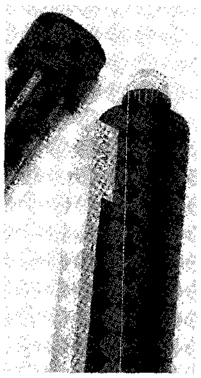
Author of
A SHADOW OF MY DAYS

American.) "My victory is the beginning of a new day in New York City," Dinkins said on Primary Night as the band broke into "Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now." At the Brooklyn headquarters of Assemblyman Albert Vann, the atmosphere was far less merry. Vann, whom some had hailed as the great black hope of New York politics, had run for borough president of Brooklyn and not only had lost to the incumbent, Howard Golden, but had come in a poor third, winning just twenty-two per cent of the vote. Second place had gone to State Senator Marty Markowitz, who had handed out thousands of baseball cards bearing his picture, urging his election as "A HOMERUN FOR BROOKLYN, AGAIN," and listing among his hobbies "Tenant's Rights." At the Vann headquarters on Primary Night, the band played the "M*A*S*H" theme music, "Suicide Is Painless."

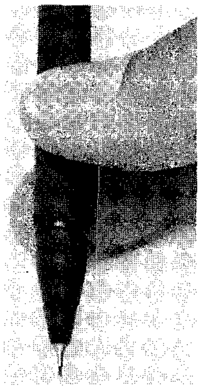
A WORLD SERIES will not be needed here to assure a Koch victory in this year's general election, although the day after the primary the Mayor acknowledged the happy symbiosis between political success and showy public events, and also indicated that he was not satisfied even with his smashing sixty-four per cent of the vote. Twenty-five thousand balloons and nearly half a ton of confetti were released, and three thousand members of high-school bands played songs celebrating the city—with heavy emphasis on "New York, New York"—as Koch presided over the dedication of the final phase of the South Street Seaport. Speaking of his triumph at the polls, the Mayor said, "Can you imagine what the size of the victory would have been?" if the event had taken place before the primary. After the returns were in, local commentaries and cartoons referred to him as "King Koch" (the royal motto was, of course, "How'm I Doin?"), but revisionist political statisticians have been at work on the primary numbers, pointing out that they did not quite add up to a coronation. In the past year, the Mayor often referred to the urgent need for a large turnout in the primary, explaining that in Democratic primaries only twenty-five per cent of the eligible voters ordinarily went to the polls and that these were usually "militants," "radicals," and "single-issue voters"—the kind of people who, he said, "don't like me." This point was also made in most of the million pieces of campaign literature the Koch forces sent out. Appar-





Eraser and pencil lead storage under the plunger. Spring loaded solid stainless steel clip.

Twin function mechanism combines a tungsten ball point and a gravity feed .05mm mechanical pencil.



Twisting the clip or barrel selects pencil or ball point.

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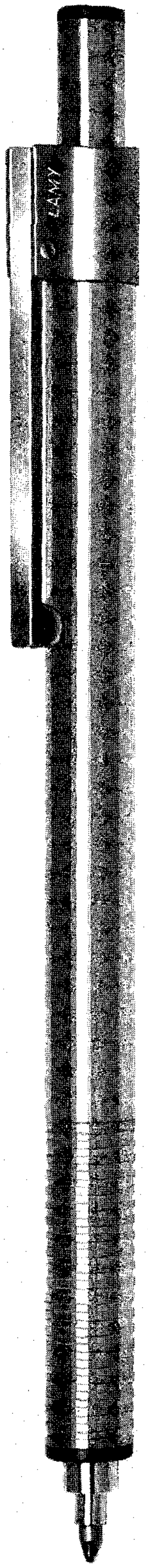
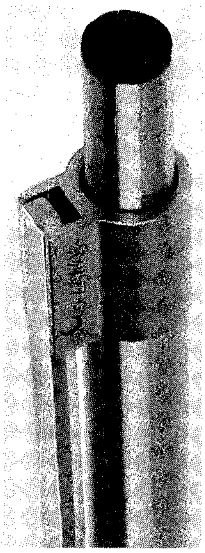
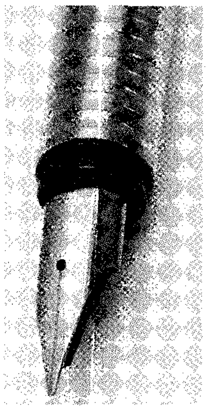




Spring loaded solid stainless steel axle action clip.



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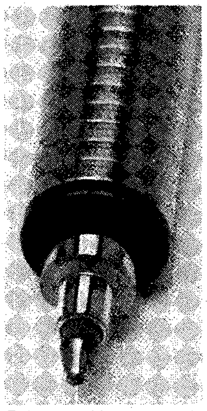

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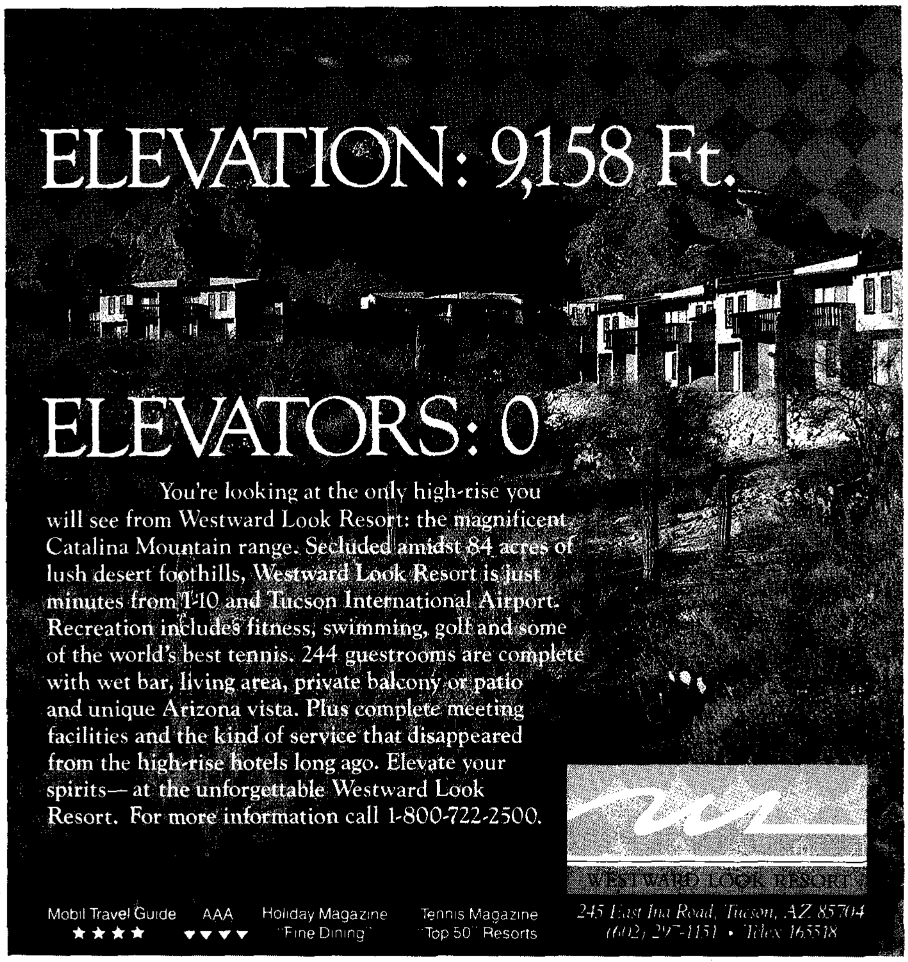
ently, the twenty-five-per-cent estimate for primary voters was somewhat freestyle. Certainly this was not the percentage in any mayoral race in which the Mayor himself had been a candidate. In 1977, the Democratic primary turnout was forty-eight per cent; he won. In 1981, it was thirty-two per cent, and he won again. In the 1982 gubernatorial primary, when forty-six per cent of those eligible voted, he lost. Nevertheless, on Primary Day the headline in the *Post* (which tends to take the Mayor's word for things) was "ED A SHOO-IN BARRING LOW TURNOUT." He was a shoo-in, but the turnout was among the lowest in memory—just under thirty-two per cent. Another statistic in need of revision was the impression that got around on Primary Night that the Mayor had taken the black vote by a large margin; some commentators even went on television to explain why this had happened. Such a result would have supported the Mayor's often expressed conviction that while black leaders were striking poses against him ordinary blacks were on his side. A statistic often cited, accurately, by Koch during the campaign—in a debate sponsored by *Newsday*, he referred to it three times—was that polls taken by both the *Times* and the *News* had shown he had more support among blacks than Miss Bellamy and Farrell combined. It has now disappeared from his daily litany. In the primary, he took only thirty-seven per cent of the black vote, and in all but two of the city's fourteen predominantly black Assembly districts the combined vote of those running against him was larger than his—sometimes by a wide margin.

During the campaign, the Mayor also stressed the need for a large turnout because it would give him a mandate for governing the city in the way he thought best, and the word "mandate" was heard recurrently in City Hall corridors in the days after the primary. "What Ed really wanted was to carry forty-nine states," one of his aides explained. In local terms, he almost accomplished that, taking all but four of the city's sixty Assembly districts. Above all, the impressive win represented vindication, considering the results of the last election he had run in: the gubernatorial primary in 1982, when in the race against Mario Cuomo he lost two boroughs—Manhattan and Staten Island—almost lost Queens, and came within a hair of losing the entire city, where he won



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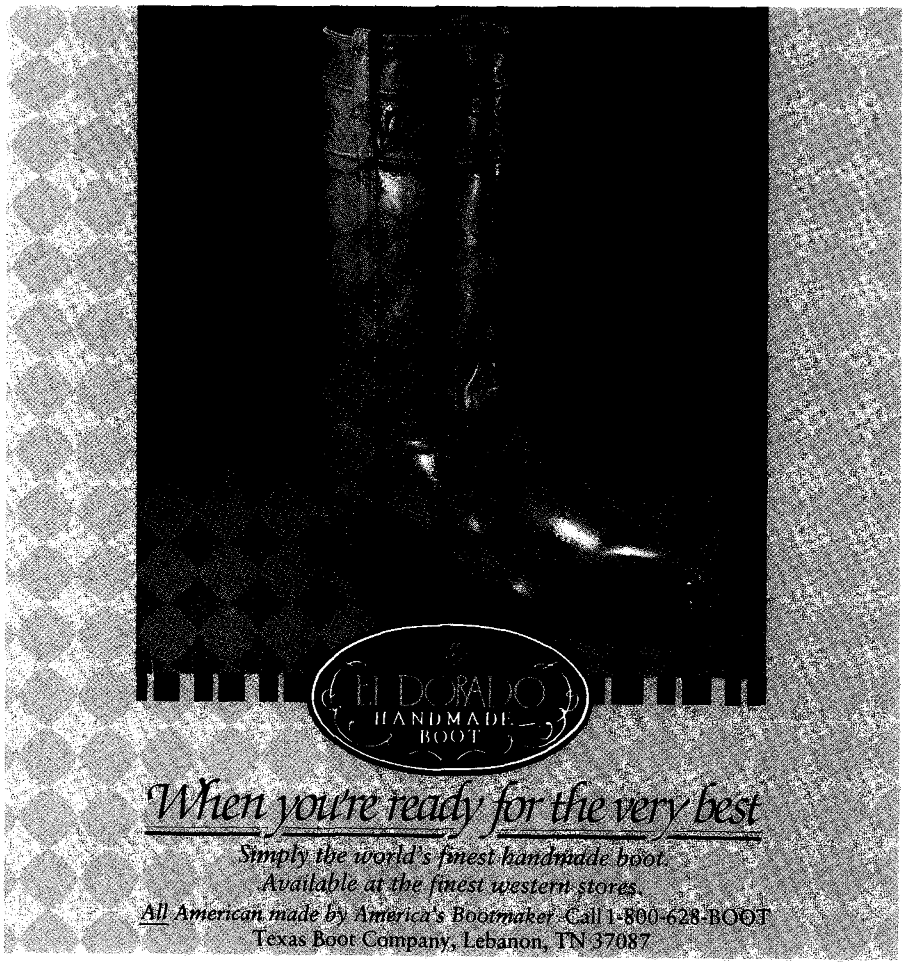

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with 50.3 per cent. The votes that vindicated him last month had a high price, however. In 1977, the seven primary contenders and the four candidates in the general election spent a combined total of six million dollars. When Koch emerged as the winner, he was called "the six-million-dollar man." In last month's primary, the Mayor, now truly the six-million-dollar man, spent that much on his campaign alone, and he expects the general election to cost at least half a million more. The price of each of Koch's four hundred and twenty-nine thousand votes was nearly fourteen dollars, or close to ten times what Ronald Reagan spent per vote to be reëlected President in 1984.

IN recent weeks, even some dedicated Koch allies have not objected to corrective stories suggesting that the Mayor's primary mandate did not mean that he was now free to do exactly as he pleased at City Hall. A few of his aides didn't even mind having it pointed out that, because of the low turnout, his mandate, impressive as it was, represented only twenty per cent of the enrolled Democrats and only thirteen per cent of the city's three and a third million enrolled voters, some of whom, voting on other lines, will be heard from in the coming general election. In this cautionary approach, these aides may have been recollecting how within a few weeks of his big win in 1981 he made what turned out to be the politically disastrous decision that while he was about it he might as well move on and take over the state government in Albany. That same month, angry at the United Nations over what he considered to be its bias against Israel, he called it "a cesspool" of immorality and cowardice, and indicated that it would be fine with him if it got out of town. "UN TELLS KOCH: 'WE'LL QUIT;' KOCH TO UN: 'SO GET OUT!' " was the *Post* headline on the matter. If the U.N. left New York, the Mayor said, "nobody would ever hear of it again." As an alternative site, he suggested Austria, "the birthplace of Hitler." "HEY ED, PIPE DOWN" was the *News's* headlined advice, and soon afterward the Mayor moved on to other municipal matters.

If the U.N. had followed Koch's suggestion and gone elsewhere, it would have put a crimp in the city's claim to be the capital of everything, and New York—not one of Ronald Reagan's favorite places—would also have seen less of the President. Rea-

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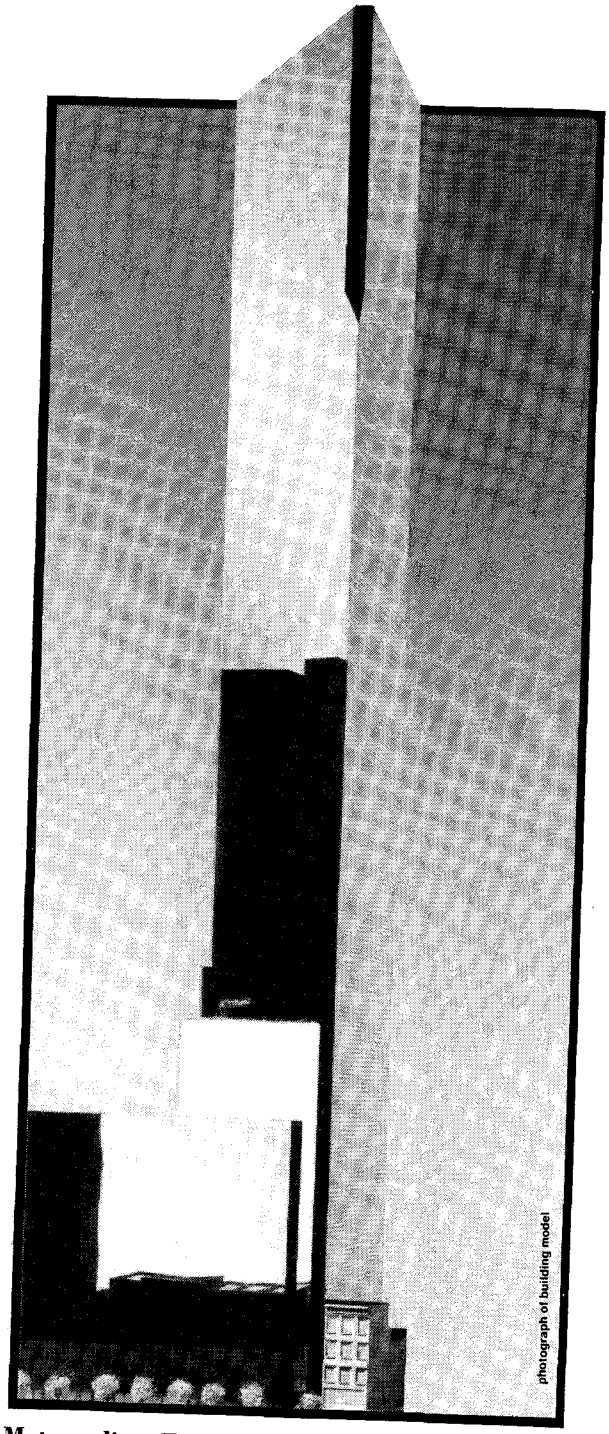

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gan's visits to the city have been relatively few, but his appearance later this month will be the fifth time he has come to address the U.N. His only other trip to New York this year was to receive an honorary degree from St. John's University, in Queens, and that visit coincided with Redmen fever—the fervent conviction of students at St. John's and of all residents of Queens that their basketball team, the Redmen, was going to win the N.C.A.A. championship. If the Mets should fail to reach the Series, it would not be the first disappointment this year involving Queens and the sports world. The borough is also home to the United States Tennis Association, in Flushing Meadow, where the U.S. Open is played, and where, last month, John McEnroe, a Queens boy, lost in the finals. If there was any doubt that sports is a serious business, it had been dispelled a week or so earlier when Kevin Curren, formerly of South Africa and very recently sworn in as an American citizen, reacted to his loss to Guy Forget, of France, on the Queens courts by saying, "I hate the city, the environment, and Flushing Meadow. . . . They should drop an A-bomb on the place." It was one of the few times during the mayoral race that the three major candidates were in rapport. Farrell said that South Africa was the place to bomb. Koch said that Curren "should get down on his hands and knees and thank God that he's here, not there." And Bellamy said, "We are in agreement. . . . The next time he opens his mouth he should put a tennis ball in it." When word of Curren's suggestion reached Chicago, it was too much even for the columnist Mike Royko, no New York booster. "I might have sympathy if he had been mugged . . . or exposed to a speech by Mayor Koch," he said. But "moaning . . . about the agonies of playing a tennis match in the borough of Queens?" Then, recalling the season when the Mets kept the Chicago Cubs out of the World Series, Royko concluded that nobody should say New York should be nuked "except maybe a Cubs fan who remembers 1969."

Though the Mets' chances to play in the Series remain alive, that other Queens team the St. John's Redmen eventually lost in the semifinals of the N.C.A.A. basketball championship. At the time of the President's visit, however, the crowd was full of people wearing T-shirts that said "WE'RE NUMBER ONE" (a few T-shirts said

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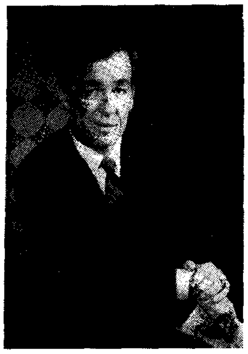

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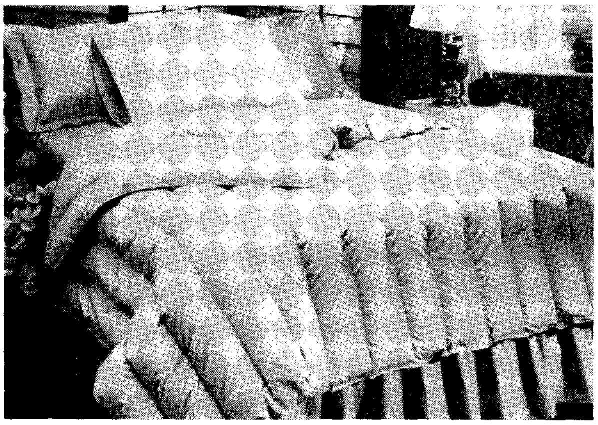

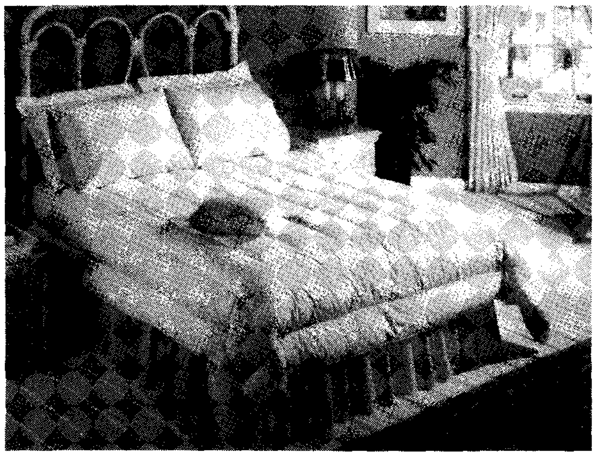

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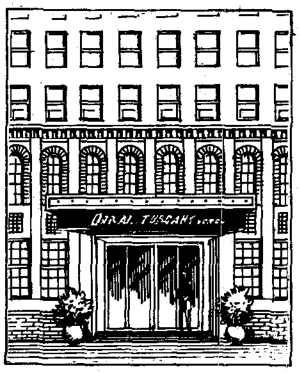

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“Reagan and Goetz—Two American Heroes”). The President made several well-received inside references to Redmen lore but managed to mispronounce the name of the coach, Lou Carnesecca, who will be the deputy grand marshal of the Columbus Day Parade here this month. Later, the Mayor announced that, despite the Redmen's loss, they should have a ticker-tape parade up Broadway and a big blowout of a reception at City Hall—a decision that he insisted had nothing to do with its being an election year and his desire for a big win in Queens. (“As far as we are concerned, they will *always* be Number One.”) With some help from a marked-up speech prepared by his staff, the Mayor pronounced the names perfectly (“Win-ing-ton. . . . Bair-ee”). During a subsequent photo opportunity with the Redmen, City Comptroller Harrison Goldin (who was nominated for a fourth term last month, with seventy-eight per cent of the vote) said to Koch, “I don't want to expose you, but let me hear you mention a few more names in basketball.” The Mayor responded by saying to those around him, including the St. John's players, “Do you understand why he's rarely invited? You are generally supposed to be nice” when you “come to somebody's house”—the “house” being City Hall, on which he appears to believe, doubtless correctly, that he has a lease that runs as long as he wants it to.

The Mayor has not been so carried away by his primary victory that he has announced again for the governorship (“I love being mayor”), but, to a degree, he did take on the U.N. again recently. Early in the campaign, some black leaders complained that he had been far less outspoken against apartheid in South Africa than he had against the treatment of Jews in the Soviet Union. In the last weeks of the primary, speaking out against apartheid became a major mayoral preoccupation. Then, a week after the primary vote, he testified, by invitation, before a U.N. committee considering the role of international corporations doing business with South Africa in the fight against apartheid, and much of his testimony veered off in other directions. Among the members of the committee were representatives of the Soviet Union and Bulgaria. Saying that he was not going to engage in “diplomatic niceties,” the Mayor suggested that the Soviets had a nerve criticizing South Africa, considering

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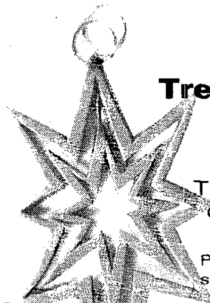

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the way they treated some of their own citizens. ("MAYOR'S UN-KIND REMARKS" was the *Newsday* headline.) On the same day, he urged that the American contribution to the U.N.'s annual budget be reduced from twenty-five per cent to the sixteen per cent paid by the U.S.S.R.—and not "a nickel more." He told a committee member from Bulgaria that what that country had done to its Turkish minority "is a sin." Later, a South African representative of an anti-apartheid group complained that it was "a real abuse" by the Mayor to have introduced such issues into a forum considering apartheid. At a press conference, Koch explained that he had only told the truth and "they don't like to hear it," and that his rejection of "diplomatic niceties" was "just part of being a New Yorker." It was safe to say that members of the U.N. committee did not feel they had been objects of the new "New York Loves You" treatment.

Still ahead is the general-election campaign for mayor, in which Koch will face Miss Bellamy, running on the Liberal Party line; the Republican/Conservative candidate, Diane McGrath, who is a member of the State Crime Victims Board; and Rabbi Yehuda Levin, on the Right to Life line. The primary campaign made little more impression on many New Yorkers than a persistent ugly noise in the next room that no one could do anything about. The final phase of the election promises to be more of the same, only a bit more distant from the usual problems of getting through the day. From time to time, in the midst of all the yelling, some of the contenders may possibly have an uneasy sense not only that few New Yorkers are exercised by their portentous exchanges but that Dwight Gooden, the Mets' well-mannered and soft-spoken miracle pitcher—and, on some days, hitter—could be elected, hands down, if he had time between games. It was just as well to be reminded on occasion that not all news in the local papers has to do with strife and insult in political, sports, and diplomatic arenas. "AS FALL BEGINS, OUTLOOK FOR FOLIAGE IS MIXED" was the *Times* headline on a recent Sunday.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

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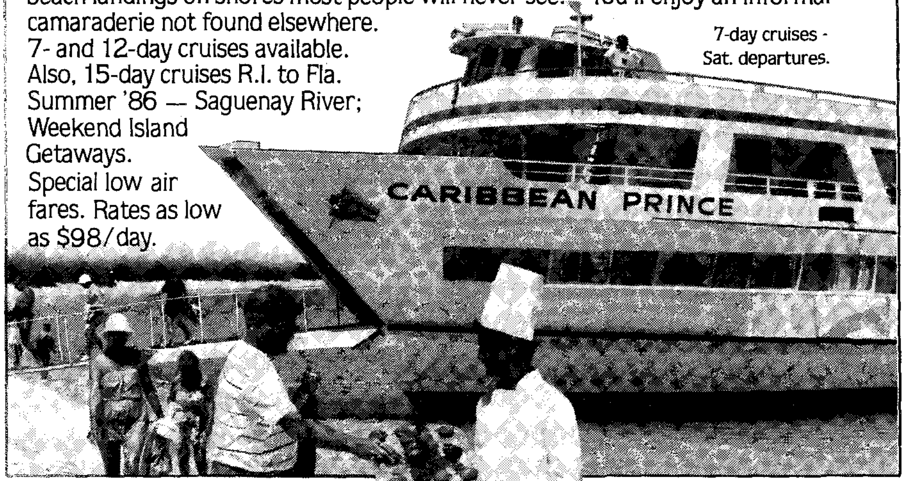

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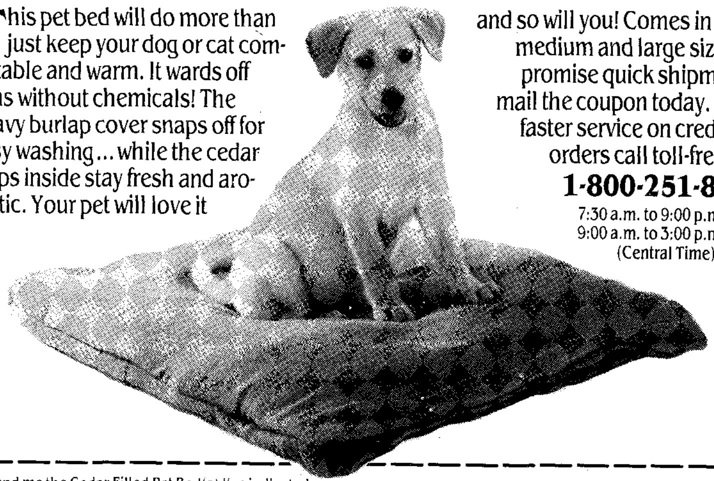

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THE THEATRE

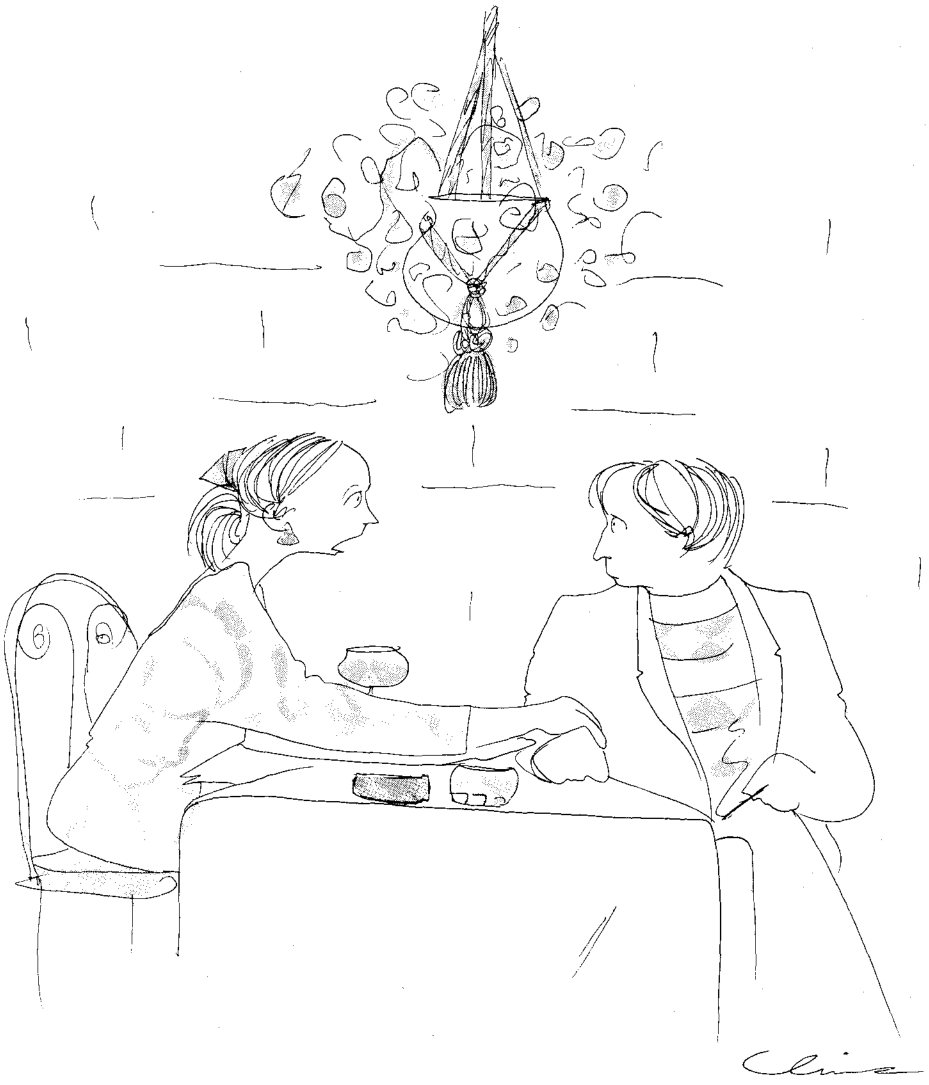
Clowning

LILY TOMLIN is making a solo appearance at the Plymouth in a sort of vaudeville called "The earch for Signs of Intelligent Life in he Universe," and to my mind the aggressive cuteness of the title amounts o an apt criticism of the work as a whole. Jane Wagner, author of the many and varied skits enacted by Miss Tomlin, is both an incessant wise-racker and something of a Savona-ola. She takes a dark view of the American way of life as she and Tom-in have been confronting it (or pre-end to have been confronting it) from oast to coast; she scourges us with okes that make us laugh and yet leave us eeling penitent. Tomlin's skills—nstage, though not on the screen—re those of a clown rather than of n actress, and whenever a Wagner ne-liner threatens to go flat Tom-n's vehement mugging serves to ump it up and restore our merriment. But mugging isn't always enough, for Wagner in her Savonarola mood eveals literary ambitions loftier than ny mere clown could convey—loftier nd also, in their substance, more dis-greeable. At such moments, we catch limpses of a certain minatory cold-ess of spirit behind the mask of com-assion that Tomlin so sedulously olds in place.

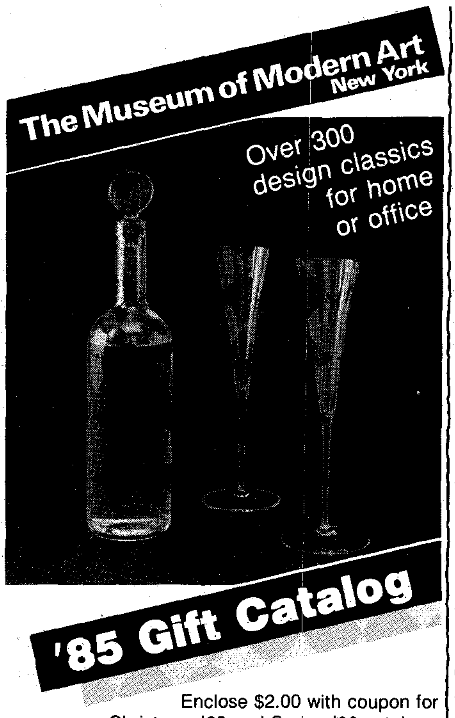
During the evening, we encounter t least a dozen characters, radically iverse in age, social position, and lace of residence. They pass before us with the velocity of a Bugs Bunny ounding the corner of a barn, and hey manifest, on occasion, the same alculatedly blurred effect. A di-hevelled and squinty-eyed bag lady ives way to a middle-aged woman on TV discussing the nature of her or-asms, and she gives way to a young woman doing aerobic dances in a ealth club; two chirrupy prostitutes re interviewed by a writer who plain-y will never become a Norman Mailer. At one moment, we are in a eauty salon in New York City; at nother, in the International House of ancakes in Indianapolis. Aphorisms roliferate, with little regard for the kelihood of their being uttered by the eople to whom they have been as-gned. (One is reminded of the care with which Joyce refrained from be-towing on Leopold Bloom witticisms that could have occurred only to Stephen Dedalus.) From start to finish, Tomlin's energy never flags; it is we in the audience who are brought figuratively to our knees, and, by our applause at the final curtain, express simultaneously our admiration for Tomlin's art and our relief at being given back to a world comparatively slow in pace and comparatively moderate in its eccentricities.

The lighting and set design of "T.S.F.S.O.I.L.I.T.U." are by Neil Peter Jampolis, its sound design is by Otts Munderloh, and its direction is by the author.

I HAVE seen three productions of "The Iceman Cometh" and I have read the text, and I hold that it is one of the most boring plays ever written. Let me go a step further and say that of plays by authors of high reputation and of the most serious dramaturgic intentions it is *the* most boring play ever written. The disparity between its tiny and puerile content—what O'Neill himself dared to refer to as its "philosophy"—and the prodigiously exaggerated scale of the expression of that content is so vast as almost to defy measuring. The play informs us again and again that man cannot live without illusions. O'Neill calls these illusions pipe dreams and contrasts them favorably with what he calls the truth, which he never troubles to define. The host of woebegone figures who frequent Harry Hope's bar in downtown Manhattan survive by dint of certain indispensable pipe dreams, access to which is furnished by alcohol; all day and much of the night, they drink, and sleep, head down on tables, and mumble like half-audible litanies their brave plans for a tomorrow that, O'Neill keeps reiterating, will never arrive. Even in his own time, O'Neill



"Affirm me!"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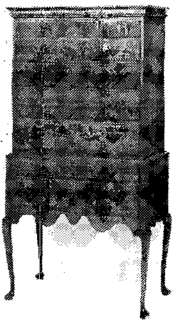
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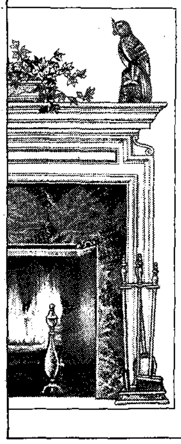
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was a very old-fashioned man, whose so-called daring experiments in playwriting were plucked wholesale from his predecessors, and whose notions of medical science were as Victorian as his taste in verse. Evidently, he took it for granted that people became alcoholics as a means of reinforcing their pipe dreams; the possibility that alcoholism might be a disease instead of an accommodation appears not to have occurred to him. Bums and tarts were among his cherished romantic icons; in 1946, when "The Iceman Cometh" was first produced here, he confessed to laughing heartily over the lines that he gave to the dreary prostitutes. Hickey and Larry, the two chief figures in the play, are sentimentality incarnate: when Hickey is arrested for the murder of his wife Larry says that he hopes Hickey will find peace in the electric chair, and when at Larry's urging a young man finally summons up the nerve to commit suicide Larry says, "God rest his soul," and makes the sign of the cross. How are we to keep from laughing at such claptrap, except for the sake of the actors? The title of the play may have struck O'Neill as a particularly daring flower of evil, since it conflates an old, turn-of-the-century joke about an iceman's coming in the sexual sense with a Biblical quotation about the coming of Christ. To us, not so much a flower as a sophomoric jeer.

Having so low an opinion of the play, I would be happy to praise the production of it that has just opened at the Lunt-Fontanne; alas, it is hard to find a suitable means of doing so. Despite the presence in the cast of Jason Robards, Donald Moffat, and Barnard Hughes, and despite an authentically gloomy setting by Ben Edwards, amusing costumes by Jane Greenwood, and adroit lighting by Thomas R. Skelton, the play in the course of well over four and a half hours comes to life only fitfully, and then without the necessary vigor. As I remember Robards in the celebrated 1956 production (directed, like this one, by José Quintero), he charged Hickey with a manic intensity that rendered plausible the increasingly truculent resentment of his former companions in drunkenness; the conflict between him and them was sure to provide strong consequences. In this production, Robards is so subdued as almost to equal in sullen impassiveness his newfound adversaries. It is Donald Moffat as Larry who bears most of the heavy burden of inching the play forward, and a most impressive performance he gives. A for Barnard Hughes, he plays th saloonkeeper Harry Hope with a sou Irish larkiness accurate, to my ear down to the last whispered blasphemous "b'Jaysus." Most of the res of the characters are obliged to repeat variations on their opening line throughout all four acts, and I cannot pretend that I found them ver clever at carrying out this unnatura task. Immediately after "The Icema Cometh," O'Neill sat down and wrot "Long Day's Journey Into Night." I is easily the greatest play written i English in my lifetime.

—BRENDAN GIL

OFF BROADWAY

Noise in the Bronx

JOHN PATRICK SHANLEY's "Savag in Limbo," which opened las week at the Double Image, was firs done as a staged reading at th O'Neill Playwrights Conference, a Waterford, Connecticut, and I acte as a kind of adviser during rehearsals Now it is billed as a "concert play,' and in a program note Mr. Shanle writes, "In a concert play the audienc . . . is included in the world which th characters inhabit. And the play itsel is more a series of related emotiona and intellectual events than a conventional story." The "Savage" of th title is one Denise Savage, a woman o thirty-two, who announces in a bar i the Bronx that she is a virgin—to th astonishment of the patrons and th bartender. "What's it like?" asks on of them. "I feel you know something don't know." All those present, w soon find out, are the same age an went to the same parochial school There is Murk, the bartender; Apri White, his crazy girlfriend, who sleep on the bar and dreams of Christma and Santa Claus; Linda Rotunda whose boyfriend has suddenly lost interest in her; and Tony Aronica, th boyfriend himself. The underlyin theme is loneliness, which has devastated April, looms over and terrifie Savage, and now suddenly threaten Linda and, perhaps, Tony. All o them are desperate, although Savage' desperation is the most acute, and al of them spend a good deal of tim trying to express the inexpressible, often at the top of their lungs.

These characters, as I say, talk a lot, in a rough language that seem appropriate, but time and again I felt heard the playwright speaking. Unlik Ring Lardner, say, or John O'Hara

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Mr. Shanley cannot quite conceal his own hand in the lines, or, for that matter, in the events; and one is also aware that the events are "made up." Nevertheless, many of the lines are funny and shrewd, and the characters are certainly actable, especially by the splendid cast. Mary McDonnell is a wonder as Linda, beside herself with bewilderment and indignation, and Deborah Hedwall is fine as frightened, defiant Savage. Randle Mell and Jayne Haynes do very well as Murk and April, respectively. Under Mark Linn-Baker's direction, the show is lively and clear and entertaining; credible, maybe not. What are credible are the costumes, by Debra Tennenbaum, and the set, by Adrianne Lobel.

JANE STANTON HITCHCOCK's adaptation of Edith Wharton's "The Custom of the Country" (at the Second Stage) is a slight, ironic, obliquely sympathetic play, set in this city and France, about a beautiful social climber. The heroine, Undine Spragg (delightfully acted by Valerie Mahaffey), moves from episode to episode, in Kate Edmunds' elegant setting, while the men in her life—the rungs, so to speak, of her ladder—either partake of the action or stand quietly by and observe it. I had not read the book ahead of time and didn't realize, until I spoke with and read some of my colleagues, that "slight," or even "ironic," hardly does justice to one of Mrs. Wharton's strongest, most complex, and most satiric novels. Even so, I cannot deny that I enjoyed the play, whatever its provenance. Among the supporting actors I admired Trey Wilson, John C. Vennema, David Rasche, and Nesbitt Blaisdell. The production, under the direction of Daniel Gerroll, is unpretentious and stylish. David Murin designed the lovely costumes, and Anne G. Wrightson designed the lighting. —EDITH OLIVER

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CULINARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the menu of the Bedford Springs Hotel, Bedford, Pa.*]

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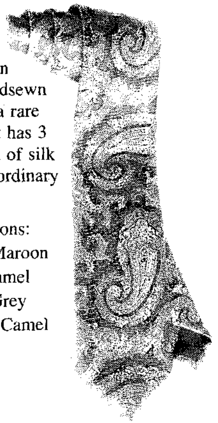

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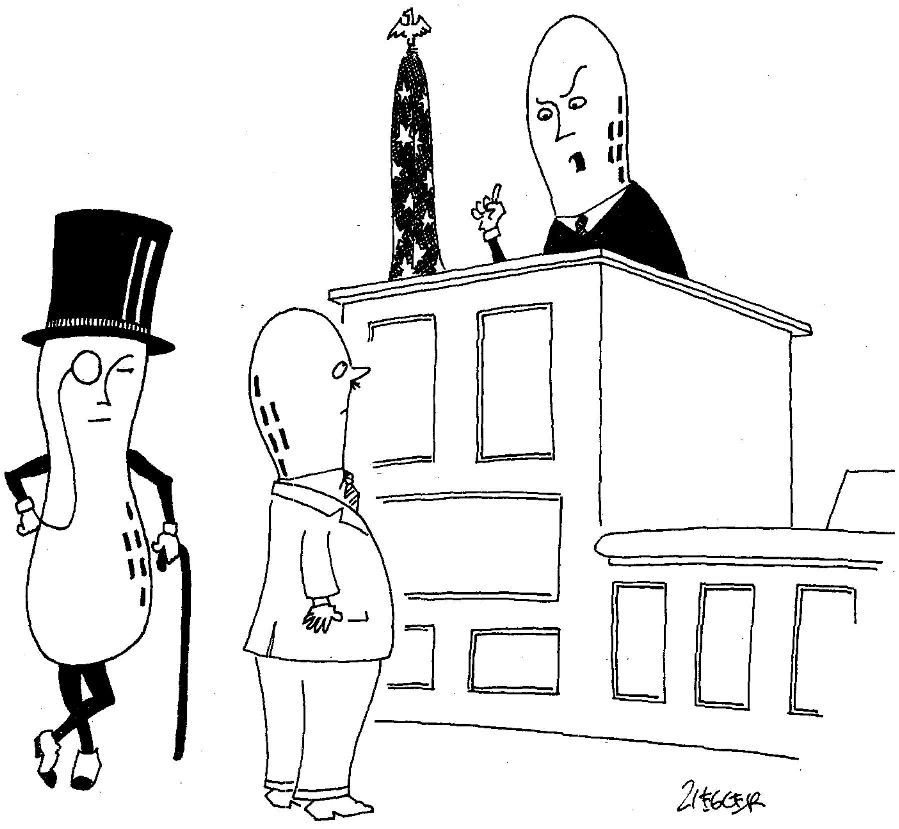
A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 29

EACH fall, Washington goes through the ritual of return, in which senators and congressmen, back from the August recess, are sought out by reporters to find out what is on "the people's" minds. The members of Congress, secure in the belief that they are closer to the pulse of their constituents than the White House—any White House—is, seldom fail the reporters in their search for differences between Congress and the White House. Should such differences not exist, the journalists would feel disappointed and deprived, just as we would if any White House staff dwelt in tranquillity; but the danger of these things happening is minimal. Besides, Congress is the reactive branch, more inclined to reflect and react to the mood of the moment. Nevertheless, there was an unusual tone to the way the politicians talked this year upon their return after Labor Day. It is one thing for the opposition party to say that the White House has got things wrong, as the Democrats did, and it wasn't even surprising that Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole, who has a complicated relationship with the Reagan White House, issued complaints, but public suggestions that the White House had its priorities all wrong also came from Republican loyalists, including Representative Dick Cheney, of Wyoming, the chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee. Cheney, like the others, said that the White House was mistaken in giving a higher priority to the President's tax-revision bill than to the trade issue, and he also said, uncharacteristically, "I think it would be a mistake for them to assume that the enormous popularity of the President is somehow a reflection that the country at large agrees with the Administration's priorities." The trade issue had taken on explosive proportions, and it also provided a safe harbor for members of Congress who were not enthusiastic about dealing with tax reform—and this appeared to include most of them. It was hard to find a member of Congress who did not say that he had not found any enthusiasm for tax reform among *his* constituents, and this result of the pulse-taking gave members a man-of-the-people rationale for saying that they shouldn't do what they didn't want to do anyway. But there were other elements behind all the noise.

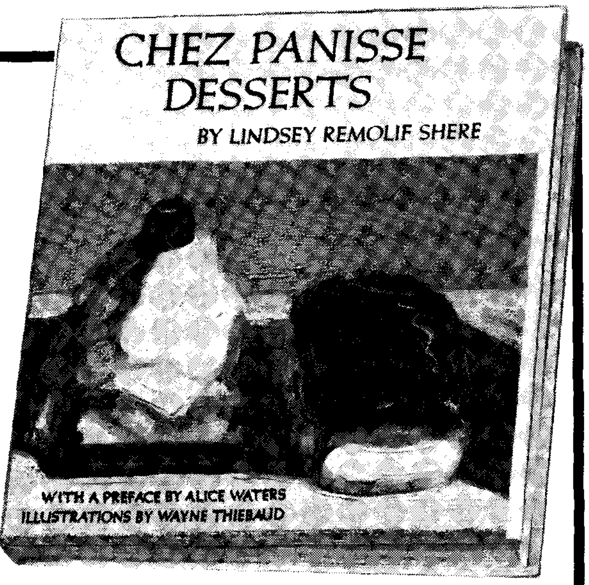


"Counsellor will instruct his client to remove his hat and put on some pants before sentencing."

Many important Republicans felt that the White House was somehow adrift from political realities. Earlier in the summer, the House and the Senate had passed, by overwhelming margins, bills providing for sanctions against the South African government, and a compromise containing fairly mild actions had been approved by the House and was pending in the Senate. There seemed little question that if the President vetoed the bill he would be overridden, but Reagan had declared himself firmly against sanctions and, in public statements, had shown little grasp of or concern about the realities in South Africa. The President was holding firm against doing anything about trade; was trying to hold the lid on aid for farmers at a time when much of the farm community and the farm credit system were in a state of crisis (and the Republicans were quite worried about the farm vote in 1986); and was insistent on tax reform as the highest priority. Moreover, there had been a lot of muscular talk out of the President and his aides in Santa Barbara in August and upon their return to Washington. Even before he left for his ranch in August, Reagan said he would launch a "major fall offensive." In Santa Barbara, Donald Regan, the chief of staff, held an elaborately staged staff meeting—there was a coast-to-coast telephone hookup, and television cameras were invited in to record the event. The President's aides talked of their intent to "hit the deck running" in September and to conduct a "veto strategy" on appropriations bills if Congress thwarted the President's wishes. When Reagan stopped in Independence, Missouri, on Labor Day to make a speech about tax reform, he said, "I'm back and rarin' to go," and he added, "In the spirit of Rambo, let me tell you, we're going to win this time." (This was not the President's first allusion to Rambo, who seems for the moment to have supplanted Clint Eastwood's Dirty Harry as his heroic tough guy, the role Reagan most likes to play.) Reagan was also trying to dispel, however unsubtly, any doubts about the state of his health.

Leaving aside the fact that even many Republicans differed with Reagan on major issues, and allowing for the considerable amount of congressional ego, there had developed a large problem between the Reagan White House and Congress. Relations had been ragged all year, and the crowning blow came in late July, when Reagan torpedoed a Senate Republican proposal to make significant reductions in the deficit by making cuts in Social Security and raising taxes on imported oil. The compromise budget agreed upon by the House and Senate was estimated to cut the deficit by about fifty-five billion dollars (such figures contain a number of guesses, and some wishful thinking), but official estimates of the deficit, which keep climbing, now have it hovering near a hundred and eighty billion, and it is approaching two hundred billion. The Republican senators went home in a very bad mood. "Many of us felt that we sort of got shafted on that one," Dole told me recently. A White House aide said to me a couple of weeks ago, "We added to our problems by some of our activities on the budget." There are people inside the Administration and out who feel that, as one adviser to the President put it, "We didn't do as well in coming off the mandate as we might have, in terms of coördination and having a game plan." He and others ascribe this to the late and then hasty exchange of commands between Regan and James Baker, now the Treasury Secretary. A number of important Republicans, including some close to Reagan, do not think that a "confrontation strategy" is a good idea, and neither do some people within the White House, especially when the Administration is dependent upon Democrats to get the President's one initiative—tax reform—through the House. Moreover, the Administration faced a large agenda upon the President's return—most of it set by Congress or the calendar. Appropriations and other bills to carry out the budget had to be passed by September 30th—the end of the fiscal year—and the likelihood was that Congress would have to adopt a series of "continuing resolutions" to keep the government going until the appropriations bills passed. Sometime in October (no one could be sure just when), the government would reach its debt limit, and Congress would have to raise the legal debt ceiling to two trillion dollars. Many of these things presented opportunities for mischief on the part of lawmakers. A Presidential adviser says, "There is a problem in not being on the initiative on enough issues. On trade, South Africa, and farm legislation, we're on the defensive."

Following the President's return to



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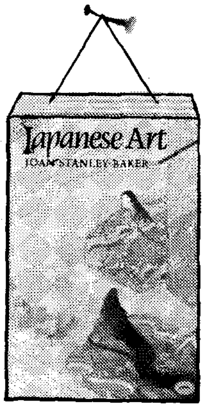

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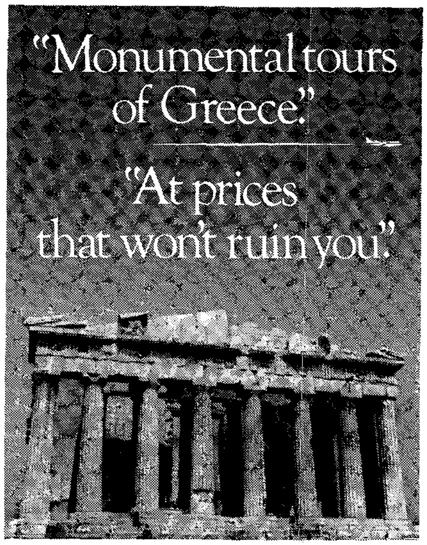
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Washington, the White House made a big thing of pointing to the President's popularity and suggesting that members of Congress should keep this in mind. The White House spokesman, Larry Speakes, noted that Reagan's approval rating was sixty-five per cent and that he was the first postwar President whose popularity had increased in the first year of a second term. Speakes added, "He didn't get to sixty-five points with a song and a dance and a nice smile." Cheney said to me, "There's no question about the President's popularity—he's much beloved out there. The danger is that the Administration will assume that that's immediately translatable into support for his tax program, his farm program, his position on trade. It's just not. So there's the danger of mistaking his popularity for support of his policies and that their priorities will be off." Cheney added, "Reagan has always been supported by the public to some extent despite his policies." A Senate Republican leadership aide said, "The White House is dramatically out of step with the Republicans in both the House and the Senate. To some extent, it's because of doctrinaire thinking down there—they think they're right. I'm not sure they're sensitive enough to the political realities they have to deal with." M. B. Oglesby, a White House assistant for congressional relations, said to me in September, "Let me tell you, it's a hell of a lot easier to get votes for a person whose approval rating is sixty-five per cent than someone whose rating is forty-five per cent. Does it translate to every issue? No, it doesn't. But confrontation is a two-way street, and Congress doesn't want to confront a popular President." Donald Regan realized that he had been getting bad marks on Capitol Hill and a bad press, and, as a result of both solicited and unsolicited advice, he decided to try to smooth things over. Regan is no dope, and is very success-oriented, and decided to adapt to some of the demands of working with the politicians on Capitol Hill, however trying they may be. Much was made here of Regan's actually taking the time to confer with Republican leaders on the Hill—a fairly rudimentary thing but in this case an advance. Senator Paul Laxalt, Republican of Nevada and, because of his friendship with the President, an important link between Capitol Hill and the White House, told me after Congress's return, "The principal ingredient that was needed in the situa-

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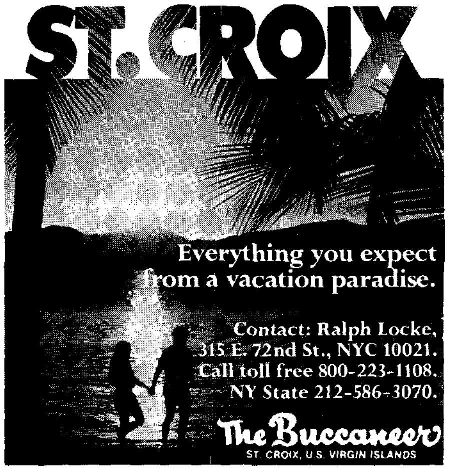

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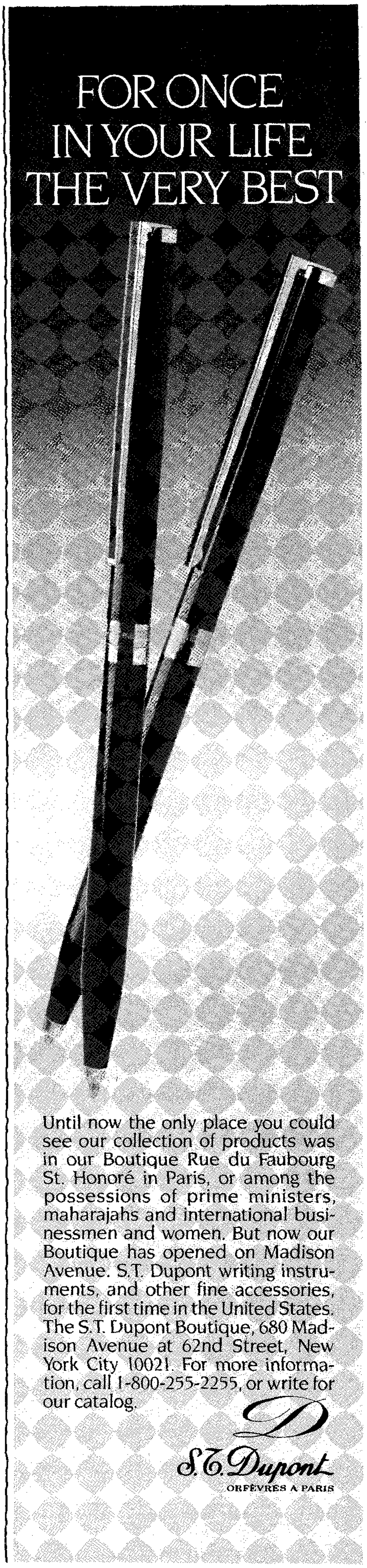
ion was for Don Regan to get up here nd talk to a lot of people." When asked Laxalt what his role had een, he replied, "I've had a lot to o with saying that something should e done about the communications etween here and the White House, hat the White House should get head of the curve and not have so nany crises and confrontations, and hat Don, who handles people well in ne-on-one situations, should get his ail up here and talk to people. Now e's done that, and he's listened. We nay be a pain at times, but we have to e dealt with."

Behind all the noise lay some fundanental questions, which a number of eople understood. One was whether Reagan would be able to govern. truggles between Congress and the resident for the upper hand are freuent, and it is true, if circular, that he perception of a President's weakess in fact weakens his hand. It was nderstood both on Capitol Hill and in he White House (if belatedly in the atter instance) that if Reagan lost the nitial test after Labor Day—over outh Africa—he would have serious ifficulty from then on. Another quesion was whether the Reagan White House could be brought around to polcies that would not—as the Hill Republicans saw it—hurt the Republians in the 1986 elections. This has ecome something of an obsession with enate Republicans, who have twentywo seats up (to the Democrats' welve) in 1986, and thus could lose heir narrow control of the Senate. The framers of the Constitution had he genius to draw up a system in which the legislators have to go back o the people at times when the Presient doesn't, and this often creates a train between members of Congress nd a President of the same party, ince their priorities may well be diferent. In the current case, Reagan, in is last term, is playing for history, nd has been more inclined than before o rest on his beliefs, or notions. An verwhelming reëlection victory reinorces him and his aides in this. Dole aid to me in a recent interview, "It's ike any White House. Some of the White House think all of the wisdom s located down there and we're only ere to do their agenda. I think it took hem a while to understand that we're bit more sensitive—whether it's real r unreal—to what's going on in our tate. When we go home, we're not urrounded by the Secret Service. And hey don't hear all the talk we hear up here about the Democrats' being able to take this or that state." Survival is a basic instinct in politicians, and, essentially, when it suits their purposes to help a White House they will and when it doesn't they won't. If it's a toss-up and the cost won't be too great, they'll try to go along—especially with a popular President. Also, many senators have seen Presidents come and go, and know that they will outlast them. Dole said, "I assume some people running in '86 say, 'If I'm elected, I'll be here after Ronald Reagan's gone.' "

GRADUALLY, in late August, the President's advisers came to the realization that his policy on South Africa would have to change—not so much because they were suddenly overcome by moral outrage but because they wanted to spare the President a humiliating and politically damaging legislative defeat. Reagan had taken an offhand attitude about the violence in South Africa, suggesting earlier in the year that "there is an element in South Africa that do not want a peaceful settlement of this, who want a violent settlement. . . . And this is what's going on." Though he routinely called apartheid "repugnant," he continually opposed sanctions, saying that they would harm the blacks in South Africa. Even loyal Administration members were embarrassed—and knew that their political problem was increased—when the President, from his ranch in late August, told a radio interviewer that United States policy in South Africa had "resulted in some very substantial changes," and that "they have eliminated the segregation that we once had in our own country." The wrongheadedness of this, and the political embarrassment, were so great that the President, at a subsequent press briefing in Washington, recanted—something he rarely does—and went on to say, "I was not nearly as ill-informed as many of you have made it out that I was." Publicly, the Administration had held to its policy of "constructive engagement." Designed by Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Chester Crocker, the policy was primarily to try to achieve stability in southern Africa by working with South Africa for the independence of Namibia (which South Africa administers, in defiance of a United Nations resolution) and the removal of Cuban troops from Angola, and, secondarily, to work quietly to try to get South Africa to reform apartheid. But



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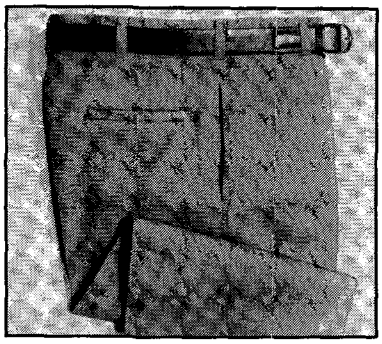

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the southern-African settlement never came about. In July, as legislation to impose sanctions was moving through Congress, South Africa declared a state of emergency. Republicans who had formerly opposed sanctions—including Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Richard Lugar—changed their position. A House-Senate compromise proposal was approved by the House on August 1st by a vote of 380–48. In the Senate, it was being filibustered by Jesse Helms, Republican of North Carolina, and a few colleagues, and the Senate recessed with a vote on ending the filibuster scheduled for Monday, September 9th, when the Senate returned.

The strong sentiment in Congress for doing something about apartheid—or appearing to—was not necessarily predictable. The issue divided the Republican Party, with some of its younger House members, who form the Conservative Opportunity Society (pro-growth and anti-establishment), calling last December for an end to apartheid. These and, increasingly, other Republicans saw the South Africa issue as one with which to try to square the Republican Party with blacks. Others, including what one White House aide spoke of as "the *Human Events* crowd," referring to the conservative weekly that is among Reagan's favorite reading, were staunchly opposed to change. But while there was an element of racial politics—both ways—in the South Africa issue, there were other factors. The concerted demonstrations outside the South African Embassy here, which began last November, with prominent Americans turning up to be arrested, were dismissed by supporters of the Administration's policy as orchestrated for the television cameras, which they were—but they turned up night after night on the nation's television screens. Also on the television screens, increasingly, were the scenes of violence, and police repression, in South Africa, and Bishop Desmond Tutu giving voice to the moral objections to what was going on there. Tutu, a moderate, a Nobel Peace Prize winner, and a brave and articulate man, affected the political climate here. One Republican strategist says, "The issue seemed as important to the suburban independent Republican as it is to the black vote. The evening news does wonders, and it's not been a pretty story for a few months." Willis Gradison, Republican of Ohio and an influential House member, told me,

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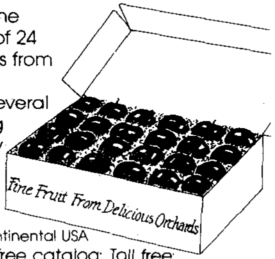

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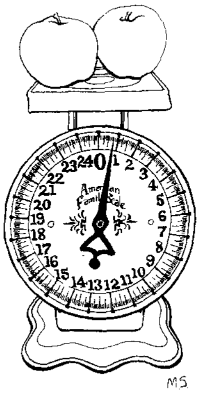
"Every man over forty is a scoundrel."

Bernard Shaw

“South Africa is a non-issue in most of our districts. I think this is one of the rare matters where politics and principle come together. That the Democrats want to do something about South Africa is not surprising—the issue has salience in their constituency. The Republicans are tired of taking a bum rap on this kind of issue. And, of course, there aren’t many South Africans voting in our districts.”



The events in South Africa went beyond what the foreign-policy experts in the Administration had expected, the political climate in the United States changed, and the priorities of constructive engagement were reversed. But the Administration sought to head off congressional action. Administration officials stressed what they saw as the “reformist” nature of the South African regime—they pointed to a new constitution, giving Asians and people of mixed race (but not blacks) their own parliamentary chambers, and to the fact that the South African government had said the law against interracial marriages would be repealed. Crocker told Congress that South Africa had crossed “a historical watershed,” and that the changes were not “cosmetic.” According to some Administration officials, Crocker and his aides sincerely believed this, and that the regime, under President P. W. Botha, would make further reforms if it wasn’t pushed too hard, and still believe that it will do so if order can be restored. Others within the government have been skeptical. One foreign-policy official said to me, “The South Africans have spoken with a forked tongue for a long time.” Robert McFarlane, the President’s national-security adviser, found that out last summer, and that event had much to do with the Administration’s subsequent change of policy. At the request of the South African government, McFarlane and other foreign-policy officials met in Vienna in early August with South African Foreign Minister Roelof (Pik) Botha, to discuss a forthcoming speech by President Botha, and came away with the impression that important changes in apartheid would be announced in the speech. When, a week later, they weren’t—President Botha’s speech, on August 15th, was defiant—McFarlane, according to a number of his associates, was angered, feeling that he had been snookered and embarrassed. (The South Africans have pulled this doubletalk on other Americans, but never so publicly, and on none so important as McFarlane.) Americans experienced in this field are not sure whether Pik Botha is simply playing to his foreign constituency or really is for more change, or whether President Botha suddenly pulled back under pressure, but for the purpose of the effect on American politics and policy last summer the point is irrelevant.

One foreign-policy official believes that the American government’s policy became “untenable” once the demonstrations began in Washington, and that the Administration stayed with the policy “long after it became untenable.” The main Administration architects of our South African policy, and McFarlane, are said by their colleagues to have hoped that President Botha’s speech would give them something to show Congress when it returned, would give them a convincing argument that their policy was working. But McFarlane was left empty-handed. “There wasn’t a lot for our foreign-policy folks to work with after that,” one Administration political strategist told me. Though some people within the Administration realized earlier in the summer, before Congress recessed, that the Administration was on a losing course on South Africa, there wasn’t much predilection for dealing with the matter until shortly before Congress’s return. Governments often need an action-forcing event to get them to focus on a matter, but a number of people within the Administration believe that in this case the focussing came too late, and so it was difficult to avoid the impression that Reagan was simply reacting to the fact that he was facing a political defeat. McFarlane and Crocker are said to have believed for a long time that the Administration would have more “leverage” with the South African regime by maintaining the existing policy and pointing to the fact that Congress was calling for sanctions—especially since everyone knew that the sanctions in the legislation were mild, largely symbolic. According to some sources, it was McFarlane—not Regan—who realized that the Administration was in a jam. “Regan was nowhere on this,” said one official, who has taken no side in the

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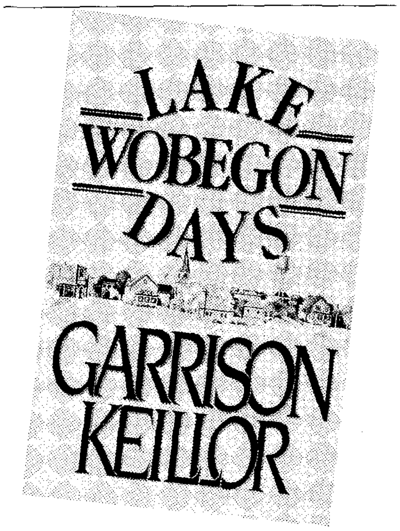

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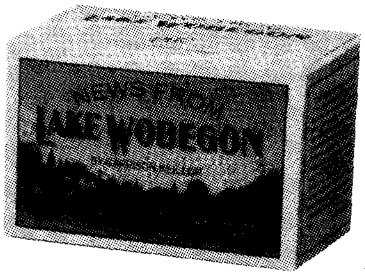

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ongoing power struggle/personality clash between McFarlane and Regan.

The action-forcing event in this case was the scheduled Senate vote on Monday, September 9th, and the deadline for a decision was moved back a day by the fact that Dole was to appear on "Face the Nation" on Sunday. It would be preferable to bring Dole aboard before the program. Following an extensive number of meetings—with, according to several sources, the State Department dragging its heels—it was decided that the President would issue an executive order incorporating most of the sanctions in the pending legislation and Dole would try to forestall a vote on the final bill. By this time, Regan understood that the President could not start out the fall with having a veto overridden, and the sentiment shared by some in the Administration that "we're right and we're going to tough it out" was overpowered by political reality. (Patrick Buchanan, the White House director of communications, held to the "tough it out" view.) One Administration official says that the White House would have been better off if it had given closer consideration to the legislation moving through Congress—instead of automatically opposing it—and defined what it would and would not accept. "Some more serious analysis should have been done of what was in the Lugar bill," he said. "Had we looked at the legislation more carefully, I think we might have even supported it, and not ended up in the position we did." He said that this kind of analysis would have been done in the first term. On the Monday that the Senate was to vote, Reagan issued his executive order imposing some mild sanctions—milder than those in the bill—and condemned apartheid with a newfound vigor and indignation. Reagan played his role convincingly, as he always does, and it was left to the beholder to decide whether he had had a change of heart. (On other matters where Reagan has, in the face of public opinion, switched course, there has often been a certain amount of recidivism.) But a moral question was being dealt with as if it were just a matter of tactics, and, for the moment, the tactics succeeded. Dole was able, with some difficulty, to round up the requisite number of votes to put off the vote to end the filibuster. One of his arguments was that the vote would be postponed until next spring, when the Senate could assess whether the Administration had fol-

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"I stopped believing in Santa Claus when I was six. Mother took me to see him in a department store and he asked for my autograph." *Shirley Temple*

lowed through on its promises to act. Most people here believed that though Reagan had once again eluded a trap the matter was far from over. One foreign-policy official said to me, "They don't know how it will play out or what they will do if the result of all this in South Africa is nothing—which is quite possible."

THE White House's realization—if, as some around the place say, belated—that it would have to deal with political realities on Capitol Hill carried over into the matter of trade. And the inescapable fact that the overvalued dollar (which Reagan had described as a sign of American strength) was damaging the country's trading position and major segments of the economy—in particular, manufacturing and farming—led to Presidential acquiescence in a Treasury plan for intervention in the currency markets, something Reagan had devoutly opposed in the past. The trade issue was both a symptom and a symbol of an economic picture that many people find troubling, and even dangerous. The large budget deficit was holding interest rates high, which led foreigners to invest in dollar securities, and the economy was becoming increasingly dependent upon a flow of foreign money—on which, of course, interest would have to be paid. It is simply an inexorable fact that if total American borrowing exceeds total savings the money must come from abroad, and this pushes the value of foreign currencies down and the value of the dollar up. Intervention in currencies cannot change this.

In mid-September, the Commerce Department confirmed that the United States had become a debtor nation for the first time since 1914—that it owes the rest of the world more than the rest of the world owes us. Another symbolic landmark is the two-trillion-dollar national debt—twice that which Reagan inherited and which he had mocked shortly after he came into office. ("A trillion dollars would be a stack of thousand-dollar bills sixty-seven miles high.") As of now, the Administration estimates that the nation will have to spend a hundred and thirty billion dollars this year and a hundred and forty billion next year just to pay the interest on the national debt. And the trade deficit itself is expected to reach a hundred and fifty billion dollars this year, quadrupling its size since Reagan took office. Thus, the budget deficit, the high dollar, the

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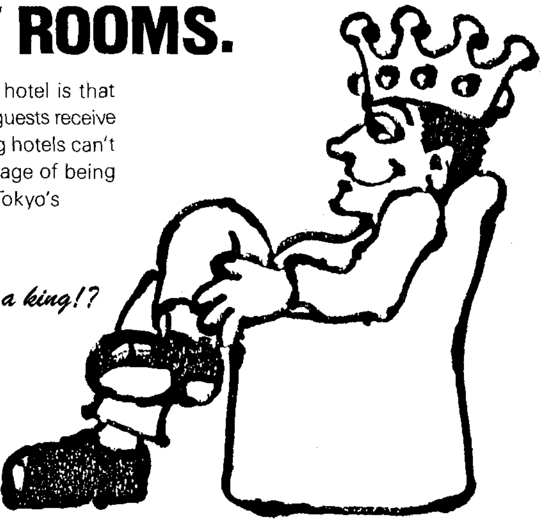

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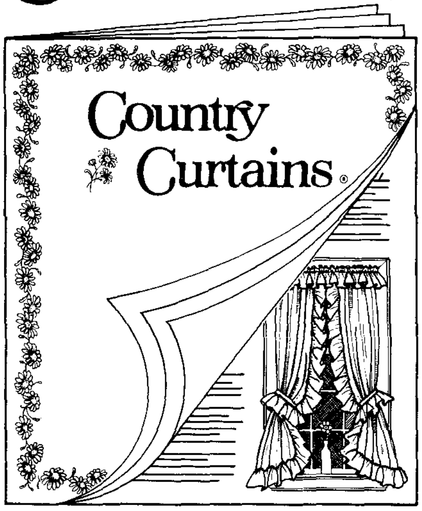

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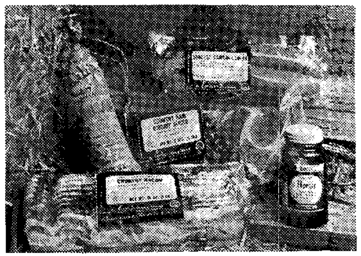

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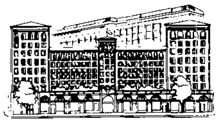

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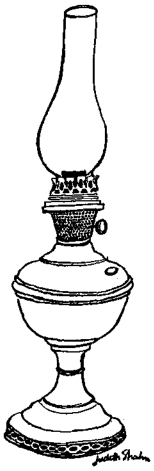
trade deficit, and the over-all balance of payments are all linked, and have contributed, at the least, to slow economic growth and to an amassing of debt for some time to come. Many of the effects are invisible, and do not appear to affect people's daily lives. But those in the export business and those in competition with imports have been quite obviously and painfully affected. The trade sector is the weakest sector in the economy, and the trade deficit is dragging the economy down. With nothing serious having been done about the budget deficit and, until recently, about the value of the dollar, there was no sign that the pain was going to go away. Anywhere from thirty per cent to more than half of the trade deficit is ascribed to the overvalued dollar.

It is also the case, as it has been for a long time, that other nations erect barriers to imports and subsidize exports, putting some American products at a disadvantage. (The United States has some barriers of its own.) And it is the case that as the developing nations produce more goods for export, such as textiles, other industrialized nations' markets have remained more closed to them than has the United States. Imports of textiles and apparel have more than doubled in the past five years, and the growth has been taking place at an accelerated pace; an estimated two hundred and fifty textile factories have closed in the past five years, putting more than a quarter of a million people out of work. Not all the closings were because of imports, but they stirred a strong reaction. In the case of Japan, according to Robert Hormats, a former official on trade and other international economic matters in both Democratic and Republican Administrations, the barriers to imports are fewer than they were a few years ago; the imbalance of trade between Japan and the United States has grown, he says, largely because of the exchange rate, and to a degree because the Japanese have become more competitive, so that Japanese exports to the United States have gone up more than United States exports to Japan. (United States exports to Japan have actually gone up relative to our exports to other countries.) Some of the surge in Japanese exports is also attributed to the consumer boom in this country—the American savings rate has dropped substantially—as Americans buy ever more television sets, videocassette recorders, stereos, and the like. Moreover, government figures show that it is not that exports from the United States have gone down in the past couple of years but that imports have risen substantially. It is the sectors that have to compete with imports which have been most severely affected, primarily by the dollar. The Reagan Administration compounded the trade problem, and fuelled its political dynamic, by taking an essentially hands-off approach. Though there were a few exceptions, Reagan's free-market philosophy guided trade policy, and those provisions of the trade law which allow the government to grant relief to industries confronted by unfair trade practices by other nations went essentially unused. While the premise of the trade law is free trade, some safety valves were built into the system to deal with such problems as dumping, subsidized exports, and injurious surges in imports. Reagan has been most reluctant to use the safety valves, thus leaving himself open to the charge that he was not implementing the law. Moreover, the Administration has made little use of, and in fact tried to eliminate, the program of adjustment assistance for workers displaced by imports. It was clear by last spring that Congress was coming to a boil over the matter of trade. Again, some Administration advisers think the White House should have seen what was coming and tried to head it off sooner, by working with Congress. By the time of Reagan's and Congress's return, it was clear to the Administration that it would have to do something. (There had been an internal argument over this for some time.) Some three hundred trade bills had been tossed in the hopper—some of them outright protectionist, some of them trying to open foreign markets, some of them trying to limit the President's flexibility in enforcing the trade law. Reagan provided more impetus by refusing, in late August, to implement a recommendation by the United States International Trade Commission to provide relief for the shoe industry, which the commission found to have been injured by imports.



The motivations behind the bills were several. Some politicians introduced legislation that they knew

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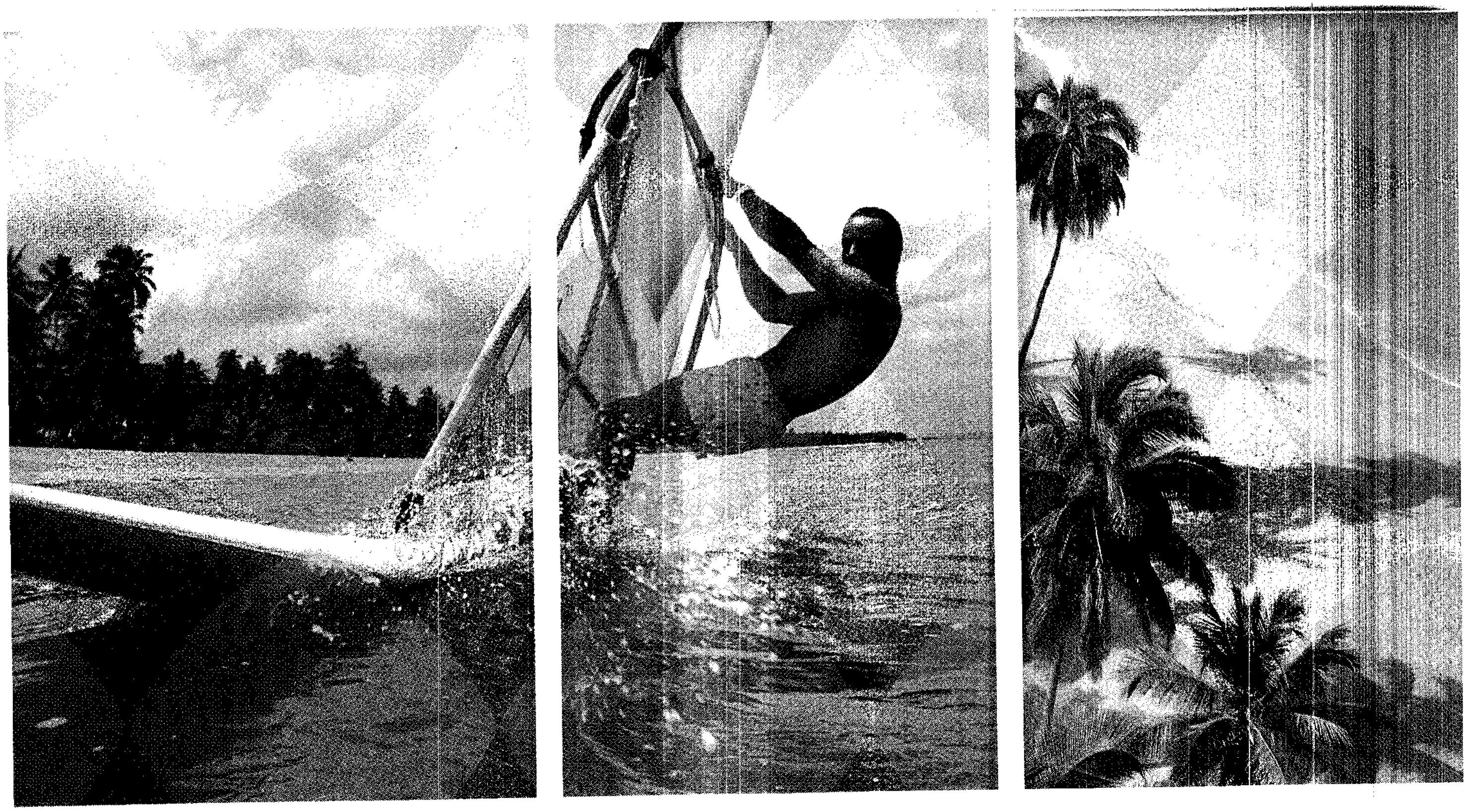

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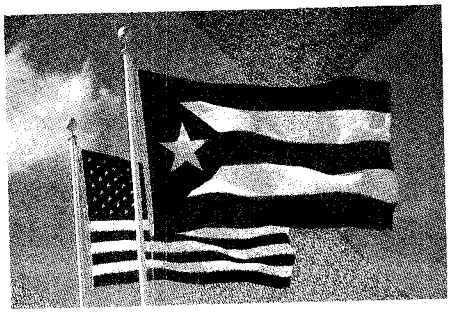

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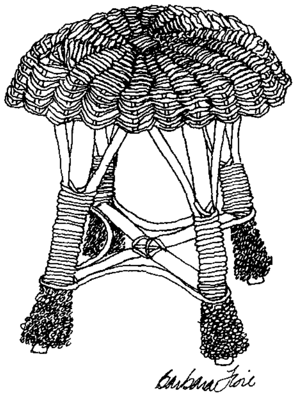
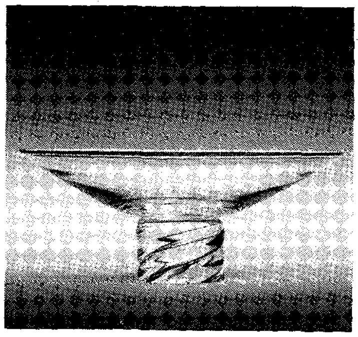
would not be a good idea if enacted but that they wished to use to demonstrate to their constituents that they were doing something. Politicians will often ump up and down and make noise about an issue in the hope that their constituents will confuse this with actually getting something done. It may be axiomatic that the more difficult the politicians know the issue to be, the more noise they make, so that when hey present themselves to the voters or reëlection they can point out how hard they tried. A Democratic senator whose name is on some of this egislation said to me ecently, "The only hing that can screw the rade thing up worse is or Congress to get into t, but Reagan didn't eave us a choice." Some politicians suggested hat their high-minded easons for pushing uch legislation were to orce the Administration into stronger action, and to give U.S. trade negotiators a stronger and. But there was always the danger hat the legislation would be enacted, nd bring about retaliation. Both Republicans and Democrats reported pon their return after Labor Day that hey were hearing a lot of complaints bout trade in their constituencies, and his is understandable: some areas are ruly hurting, nothing serious had een done about the deficit and the ollar, and the damage to trade was he most obvious reflection of this. Moreover, members of Congress tend o hear from those who feel themselves njured by some government action or naction, and they were far more likely o hear from those who felt aggrieved y trade policy than by those who might be hurt by higher-priced imports, or even a trade war. But something else was going on. Many Democrats felt that they had at last found an sue they could use against Reagan. Representative Tony Coelho, Democrat of California and chairman of he Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, has been particulary enthusiastic about the trade issue. Some Democrats read a lot, and perhaps too much, into the result of a speal congressional election in Texs in August, which both parties poured resources into, and which he Democratic candidate won. The Democrats concluded that the victor, m Chapman, won because of the trade issue, but that is not so clear.



Many Democrats found the trade issue attractive for other reasons. For some, it was irresistible to be where the action was—television cameras and all. A well-placed House Democrat who is disturbed about his party's embrace of the trade issue said to me in mid-September, "Democrats have been yearning for an issue they can grab and people will say, 'Right on.' " He continued, "On defense, they're seen as having been too critical; they have no credibility on deregulation; and they're still seen as spenders. The trade issue doesn't have to do with gay rights or affirmative action. And the Democrats have been having trouble with blue-collar workers and the South. Reagan does little for blue-collar workers, and they vote for him. Now the Democrats get response from the man in the street on trade. They may offend the high priests of economics and some C.E.O.s, but labor and farmers and other C.E.O.s will applaud. And when people applaud, that has a sexual appeal for a politician." He explained further, "Trade is an issue where Democrats can take on Ronald Reagan, and it's one where they can be for nationalism. They can point to the flag and say, 'I'm for the Stars and Stripes and not for the Rising Sun.' This is the kind of issue the Democrats haven't had for a long, long time." Republicans, some of whom had been pushing their own trade legislation all along, were not interested in sitting by while the Democrats grabbed a potentially strong election issue—as it was seen by a great many members of Congress. So Republicans were sponsoring a great many trade bills as well; Dole even put his name on a bill, which has over three hundred sponsors, to impose deep reductions in textile imports.

The House Democratic leadership, bowing to the pressures of its troops, allowed the Ways and Means Committee to delay its consideration of the tax-reform bill to report out a textile bill, which it did last Thursday. The textile bill is expected to provide the first big test over trade between Reagan and Congress. The Administration hopes that as a result of recent actions it took on trade it will at least have enough votes to sustain a Presi-



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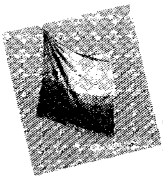

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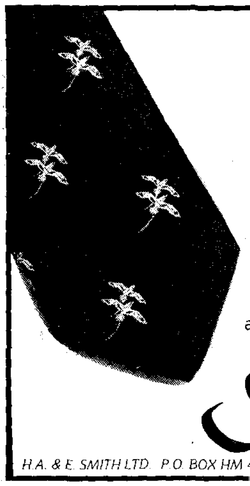

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dential veto. If it does, the thinking goes, this will help ward off other bills. Moreover, some of the ardor for protectionist legislation may be cooling on Capitol Hill as members of Congress have second thoughts, and hear from a number of critics that they are pursuing a dangerous course, and as businesses that would be hurt, such as the retail-store industry, gear up. On September 7th, in his regular Saturday radio address, the President announced three actions to enforce the law against unfair trade practices, and last Monday he announced his own trade program, which consisted essentially of avowing that the law against unfair trade practices would be enforced (he would set up a "strike force" to ferret these practices out—something the government should have been doing all along) and of pledging to establish a three-hundred-million-dollar war chest to combat other nations' subsidization of exports. Trade experts say this could be an effective weapon as long as it does not develop into a costly, and wasteful, subsidies war. The point was that Congress had got Reagan's attention on the trade issue, and the more important development may have been the decision, announced on the preceding Sunday by the finance ministers and central bankers of the United States, France, Great Britain, Japan, and West Germany, to intervene in the currency markets to drive down the dollar. The results of any of these actions in terms of improving America's trading position will take some time, and they have nothing to do with getting at the underlying problem of the huge budget deficits.

THE President's advisers realized during the August recess that they would have a difficult time reigniting any enthusiasm for the President's tax-reform program. This fall, as before, Reagan is taking a weekly trip—usually to the district of a member of the Ways and Means Committee—to talk about the issue. But the story rarely gets on national television, because it is not new, and because, despite the White House's efforts to fend them off, other events intervene. The President's advisers say that the trips have an impact in the locales where they occur, but that doesn't seem to be making much difference, either. As one Presidential adviser put it, wearily, "it's one thing to raise the impact of an issue in the area by ten points and another to generate a thousand letters and phone calls."

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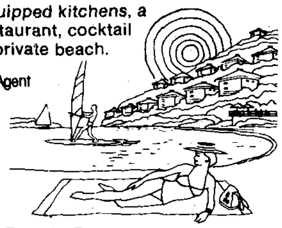

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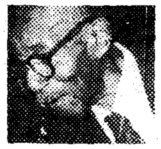

"These docs, they always ask you how you live so long. I tell'em 'If I'd known I was gonna live this long, I'd have taken better care of myself.'"
Eubie Blake

'he Administration's strongest card emains that Ways and Means Chair- ıan Dan Rostenkowski and House peaker Thomas P. O'Neill are com- ıitted to getting a tax-reform bill ırough the House. Among other ıings, they still don't want to give the resident a handle with which to beat ıem over the head. Rhetoric about 'ongress bowing to "the interests" is uite predictable in such a case. The Vays and Means Committee's writing f the bill was actually delayed by the ifficulties Rostenkowski and the com- ıittee staff encountered in working up ı alternative to the Administration's roposal—one that would lose no ıore revenue than the Administra- on's package would. The alternative, hich was presented to the Committee st week, is a variation on the Admin- tration's proposal—Rostenkowski d not want to go so far as to drive vay Administration support, since he ill need Republican votes on the ouse floor. Therefore, for example, ostenkowski preserved the Adminis- ation's proposal to cut the top rate to ıirty-five per cent, as the Administra- on insists, rather than set it at forty r cent, as he would prefer. His the- y, according to aides, is that the rty-per-cent rate may well arise out the committee's deliberations as it eks more ways to make the bill do ss for the rich and more for the iddle class, and less for corporations ıd more for individuals. Rostenkow- i's proposal already moves in this rection. The new proposal offers a ımpromise on the deduction of state ıd local taxes, which the Adminis- ation wanted to eliminate, but the ht on this and other provisions is far om over. The new proposal, bowing some pressures, drops a proposal to x the increased value of insurance licies, changes the proposal for tax- g fringe benefits, and eases the taxa- on of entertainment costs. All this as dumped on nervous committee embers, who—having enjoyed rais- g a lot of campaign contributions cause of the tax bill—now face the ırd part. Some Democrats on the ımmittee as well as some outside it el the whole issue should go away— at the committee should do Reagan favors and should concentrate on ues, such as trade, where the Demo- ats can beat up on Reagan, and ould not force the Democrats to take tions that could make some strong, ıd moneyed, supporters mad. Some, spite the President's opposition and e leadership's qualms, want to raise venue while they are at it. Republicans on the committee, and on the House floor, also show little excitement about the bill. But Rostenkowski has now set something in motion. The Administration was quite irritated with Dole when he said recently that the Senate could not complete action on the bill this year, but this had generally been understood to be the case for some time. Dole and O'Neill have agreed that Congress will adjourn by Thanksgiving, and both chambers have full plates. Congress gets a little crazy when it is held in session until the Christmas holidays—tempers are more frayed and odd legislation gets passed—and, given the assumption that it would be impossible to finish the tax bill this year, Dole and his fellow-unenthusiasts decided to put the whole thing off.

ONE thing that Administration officials and Democrats and Republicans in Congress agree on is that very much rides on how Reagan comes off, or appears to come off, in his summit meeting with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, in November. The preliminaries, public and private, have been going on for some time, and Gorbachev has continued to show that he can give Reagan a run for it in terms of public relations. A number of Administration officials have been very disturbed about this, and concerned that Reagan has appeared to be on the defensive. Preparations are being made for agreement on small bilateral matters, such as the resumption of direct airline flights between the two nations—cancelled at the time of the Soviet downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, in 1983—and for raising such "regional issues" as Central America and Afghanistan. But everyone knows that the big question is arms control, and the big question about that is whether some breakthrough can be reached at the summit. The talks in Geneva have been stuck for some time. The Americans have refused to offer a detailed proposal, and have demanded that the Soviets make one. Administration officials had been assuming for some time that the Soviet Union would make a specific arms-control proposal before the summit—one that would appear to offer the possibility of an important breakthrough, thus putting the President under more pressure. The Soviets had been widely leaking the outlines of such a proposal—mutual deep cuts in offensive weapons in exchange for limiting the Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars, program—and an offer in general

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terms along these lines, including a fifty-per-cent cut in offensive weapons, was presented to Reagan by Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze when they met on Friday. Now the details—which weapons would be cut and what activity on S.D.I. would be permitted—will be presented and haggled over in Geneva, but the real decisions will be made in Washington. Before the meeting, the Soviets had also been telling people here that they wouldn't offer a proposal in the absence of any United States willingness to negotiate over S.D.I., so the White House, despite the President's stated position on S.D.I., let it be known that a Soviet offer wouldn't be rejected out of hand. Nevertheless, after the meeting Reagan told reporters that his position hadn't changed. This weekend, Administration officials seemed to indicate that they would insist on continuing research—which cannot be verified, and which Gorbachev had hinted he would agree to—and on testing, subject to the limits of the 1972 anti-ballistic-missile treaty. What testing is permitted under the treaty is a matter of dispute.

Reagan's insistence at his recent press conference that he would refuse to bargain away not only research but also testing or development of the strategic-defense program took a number of Administration officials, who thought that the matter was not yet settled, by surprise. Some of them suggested to the press that, of course, the President's position might change. Whether or not it will is the subject of a great deal of speculation here, including among some of the people who know Reagan best. An important Pentagon official recently insisted to me that Reagan would not move. The question has to do with whether what we saw was (1) Reagan the wily negotiator or (2) Reagan the true believer. There is little question that Reagan has an almost mystical feeling about the S.D.I. program, and that he sees himself as a visionary, rearranging the theory of nuclear deterrence. Besides, the Pentagon tells him that he cannot give in on S.D.I., because the Soviets have a great advantage in offensive missiles. (The latter fact is in dispute.) In addition, the S.D.I. program offers promising new technology that could be applied to offensive weapons. (Some think that is why the Soviets act so concerned about it—beyond the propaganda value of painting the United States as escalating the arms race.) As one foreign-policy official pointed out to me, no arms-control agreement has

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From THE OXFORD BOOK OF AGES

"The years between fifty and seventy are the hardest. You are always being asked to do things, and yet you are not decrepi enough to turn them down.
T.S. Eli

een reached over the objection of a ecretary of Defense. (He pointed out hat Melvin Laird, under Nixon, and Iarold Brown, under Carter, were ommitted to arms control and led heir bureaucracies.) Whether the bu- eaucracy of the Pentagon, which is ead opposed to arms control, is leadng Defense Secretary Caspar Weinerger, or whether it needs to, is not lear, but it is clear that Weinberger nd his aides are doing their utmost to revent a breakthrough. Weinberger as taken a number of actions lately hat other parts of the Administration ee as designed to poison the atmophere before and at the summit. And f Reagan really believes, as he said at he recent press conference, that "the Jnited States is still well behind the oviet Union in literally every kind of ffensive weapon, both conventional nd in the strategic weapons"—which s not the case—there is a problem.

Despite the moves that the Adminstration has made to get more in line ith political reality, there remain a umber of worries among the Presient's advisers. One said to me, There's still a ragged agenda to deal ith, but we're in a lot better position an we were coming out of the sumer recess." Another said, "The anennae are up a little bit higher, but 's not clear that the actions will be uch more successful. I'm not sure at all this activity and consulting is imed at anything more than taking ings week by week, rather than oking further ahead and thinking rough how to use the President's me and maximize what he can chieve." The apparent lack of such long-range planning" is the subject f a fair amount of complaint within e Administration. A number of peole close to the White House complain at Reagan now has no "big picture" en around him. Several argue that e President's time and talents were ut to more effective use in the first erm. So great is Mrs. Reagan's power onsidered to be that one man close to e White House told me not long ago at he guesses that if Regan hasn't one a better job for the President by e end of the year "Nancy will get rid f him." But it is also generally underood that in a second term it is more ifficult for an Administration to set the genda than it is in the first term—efore issues have piled up. In any vent, it is widely agreed, even by the orriers, that if Reagan gets a break n tax reform and comes off well at the ummit he will have weathered the year ery well indeed.—ELIZABETH DREW

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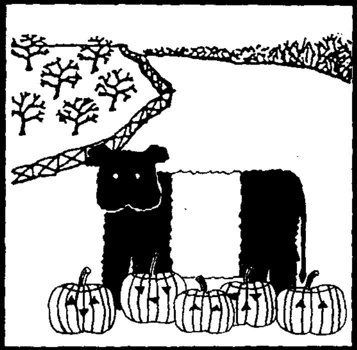

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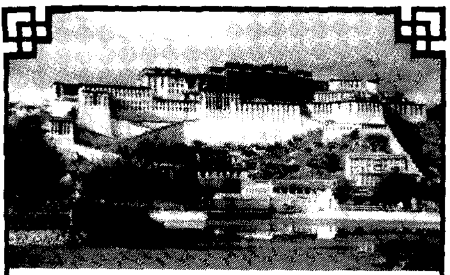

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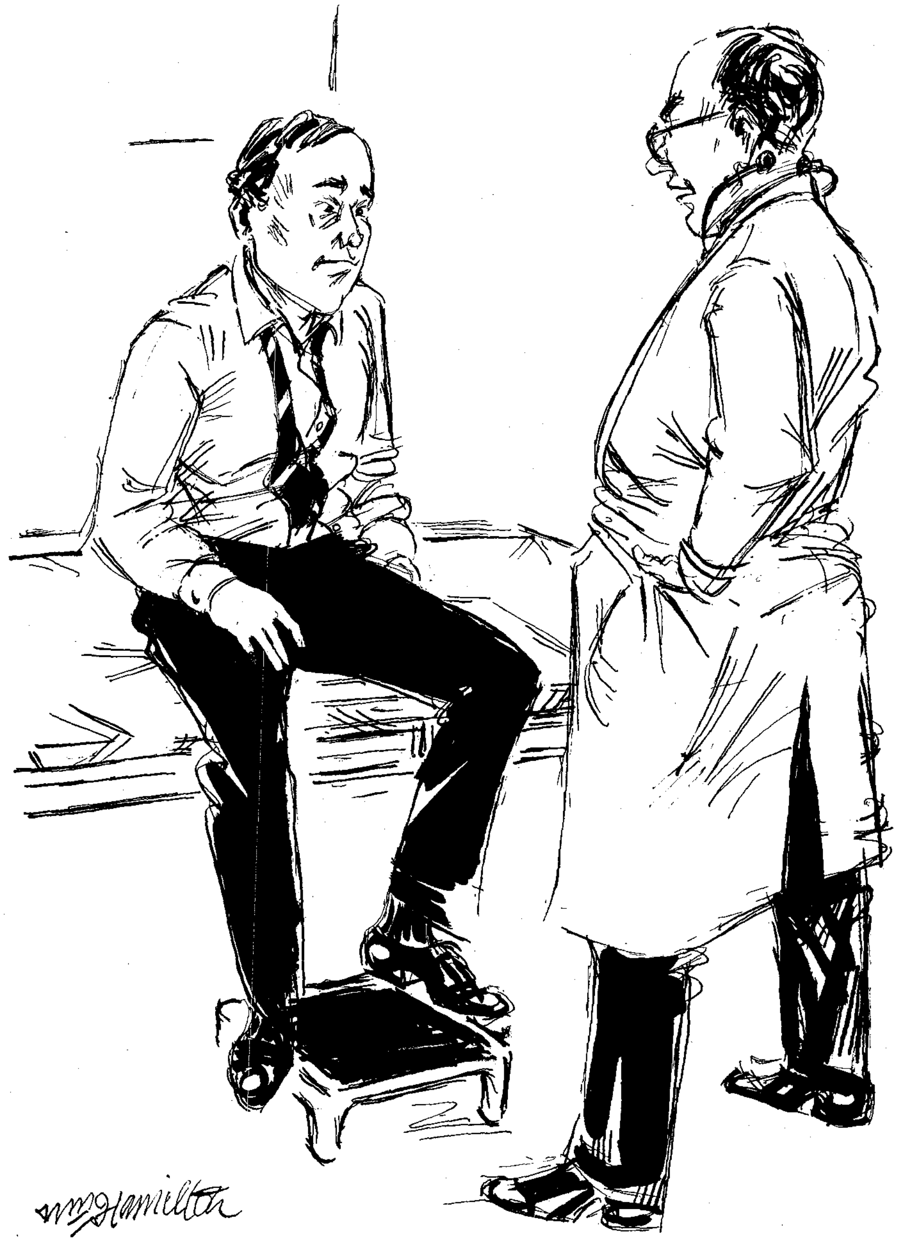
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dead on Arrival

"PLENTY," David Hare's sick-soul-of-England play, which he adapted for the screen and Fred Schepisi directed, features an all-inclusive malaise: hypocrisy, purposelessness, emotional atrophy. Meryl Streep's Susan Traherne lives as aimless an existence as Jeanne Moreau did back in Antonioni's "La Notte," but she's a whole lot more vocal about it. In the Second World War, Susan, who is still in her teens, serves heroically as a British courier for the French Resistance, but her youthful idealism about the future is shattered by the ignoble decline of Britain, and within a few years she's speaking her mind and blistering just about everyone she comes in contact with. David Hare had a bright (sneaky) idea when he wrote this play: he uses Susan Traherne to voice his own judgments of what has gone rancid in England since the war. That is, he has turned his own preachiness into the courage and intellectual clarity of an abrasive woman. Disillusioned with England's materialistic values, Susan Traherne doesn't lie to herself, and she can't keep what she thinks to herself, either. She's always telling people off, and her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. The social changes from the mid-forties into the sixties, and especially th shock of the messy Suez crisis, ar reflected in her life story. She lands i one dead-end job after another, but it the postwar boom and each one is bet ter-paying; she asks a Cockney hipste (Sting) to impregnate her but can conceive, cracks up, and then marries stuffy, self-effacing diplomat (Charl Dance), who takes care of her in ex change for her wrecking his caree and making his life hell. The onl way he can find a little peace is b keeping her doped up. We're given t understand that there's no place in th society for her ruthless, embittere honesty; her mind will have to b dulled, she will have to be treated an invalid or, worse, a lunatic.

Hare asks us to swallow rather to much. It's impossible to believe th Susan's astringent nastiness and th scenes she makes in front of her hu band's associates and guests are d rectly connected with the dismantlin of the Empire and the frustration her hopes of changing the worl Leaving aside the young Susan naïveté about the splendid, high-prin cipled future, there's a peculiarity the grownup Susan's view of the mor ugliness around her: she reacts as she personally were being betraye and as if she alone, in her natur superiority, spoke for the honorab way to formulate public policy. Hare lays it out, Susan never does single useful thing after the war, ar she isn't politically active or even c gent. All she does is exercise her gi for cultured, sardonic invective. Du ing the film, I kept asking myself wh it was that Jimmy Porter's raging ou bursts in John Osborne's "Look Ba in Anger" carried the day and he don't. Jimmy Porter was no more e fective in action than Susan Trahern and he was almost as self-destructiv Yet there was gumption and grande in his rant; he just let the wild wor rip. His excessiveness fed on itself ar drove him on to greater excesses, ar the sheer tumult of his emotio stirred the audience, made us feel as Osborne had given us an infusion his own blood. Osborne gives ove Hare withholds, and Susan's rant h a horrible, self-righteous precision. we enjoy her speeches, it's for the snide wit. I think that David Ha misunderstands his own theatrical gi which is for devastating, rude pu downs, for whiplash lines and irascib exchanges, not (as he appears to b lieve) for inspiring audiences to rev lutionary action. Hare's means in th



"You just need a little fresh air and publicity."

ovie are every bit as constricted as hat he's attacking. Angry Young anhood has become mannerism.

Schepisi and his fellow-Australians —the cinematographer Ian Baker and he composer Bruce Smeaton—have orked together on all his pictures, nd they give "Plenty" a lustrous, sen-uous texture. The locales—a French wn during the Occupation; the andsomely appointed British Embassy mid the devastation of Brussels; the rizzly London streets, the docks and mbankments; the British mbassador's residence, ith its archways, in the ordanian desert—are full f unexpected bonuses. With e help of the justly cele-rated production designer ichard MacDonald, Schepisi and his am have made a film that, shot by ot, is distinctively smooth and urnished. Their superb craftsmanship nd their small shafts of humor held e, but it takes more than that to win ne's emotional assent. Possibly Hare d maybe Schepisi, too, would say at they don't want that kind of as-nt, that they're trying to reach a inking audience. Certainly the film's me-jumping transitions seem de-gned to keep you alert. The action oves forward in an abrupt, jagged ay, without providing easy signposts, d, yes, this does keep you alert, but u're distracted from what's going on niggling questions about how much me has elapsed and where, exactly, san has got herself to. The we-on't-help-you editing technique is illfully highbrow—a small aesthetic n of pride. (The audience has to look Meryl Streep's ever-changing hair yles for basic information.)

The role of the martyred indepen-nt-minded woman is bound to mag-tize actresses, but Hare's putting his nunciation of the stultifying affluent ciety into Susan's mouth and having r go over the edge from the strain of rrying around so much truth is a *bad* ight idea. The center of the material nothing but showoffy verbiage—san Traherne is a walking ha-ngue. An actress with a vivid pres-ce might give the role something of r own substance—as Vanessa edgrave does in Hare's "Wetherby" eviewed below)—but Meryl Streep n't that kind of actress. She's strictly interpreter, and her interpretive ills don't help her here. I can't point any scenes where she falters, except the opening and closing moments, which she's the teen-age Susan. In the first, she seems coated with make-up, as if youth were a matter of a perfect wax job, and she overdoes her openmouthed fear; she's brittle and eccentric. In the last (a flashback), she's fake naïve, and the material defeats her: it reëmphasizes the irony of Susan's blasted hopes which we've already gnawed on for two hours. For the rest, she's proficient, yet vocally bland and totally lacking in the neurotic strength that might lend the role a semblance of believability. As she plays the part, there's no imploded energy in Susan's rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there.

John Gielgud gives the film's jazziest performance. As a dignified, arrogant senior official at the Foreign Office, who lives by the rules he was trained in and quits at the time of Suez because he is lied to by his superiors, Gielgud delights the audience with the sporty perfection of his craft. He can make you laugh by an almost imperceptible straightening of his head and neck; his calibrations must be the teeniest any clown has ever mastered. There was an audible happy stir each time he appeared. (When he makes an exit speech, you pity the actors who are left behind, because the energy goes with him.) Tracey Ullman, the broad-faced young pop singer and comedienne, who plays Alice, Susan's roommate, is cheery and dimpled in her first scenes, and she generates happy feelings, too. Since Alice is working-class, Hare allows her to be good-hearted and spontaneous; during the forties she dresses and acts like a premature hippie, and she's independent without having to be sterile and fragile and distraught. I think it's almost inevitable that moviegoers will ask themselves why the picture couldn't be about likable, rowdy Alice rather than about the fine-boned Susan. But, of course, it's obvious that Hare isn't out to entertain us with lively characters, and as the film progresses Alice is relegated to the post of Susan's lifelong confidante and comes on mostly to cluck over Susan's troubles. Among the men who figure in Susan's life, Sam Neill, as the Resistance fighter with whom she has a couple of brief sexual flings (they grapple fully clothed, like Moreau and Mastroianni in "La Notte"), underplays agreeably—particularly in his sheepishness at the end. Schepisi varies the men's performances skillfully, with one exception: Susan's verbal duel

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with her husband's boss—the head of personnel at the Foreign Office, played by Ian McKellen—is shot close in on his face, as if to make us register that every pore is cruel and malicious. He's a hypnotic caricature of frostbitten bureaucratic villainy. The scene is an extreme version of what's wrong with the whole picture: everything is too explicit and ultimately too conventional in its nostalgia for England's "finest hour" and the old-fashioned moral principles.

"Plenty" seems meant to be the cinema of ideas, but it's the cinema of stale ideas. Dumping on England has become the tradition of quality there. A couple of decades after Joseph Losey, working with scripts by Harold Pinter, made his spiritual-wasteland pictures ("The Servant," "Accident," "The Go-Between"), and John Schlesinger and Frederic Raphael chimed in with "Darling," the Brits are at it again, with "Dance with a Stranger" and the David Hare double-header, "Plenty" and "Wetherby." They keep flogging themselves for being repressed, as if they'd get over it that way—and as if emotional ventilation were necessarily the key to spiritual health. (Seeing through your stale ideas might do more for you.) Hare's exercises in flagellation are infinitely knowing about how uptight his countrymen are and how hopeless it all is. If Hare had written "E.T.," the little goblin playmate would arrive on Earth and be dead.

According to Hare, "Plenty" is "a film about the cost of spending your whole life in dissent. When you disagree with the way that the society you live in is run, then you pay a very high price for detaching yourself from that society. And Susan is prepared to pay that high price." But that's not what the film is about. Susan isn't prepared to pay anything; she doesn't make choices—she's driven. And she isn't a dissenter in any recognizable sense. She's the mouthpiece of an upper-crust leftist playwright expressing his contempt for his class as if that were a revolutionary act. Hare has nothing to offer us except the condemnation of materialism and duplicity which we've heard over and over for decades. He doesn't actually believe in a revolutionary course of action for England; if he did, Susan—or somebody else in the movie—would be out working for that goal. The big difference between Susan Traherne and David Hare is that she's being given dope to shut her up and he's been honored and en-

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From THE OXFORD BOOK OF AGES

"The best thing to do is to behave in a manner befitting one's age. If you are sixteen or under, try not to go bald."

Woody Alle

uraged for his overarticulate, preen-
g despair. That may tell us some-
ing more about Anglo-American
lture than he gets at in this movie.

WITHOUT Vanessa Redgrave,
Hare's "Wetherby," which he
rote for the screen and also directed,
just about inconceivable. As Jean,
secondary-school English teacher in
e Yorkshire village of Wetherby,
e's that cliché the spinster teacher
ho never married because her lover
as killed. (I think I heard variants of
at story about every attractive un-
arried woman teacher I ever had.)
Jean's case, her lover went off in
e R.A.F. thirty years ago and was
urdered in Malaya. After that loss,
an became fearful of emotional in-
lvement—fearful of experiencing
in. As Redgrave plays the role, Jean
s so much ease and command that
r shy, solitary quality—her repres-
n—is the underside of her charac-
r. Jean is good-humored by nature,
t has a simplicity and a stillness
out her. Popular with her students,
e strides into the classroom, happy to
there, keyed up for the give-and-
ke. She's radiant: there's nothing
e'd rather be doing. And, as the
ovie comes across, it's her radiance,
ith the loneliness piercing through
her tragic ambience—that makes
r a target. (The other characters in
e movie don't give off light or
rmth; they have nothing to be de-
oyed.) John Morgan (Tim McIn-
rny), the university graduate student
o shatters Jean's precarious calm,
ggests an updating of the gorilla-
ited David Warner character who
n Vanessa Redgrave in the 1966
organ!" He is a stranger who
mes, apparently, to shake the people
Wetherby out of their complacen-
; he has the same function that Su-
Traherne has in "Plenty," but
's not onscreen for as long. Mor-
n's dead eyes are tucked under the
erhang of his forehead; he's sal-
w and cadaverous. When he looks
Redgrave—at her lavender-blue
es, her light, bright hair, her bloom-
g, ever-changing skin tones—she
st seem to him as colorful as an
glish garden. (There has never been
more colorful major screen actress.
rbo we saw only in black-and-white,
d the actresses of the color era, such
Jane Fonda, Diane Keaton, and
bra Winger, don't have Redgrave's
roic physical dimensions. As can-
ses, they can't match her. Even
en Hare subjects her to ravaging closeups, she's still a work of art.)

The movie, with its trumped-up enigma—why does John Morgan crash a dinner party at Jean's house, and why does he blow out his brains the next day right in front of her, in her kitchen?—seems meant to have some sort of universal resonance. The question being asked is: Who is to blame? Morgan the zombie and another student, Karen (Suzanna Hamilton), who turns up on Jean's doorstep after Morgan's funeral, moves into her cottage, and gives off spooky vibes, represent Dispirited Youth—a generation whose souls are bombed out. And Hare can't resist scene after scene showing us the spiritual desiccation of the members of Jean's generation. Her friends, who come in pairs, snipe at their mates, don't even try to communicate with the sullen, graceless young, and are disgruntled in a way that's familiar from earlier tradition-of-quality films. Jean says that a librarian (Judi Dench) is her best friend, but it's actually the librarian's husband that she's close to. He's a solicitor (played, inevitably, by Ian Holm), and he sums up the frigid misery of the middle-class English and their inability to express emotion when he says to Jean, "If you're frightened of loneliness, never get married." The police inspector (Stuart Wilson) who comes to investigate the suicide is gloomy and depressed, especially after his silent young girlfriend leaves him. The whole atmosphere exudes defeat. Hare is out to show a society where nobody connects with anybody—a national nervous breakdown.

"Wetherby" does have the advantage of having been conceived for the screen. The puzzle structure that Hare devised and all the interlocking flashbacks he toys with are ingeniously worked out. If you look for any depth in the why-did-Morgan-do-it detective story, you won't find it, but the movie sustains an atmosphere of mystery gamesmanship. This is the first movie that Hare has directed, but he's an experienced director in the theatre and in television, and he's assured enough to use a fragmented narrative. He assembles slices of the present, of the recent past (just before Morgan appeared at the dinner party), of events during the party, and of the distant past (Jean's love affair, in the fifties). Hare plays with the possibilities of the film medium, using forced associations: for example, he cuts from Jean's seeing Morgan kill himself to her memory of having sex with her

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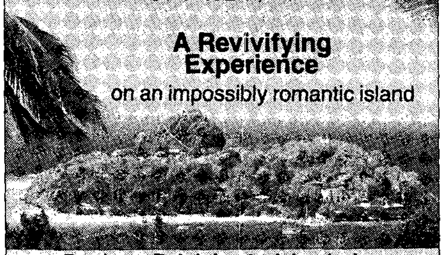

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lover thirty years ago. (The young Jean is played by Redgrave's tall, blue-eyed daughter, Joely Richardson, whose soft, natural manner matches up well with Redgrave's performance. The young Jean's gentle, tentative voice rhythms fit the sound of the later Jean in a way that would seem uncanny if the two actresses were not related.) Hare's fractured assemblage gives us some very chic psychological connections. There's a danger in this kind of editing: it can make the moviegoer overconscious of the mechanical nature of the medium. But Hare's material is essentially so shallow that it can only gain from trickery. When he gets to the nugget—the supposed revelation of what provoked Morgan's action—it's so paltry that moviegoers might mutter "Cheat!" if it weren't for all the psychological heightening and gimcrackery that carry them past it.

The only real mystery is the starshine that Vanessa Redgrave gives off. Probably Hare meant Jean to be nothing more than an emotionally stifled, ineffective woman of good will, less damaged than her friends yet just another paralyzed member of her generation. As a teacher, she has only feeble answers to the key questions her students ask. But Redgrave, through her own artistry, irradiates Jean, and saves the movie from being a totally arid puzzle. Here, too, quick bouts of fully clothed sex are central to the story. Hare must be telling us something about love in our time. I have a strong feeling we've heard it before.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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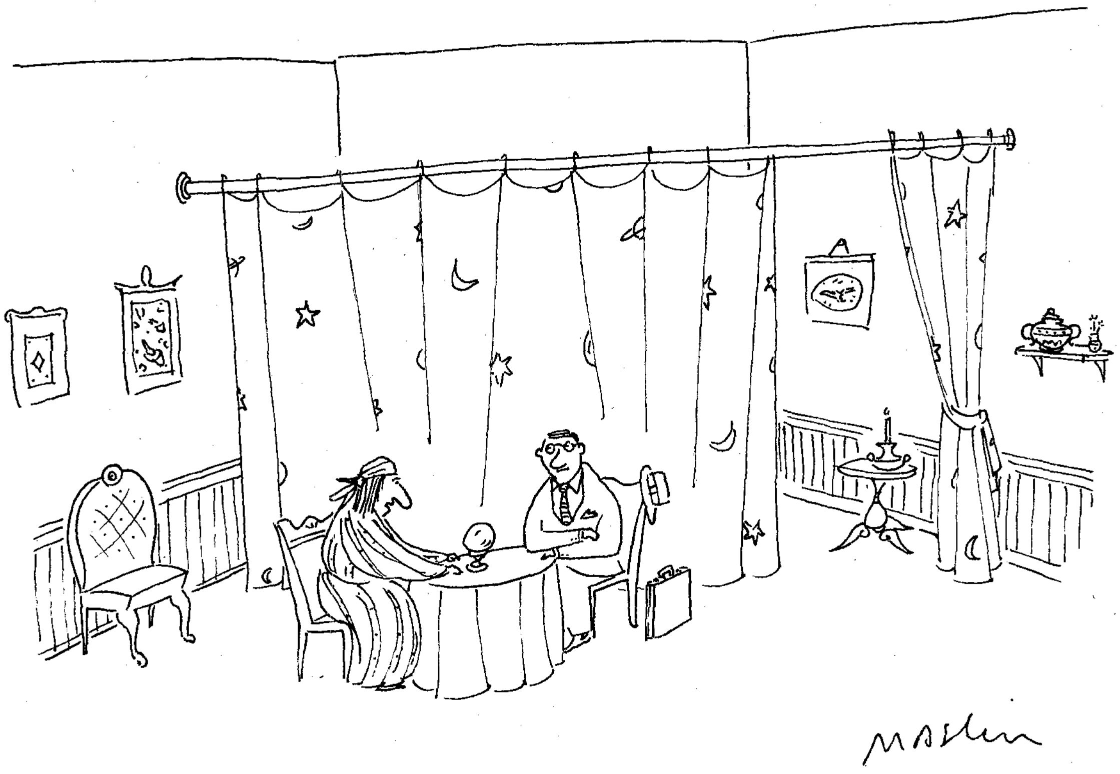
BOOKS

As Others See Us

"ONE EARTH, FOUR OR FIVE WORLDS: REFLECTIONS ON CONTEMPORARY HISTORY," by Octavio Paz (translated from the Spanish by Helen R. Lane; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95), collects recent essays by the Mexican poet on modern politics and their roots in the past. Paz treats these mundane topics in a style that, for all its prosaic sequential coherence, retains qualities of poetic expression. His language never splays; it invariably suggests more than it states; and it makes his truths memorable. (The translator, obviously, deserves credit.) I like Paz's description of the new assertiveness of small ethnic, linguistic, or religious groups as "the rebellion of exceptions" to modern universalisms. And his observation that "literature is an answer to the questions that society asks itself about itself, but this answer is almost always unexpected." And "Ideology converts ideas into masks: they hide the person who wears them, and at the same time they keep him from seeing reality." His quotability also demonstrates his grasp of diverse cultures—not only what is foreign to him but what is specific to, say, China or India—and his ability to convey what he sees. The most fascinating passages—to me, at any rate—show his insight into another foreign culture: our own.

Despite its multiplicity of themes, the book has a unity—a unity of concern. Paz cares deeply for the development of democracy in Latin America, which he feels is threatened intellectually by the popularity of Marxism, physically by the invasion of Soviet power, and practically by the United States' ineptitude in foreign policy. I do not know how Americans will read his apt and eloquent criticisms of Marxism and Russian policy. Marxism is not very influential here, nor is the Soviet Union widely esteemed. For North American readers, he is preaching, though brilliantly, to the converted. Paz, however, considers Marxism a danger in Latin America, where, under the aegis of Soviet expansion, it challenges what he believes has been the fundamental concept of every Latin-American nation: that democracy and political legitimacy are synonymous. He recalls that the nations that once belonged to the Spanish Empire continued to think like Spaniards or Spanish colonists even after their independence, and that these mental habits compromised their ability to make a go of democracy. A crusading spirit, developed during the Reconquest and deepened during the Counter-Reformation, made Spain a state with an ideological mission th interfered with its intellectual growt The Jesuit education that shape Latin-American thought offered, P says, "not a method for exploring t unknown but a system for defendin the known and the established." I long-lasting inheritance, he believe has been a set of attitudes that incli contemporary Latin Americans Marxism—attitudes that include "li tle respect for the opinion of other and preferring "ideas to reality a intellectual systems to the critique systems." He notices that Spanish a Portuguese empire builders insisted converting the peoples they conquere and sees a parallel to Soviet imperia ism but a contrast to British practic The British fought or finagled in A ghanistan for the better part of a ce tury, yet, as Paz notes, "it never e tered [their] minds . . . to convert t Afghans either to the Anglican re gion or to constitutional monarchy."

In the nineteenth century, P thinks, the Latin-American preferen for theoretical systems induced liber to borrow uncritically from Unit States institutions or from those French republics, without understan ing the need to adapt them or to di cover forms of democracy appropria to local conditions. As a result, rebe lions and dictatorshi continually interrupt the democratic patter Nonetheless, he mai tains, no Latin-Amer can dictator before Ca tro ever claimed leg imacy for dictatorshi Instead, dictators d scribed themselves temporary deviatio from the norm, and i variably promised to r store democracy, t legitimate form government. Paz is o timistic about the i fluence on Latin Ame ica of democratic Spa and Portugal, and ca attention to the surviv or return of politic democracy in one La in-American count after another. He al persuades us of the tachment of the Lati American masses to d



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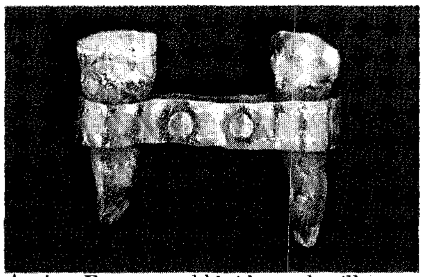
Things were better farther back, in the 6th century B.C., when in Italy the Etruscans practiced the art of wiring loose teeth together with strips of gold. The ancient Greeks and Romans also used gold in their crude prostheses.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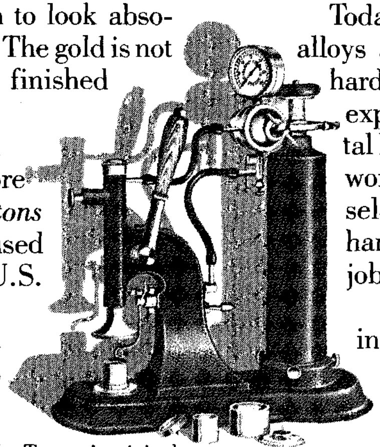
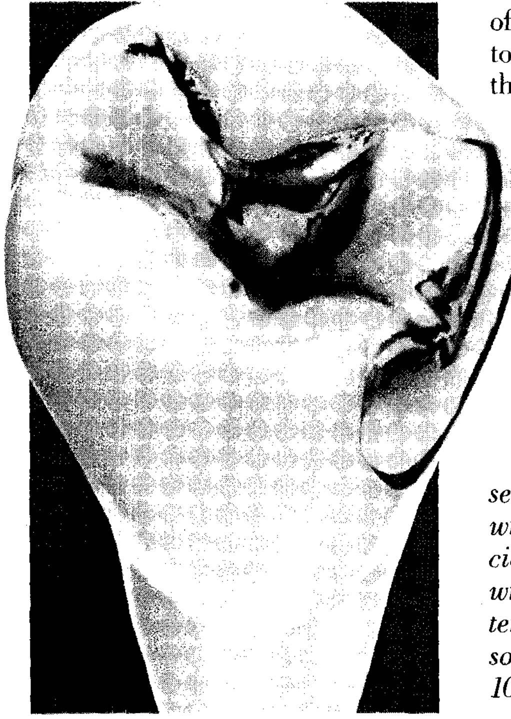

Taggart's original machine for high-precision casting of dental gold.


The most durable restorations are made of gold.

Today, standardized gold castin alloys are available with differen hardnesses, melting points an expansions. They give the dental laboratory technician a lot t work with. For instance, he ca select gold alloys in variou hardnesses depending on th job they have to do.

Though the price of gold ha increased over the years, th main cost in dentistry i labor and services, no metal. Only small amount of gold alloy are used i restorations, typically one twentieth of an ounce or less in th average crown.

Cheaper, base-metal alloys hav been developed to replace gold, bu gold has unsurpassed reliabilit Some are even suspect: there i particular concern about the toxicity of nickel, which is used in certain of these alloys. Other problem such as miscastings, discoloratio of teeth, and inadequate adhesio to porcelain are more frequent wit these substitutes.

No metal is more trustworthy o has a longer history of use i dentistry than gold. Instinctively we know how preciou gold is; it has been prized a jewelry since ancient times But gold is even more preciou when it is the jewelry of th mouth, for nothing is more precious than one's health.

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ocracy. He is thus the more infuriat- that, after centuries of struggle and ith so many recent triumphs, the new d fragile democracies of Latin merica are confronted by a Marxist aim to a new legitimacy in Castro's uba—a dictatorship that does not omise a return to "representative de- ocracy with its system of individual arantees and human rights." Paz is rplexed that more Latin Americans not recognize the danger of Cas- o's illegitimate claim to legitimacy, rticularly since he regards e Sandinistas of Nicaragua a peril inspired by the Cu- ns. He is especially exas- rated by Mexican and rench intellectuals' sup- rt of Castro, because he inks they know better. I, o, think that their support strange, for by common nsent there is something ameful about a leader who sells his untry—and that is what Castro's onomic relations with the Russians nount to. I suspect, though, that astro still hopes to imitate Franco's tful maneuvering between the Axis d the Allies, and, given the zigzags at Paz criticizes in our policy, he ight succeed in doing so.

d. ehrenberg

Reading Paz's views of the United ates, I found myself reflecting on the lation between one's sense of oneself d one's sense of national identity. If had been born and raised in Wilhel- ine Germany, would I have grown to feel myself encircled? I find ref- ences to the United States as big, ong, and rich somewhat unsettling, cause I think I am none of these. z's vision of us as a northern giant -sometimes cruel, sometimes foolish, d invariably clumsy in dealing with s southern neighbors—is shocking. o *I* look like that? Perhaps because I ve always loved comedy, I have be- ved that we Americans were, first, st, and always, funny—creators of medy, consumers of comedy, and bjects of comedy—and have tended suspect the testimony of those who d us imposing, let alone scary. I still . But I accept much of what Paz ys, because so much of it agrees with r own self-descriptions. And then, o, many of his accounts of the way are strike me as exactly the way ings should be—for example, our paration of state and church and our rge number of believers. I think ere is a causal connection: when ople choose the church they support, ey care for it. The text is "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Matthew 6:21). When Paz comments on the historical novelty of the United States' allocating "ultimate ends"—"questions and answers as to life and its meaning"—to "the private domain," I cannot imagine any other arrangement: certainly not a government functionary probing the state of my soul. He remarks, however, that the absence of a single dominant belief and of a sense of national historical purpose makes it difficult to say what all our activity is for—what we are about collectively. I am not sure there is any advantage in a culture that is easy to sum up. I think we have another way of being American. My school memories suggest that being an American was a matter not of belonging to a collectivity with a shared faith or mission but of becoming a certain kind of person—for example, one who was not snobbish. This early indoctrination in egalitarianism, which Paz believes has limited the political influence of intellectuals, has, of course, had many other political effects. Paz is disturbed that justified protest movements against genuine inequities in Latin America often become tools of the Communists. He suggests that young rebels are attracted by the Communists' "organization and discipline." This seems a difference in national or cultural personalities. Americans do not like élites or insiders, and when we discover a disciplined cell within a group we have joined we try to break it up or vote it down. I daresay our desire to scatter power does make us hard to read.

Yet I think Paz is reading me all too well when he writes, "If they could, Americans would lock themselves up inside their country and turn their backs on the whole world, except to trade with it and visit it." He forces me to recognize my own irrational irritation at our need to have a foreign policy, and my profound and unrealistic feeling that for the United States foreign affairs are a distraction from our real business, which is to make our own country better. When he comments on our virtues and remarks on the likelihood of our becoming "the first multiracial democracy in history," I find myself excited at the prospect of an achievement worth working for, but it is hard for me to think of a foreign-policy purpose with equal enthusiasm. Paz accuses us of every kind

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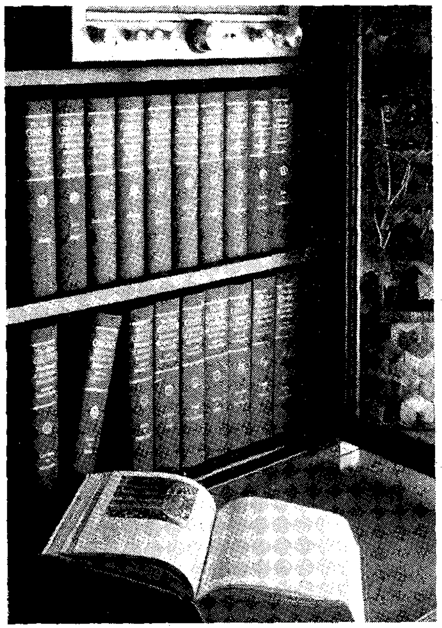

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of insensitivity in our foreign relations, and mentions not only the extensive list of our sins in Latin America but the fact that in domestic arguments about foreign policy Americans seem not to care if they help the Russians. I suppose this is true, and I wonder whether being citizens of a great power affects our personalities with what looks like arrogance, in the sense that we do not feel as nervous about being overheard as citizens of small powers do. It is very hard to imagine being somebody else, and Paz made me think back to the nineteen-thirties, when people in the small nations of Europe worried what impression their public statements made on the Germans. We remain touchy about any limitation on our freedom of speech, and find it difficult to imagine both what it would be like to be forced to whisper and what it is like for foreigners who listen to us shout at each other.

It is undeniable that, as Paz alleges, our foreign policy zigzags; that it has usually been responsive to domestic interests; and—as Paz does not remark—that many of our foreign-policy debates have been fights for party advantage. These phenomena may be inescapable drawbacks of democracy—a system that Paz, in agreement with Tocqueville, regards as inherently ineffective in foreign policy. Yet cultures that have produced men whom historians regard as great diplomats—Talleyrand and Metternich, for two examples—are societies in which none of us would wish to live. Here is a puzzler. I am not sure I thank Paz for posing it. Being ourselves seems irresponsible because we are a great power, but it also seems that we are permitted to be ourselves—noisy, disorganized, indifferent to outsiders, and, I insist, comic—because we are a great power.

Another reason our foreign policy has been poor, Paz argues, is that Americans have always been so strongly oriented toward the future that we lack a sense of history. I doubt this. The foreign-policy uses of history have been national self-glorification, the promotion of a mission, and the cultivation of grievances and grudges. Along with not being snobbish, being American means not staying mad. (We can scarcely remember that the British burned Washington, while the Russians are never allowed to forget that the French burned Moscow. I do not think that the Slavs have a superior sense of history: they use the
fact of having been invaded to justii
invading others, and never mentio
that their own diplomatic blunderin
brought on 1812, 1914, and 1941
Paz, however, goes further in ir
dicting the United States. He thinl
that our very foundation was an a
tempt to abolish history, and to plac
our country outside it. I think, how
ever, that the American effort w
something else: it reflected that el
ment of the Enlightenment whic
wanted to do away with all the prehi
tory that is entwined with histor
Modernization—the abolition of pr
history, with its baggage of sacre
monarchy and castes and shamans—
a difficult process, because prehisto
keeps reasserting itself in new guise
When we consider prehistory, we a
astonished by the ingenuity of its i
habitants but bemused by their prefe
ence for ideas or theories over reali
(which inclines them to magic) ar
horrified by their lack of respect f
human rights. The work of modern
zation did not begin with us and h
not been a uniquely American projec
Here is an example from "The M
Who Ruled India," by Philip Masc
(1985). He tells of a Captain Cam
bell who in the nineteenth centu
persuaded the Khonds of Orissa
cease their system of human sacrifi
by asking if their crops grew better
their men were stronger than those
the tribes who did not sacrifice hum
beings. It seems to me that, allowi
for differences in time, place, and n
tional and personal style, Paz's essa
attempt to bring that sort of ration
question before the peoples of all t
Americas. —Naomi Blive

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Inner Tube, by Hob Broun (Kno
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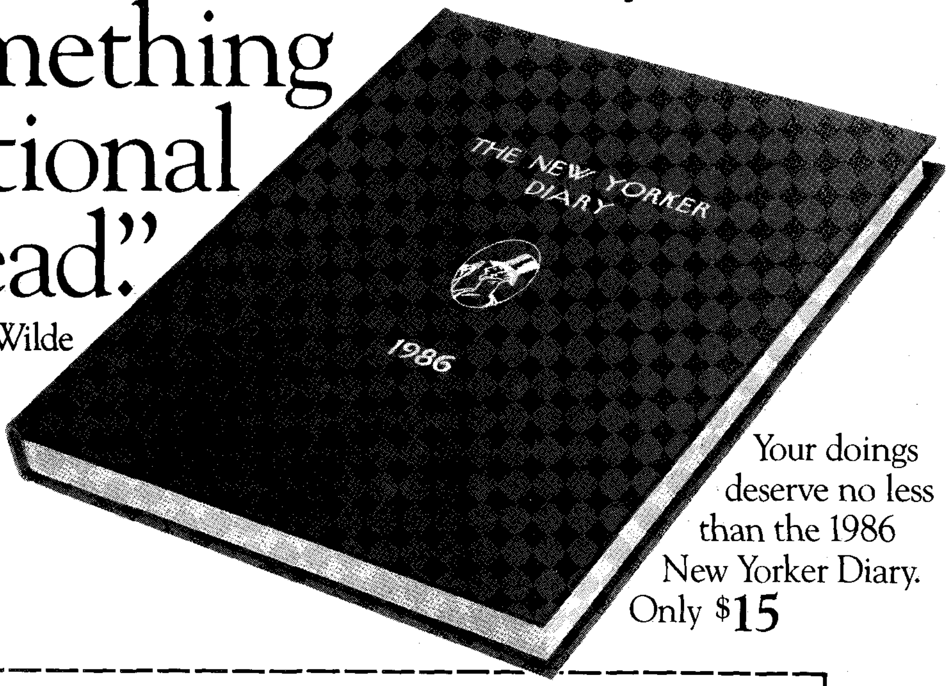
young man, weaned on cann
laughter and afflicted with "an ins
tiable appetite for squalor," reca
his mother's "dive through t
picture tube" of the family-roo
Motorola, and then recalls his ow
less successful attempts to break o
of the "quiet geometry of t
suburb." After failing, in San Fra
cisco, to find his "own subspeci
beings in flight from manifest de
tiny and Danish flatware," he ho
up in a high-tech television archi
under a desert, where he monito
everything from Bob Hope cheeri
up troops to an animated banjo-pla
ing Japanese cow. Aboveground,

"I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read."

Oscar Wilde



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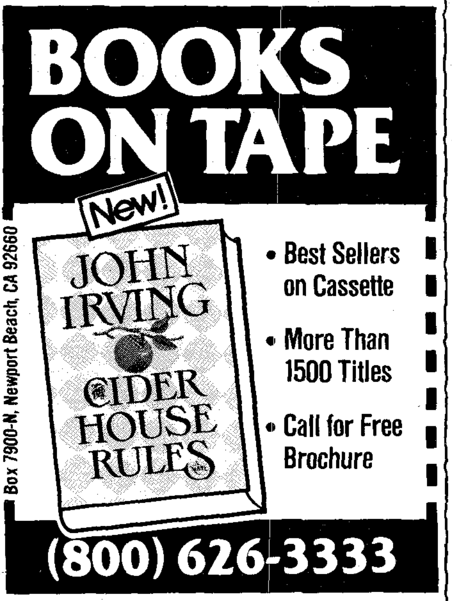

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hangs out at a squalid motel—where his ex-wife woos him, by telephone, from the West Coast; where he scans, with his mind's eye, his *motherless, semi-incestuous youth* on the East Coast; and where he woos the motel's married chambermaid—before heading into the desert's own, deceptively quiet geometry, under the unblinking sun, in a motor home. A funny, frightening lament, and one that proves, in passing, that television does not prevent literacy.

A CRUEL MADNESS, by Colin Thubron (Atlantic Monthly Press; $13.95). A journey around the skull of a middle-aged Englishman named Daniel Pashley. Pashley tells us that he is a master at a preparatory school for boys somewhere in Wales and a volunteer worker at a nearby mental hospital. He tells us of a chance meeting with a local general practitioner named Sophia Brown, of his immediate obsessive love for her, and of her unresponsiveness and eventual termination of their relationship. Then, he tells us, some ten years later he discovers that Sophia is a patient in the mental hospital. Then he tells us that he, too, is a patient there. He conceives a plan for them to escape. Mr. Thubron has given us a study in madness so compelling that it is hard to believe we are not experiencing it at first hand. A remarkable achievement.

LAKE WOBEGON DAYS, by Garrison Keillor (Viking; $17.95). This book, an outgrowth of a widely acclaimed series of radio monologues the author broadcasts weekly from St. Paul, Minnesota, could well become a classic of our time. It purports to be a running narrative of events and an evocation of daily life in the notional Minnesota town of Lake Wobegon (pop. 942; "named for the body of water that it borders;" town motto, "*Sumus quod sumus*"—"We are what we are"). Mr. Keillor, who was brought up in Anoka, Minnesota, a town that no doubt closely resembles his fictional creation, gives us a thoroughgoing anatomy of Lake Wobegon—its origins in the mid-nineteenth century, when a band of New England transcendentalists went there on a doomed mission to convert the Ojibways to Jesus, and its demography (after the transcendentalists were washed out, the place was settled by Norwegian Lutherans and German Catholics, who arrived at a fairly good modus vivendi)—and throughout he weaves in portrait studies o individual townspeople and the history of his own boyhood. Lak Wobegon's inhabitants, includin the somewhat hobbledehoy figure o the author, are too real to be considered "characters." The stories o the men and women who eat ever day in Dorothy's Chatterbox Cafe who buy Wheaties and potatoes a Ralph's Pretty Good Grocery, an who confide in the town's switchboard operator, and of the author' contemporaries, who razz him fo wearing black Keds, are sharp— there is no nonsense here about nostalgia. This passage, about one of group of old ladies emerging from tuna-sandwich lunch in the Chatterbox Cafe—she is wearing a purple pants suit and a jet-black wi —will give an idea of the flavor c Mr. Keillor's style: "She too i seventy but looks like a thirty-four year-old who led a very hard lif She is Carl Krebsbach's mothe Myrtle, who, they say, enjoys tw pink Daiquiris every Friday nigh and between the first and secon hums 'Tiptoe Through the Tulip and does a turn that won her Fir Prize in a Knights of Columb talent show in 1936 at the Alhambra Ballroom. It burned to th ground in 1955."

NOTE: "Midair," a collection c stories by Frank Conroy, has bee published by Dutton/Lawrenc ($15.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorke* . . . "The Stories of Muriel Spark has been published by Dutto ($18.95). Some of the stories in th collection, too, first appeared in *Th New Yorker*. . . . "In Country," novel by Bobbie Ann Maso has been published by Harper Row ($15.95). Some of the conten originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE WORKSHOP OF DEMOCRACY, b James MacGregor Burns (Knop $24.95). This is the second volum of a projected three-volume histor of the United States whose overall title is "The American Experiment;" Volume I, "The Vineyard of Liberty," appeared in 198 Mr. Burns' immense learning wi be noted by specialists—for example, he cites scholarly discussions of such matters as Woodro Wilson's alleged dyslexia—but t

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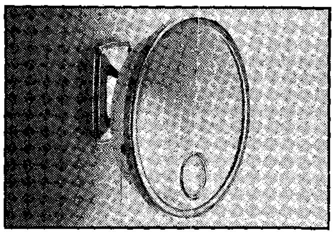

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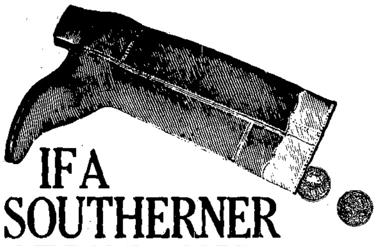
the non-specialist the homework is unobtrusive, because the ideas are always clear. In the period of this volume, from the Civil War to the Depression, an issue that has always concerned this author—the capacity of a democracy for using the power of government for collective well-being—became particularly salient, because of the development of enormous corporations whose wealth and willfulness at first appeared beyond control. Several of Mr. Burns' other preoccupations are also noticeable—leadership, for example, because strong leaders were urgently needed as riches, productivity, creativity, and immigration increased the diversity of the American population. Mr. Burns' appreciations of the mighty are illuminating, but he also helps us understand the contributions of less prominent figures, including women who led many battles for political reform without having even the right to vote.

ANGELS UNAWARES: TWENTIETH-CENTURY PORTRAITS, by T. S. Matthews (Ticknor & Fields; $17.95). Reminiscences by a former editor of *Time*, who has spent the last thirty of his eighty-odd years in England. Mr. Matthews was born in Cincinnati, the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and a member of a family that was blessed more secularly by close connections with the Procter & Gamble soap company. He writes of early familial impressions and experiences; of prep-school mates at St. Paul's, in New Hampshire; of Princeton and the high old jinks of college days (which, alas, can produce only wan smiles at this remove); and, in a section called "Eminences, Various Shades," of a number of acquaintances who in one way or another enriched his life. Among these were James Thurber and John McNulty, both of whom he admired greatly; Edmund Wilson, with whom he worked on *The New Republic;* Adlai Stevenson, whom he almost revered ("There has never been enough of his kind of American"); James Agee; and Whittaker Chambers, whom he came to know, and to like, at *Time*. There is nothing mellow about these memoirs. At their best—not all are equally substantial—they are written with a nice feeling for language, and with good humor alloyed with sharp observation and an occasional sting.

ENGLAND, FIRST AND LAST, by An-



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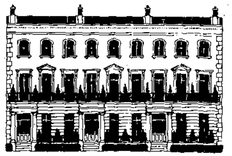

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thony Bailey (Viking; $15.95). A sequel to the author's childhood memoir "America, Lost and Found," in which he recounted his experience of being evacuated, in 1940, at the age of seven, from his native England to the opulent home of an American family in Dayton, Ohio. This book deals with his return to his own family, in 1944, and with his somewhat painful adjustment to an England almost worn out by the rigors of wartime and a home life in sharp contrast to the comfortably cushioned existence he had known in the United States. It goes on to describe an eleven-year-old boy's rediscovery of his native land and his native loyalties. He tells of getting an education at a local grammar school, of winning acceptance by his young contemporaries, of his adolescence, and, finally, of his compulsory military service and his adventures as a soldier in one of Britain's first colonies in West Africa. There is nothing really exceptional in these experiences; what is is Mr. Bailey's quality as a writer and storyteller, his understated irony and humor, and his ability to make human beings and their surroundings come alive on the printed page. A small portion of the book was first published in this magazine.

OTE: "Plane Crazy: A Celebration of Flying," written by Burton Bernstein and illustrated by Edward Koren, has been published by Ticknor & Fields ($16.95). Most of the text and some of the drawings originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Table of Contents," a collection of pieces by John McPhee, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($15.95). All the contents were first published in these pages.

•

NIGHT LIFE IN BALTIMORE

[*From the Baltimore Evening Sun*]

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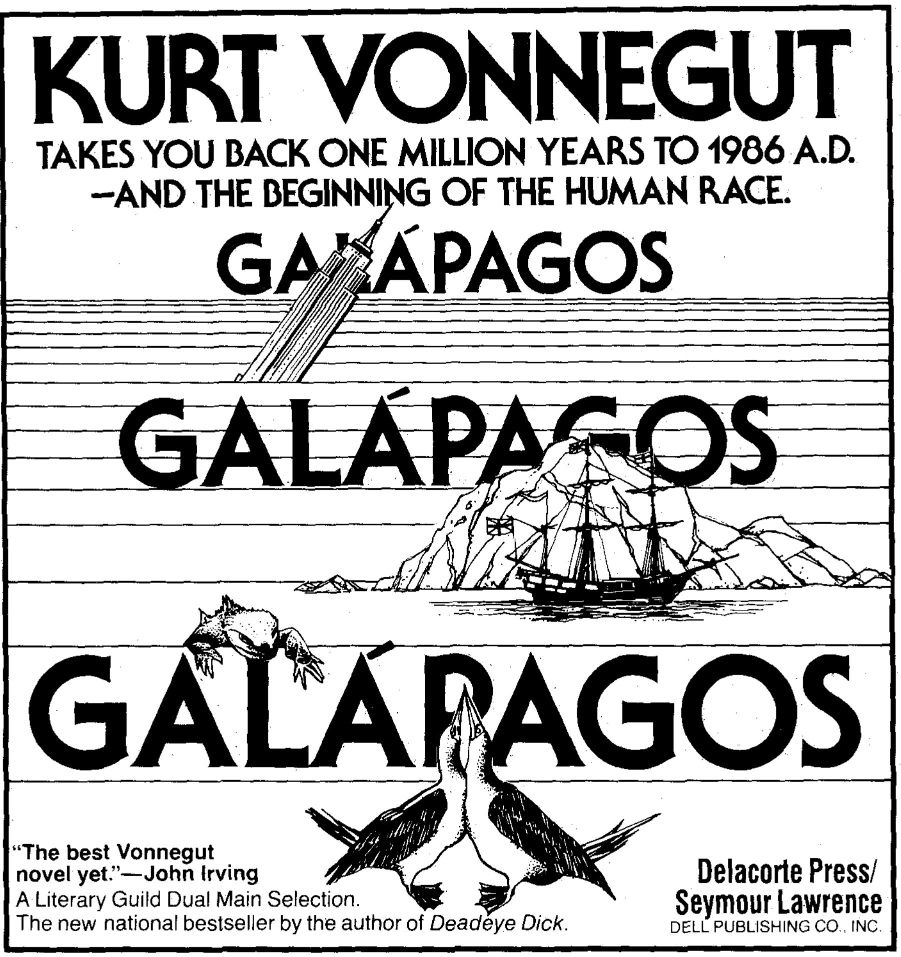
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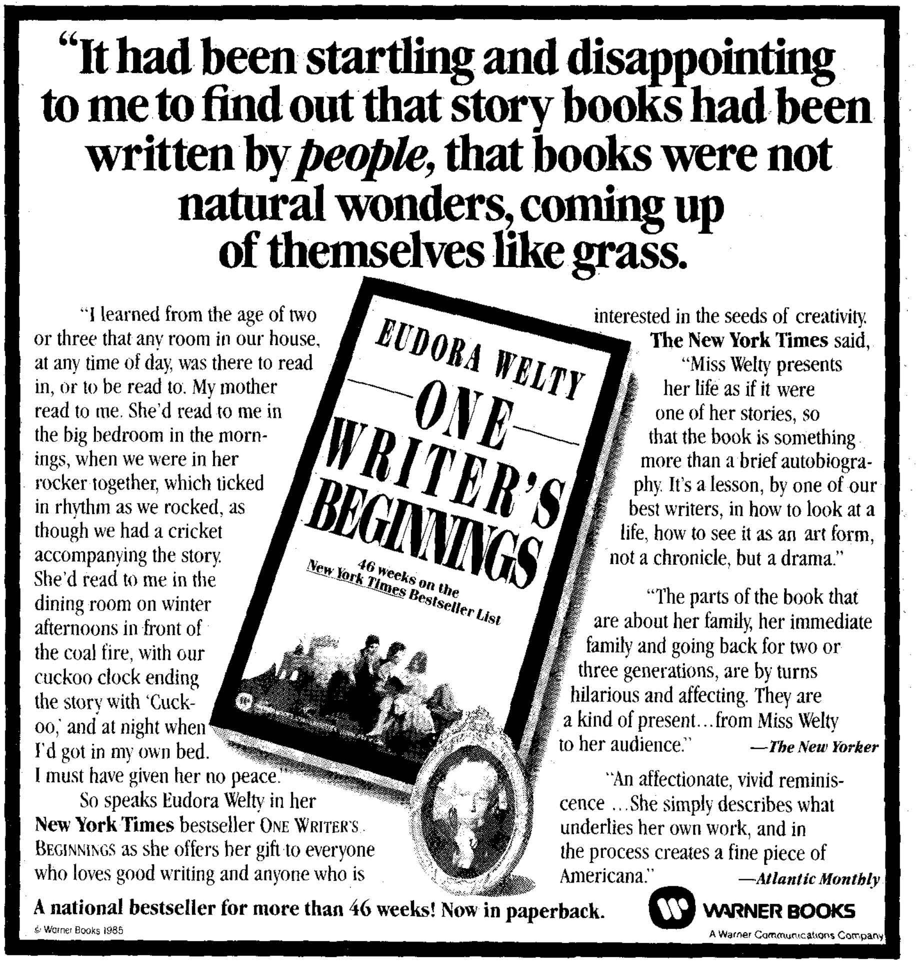
"It had been startling and disappointing to me to find out that story books had been written by *people*, that books were not natural wonders, coming up of themselves like grass.

"I learned from the age of two or three that any room in our house, at any time of day, was there to read in, or to be read to. My mother read to me. She'd read to me in the big bedroom in the mornings, when we were in her rocker together, which ticked in rhythm as we rocked, as though we had a cricket accompanying the story. She'd read to me in the dining room on winter afternoons in front of the coal fire, with our cuckoo clock ending the story with 'Cuckoo,' and at night when I'd got in my own bed. I must have given her no peace."

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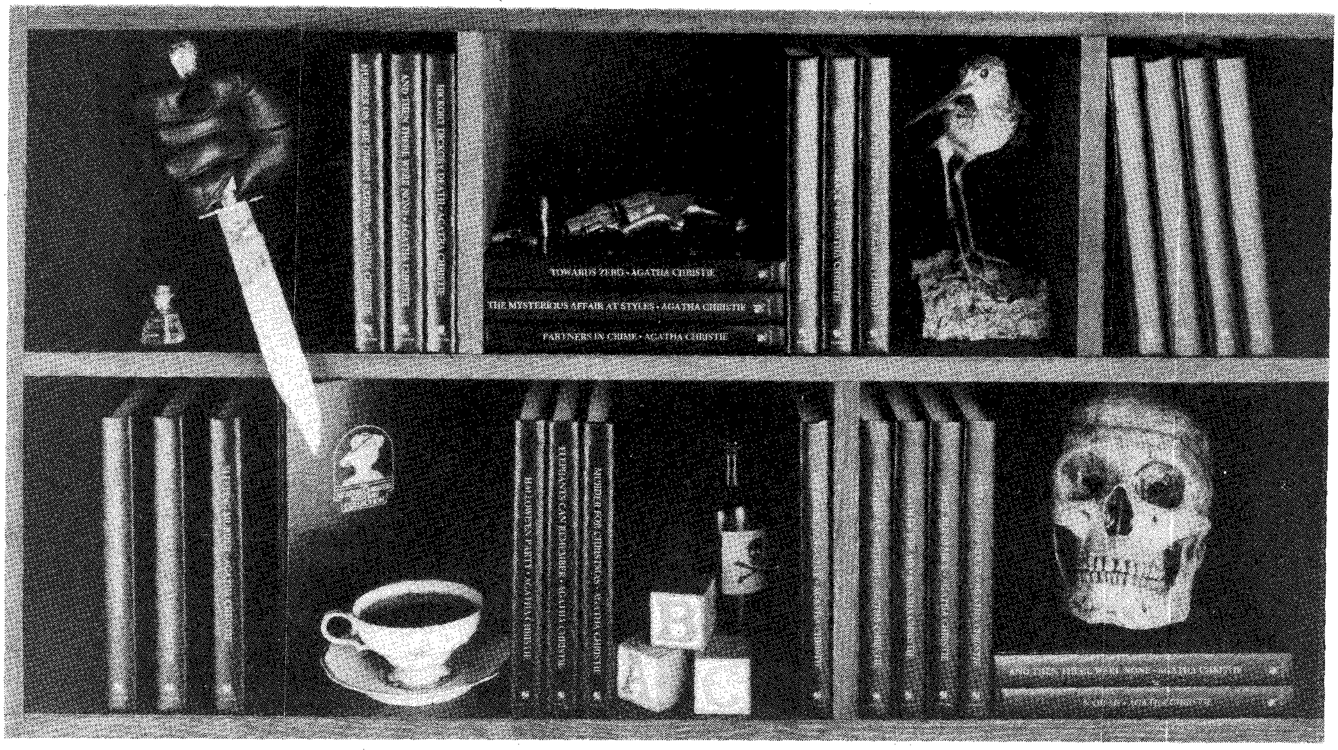
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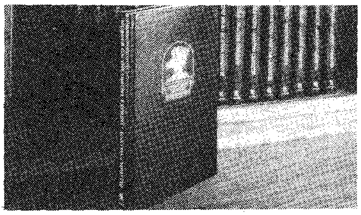

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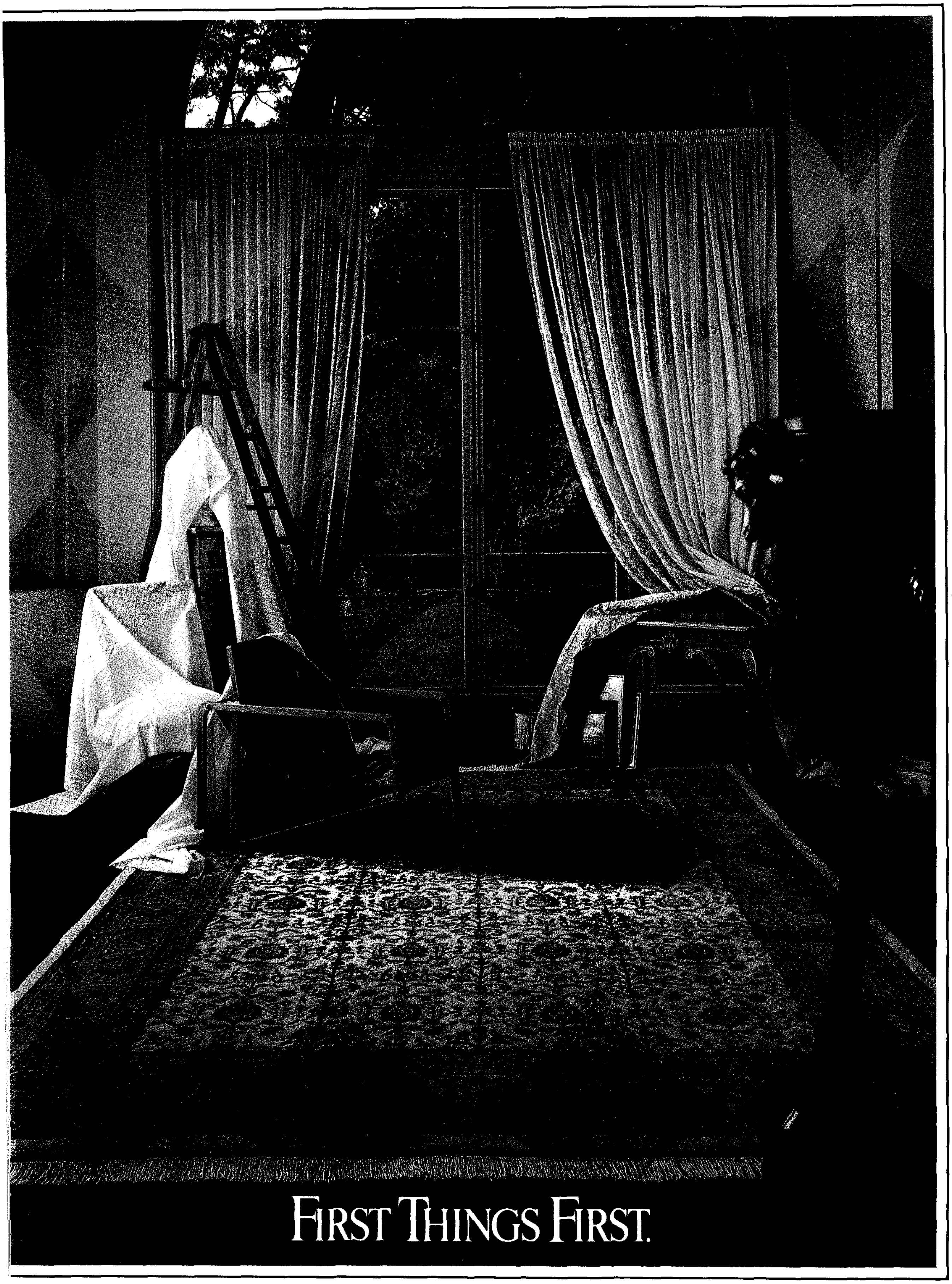

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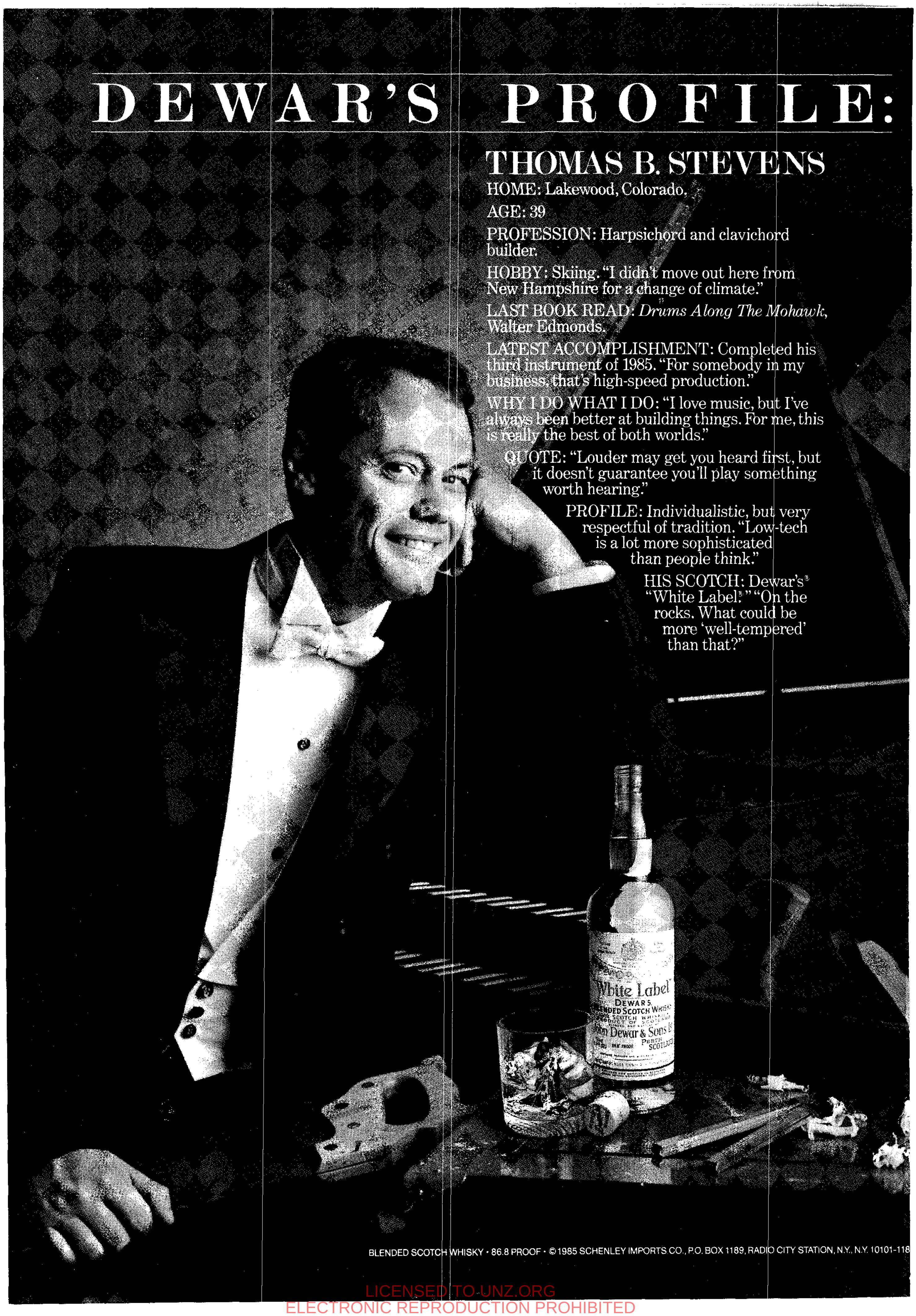

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AGE: 39

PROFESSION: Harpsichord and clavichord builder.

HOBBY: Skiing. "I didn't move out here from New Hampshire for a change of climate."

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